

~~B. S. angl. pag. 128.~~

pro angl. 282

SELECT
ENGLISH PLAYS.

VOLUME the FIRST,

containing

OTHELLO THE MOOR OF VENICE.
THE CONSCIOUS LOVERS.

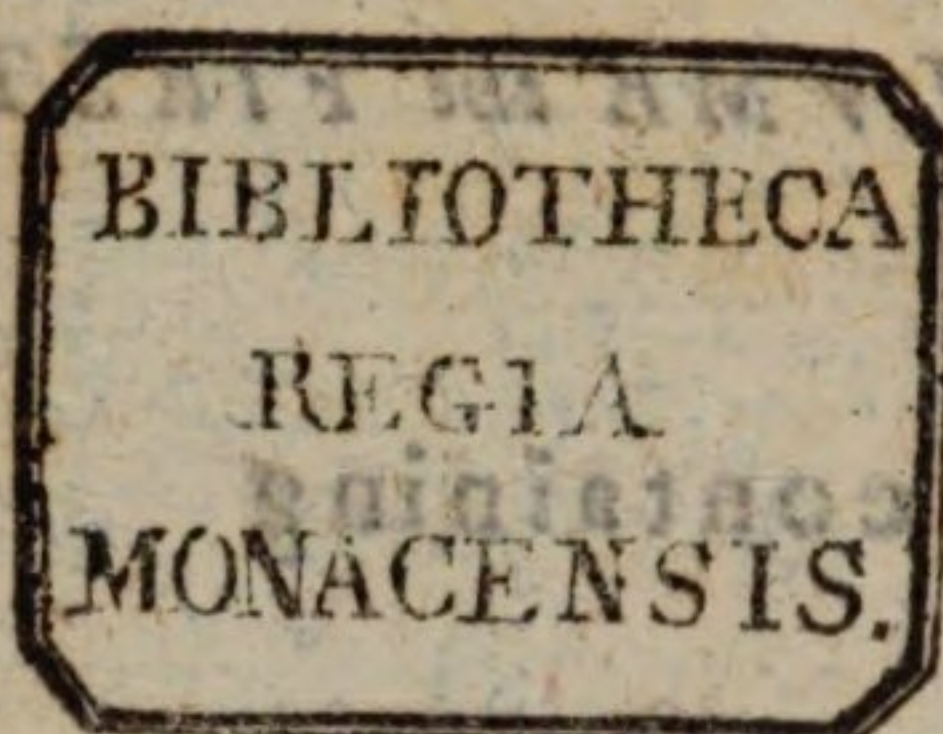
To which are annexed
ANCIENT AND MODERN SONGS.

GOTTINGEN

printed for VICTORINVS BOSSIEGEL

1767.

SELECT
ENGLISH PLAYS



OTHELLO THE MOOR OF VENICE
THE CONSCIOUS LOVERS

To which are annexed
ANCIENT AND MODERN SONGS.

GOTTINGEN
Printed for Victor and Bossange

1767

OTHELLO
THE
MOOR OF VENICE.

A

DRAMATIS PERSONAE.

DVKE of VENICE.

BRABANTIO, a noble Venetian.

GRATIANO, Brother to Brabantio.

LODOVICO, Kinsman to Brabantio and Gratiano.

OTHELLO, the Moor, General for the Venetians in Cyprus.

CASSIO, his Lieutenant-General.

IAGO, Standard-bearer to Othello.

RODORIGO, a foolish Gentleman, in love with DESDEMONA.

MONTANO, the Moor's Predecessor in the Government of Cyprus.

Clown, servant to the Moor.

Herald.

DESDEMONA, Daughter to Brabantio, and Wife to Othello.

AEMILIA, Wife to Iago.

BIANCA, a Courtezan, Mistress to Cassio.

Officers, Gentlemen, Messengers, Musicians and Attendants.

SCENE for the First Act in Venice; during the rest of the Play in Cyprus.

The Story is taken from Cynthio's Novels.

OTHEL-



O T H E L L O,
THE MOOR OF VENICE.

ACT. I. SCENE I.

A Street in *Venice*.

Enter Rodorigo *and* Iago.

Rod. **N**ever tell me, I take it much unkindly,
That thou, *Iago*, who hast had my purse,
As if the strings were thine, shouldst know of
this —

Iago. But you'll not hear me.
If ever I did dream of such a matter,
Abhor me then.

Rod. Thou told'st me, thou didst hold
Him in thy hate.

Iago. Despise me, if I do not.

Three Great ones of the city, in personal suit
To make me his Lieutenant, oft' capt to him:
And, by the faith of man, I know my price,
I'm worth no worse a place. But he, as loving
His pride and purposes, evades them with
A bombast circumstance horribly stuf
With epithets of war; and in conclusion
Non-suits my mediators; *Certes*, says he,
I have already chose my officer.

And what has he?

Forsooth a great arithmetician,
One *Michael Cassio*, a *Florentine**,
A Fellow almost damn'd in a fair phyz †
That never set a squadron in the field;
Nor the division of a battel knows
More than a spinster; but the bookish theorique,
Wherein the tongued consuls can propose
As masterly as he; meer prattle, without
practice,

Is

* It is plain from many other passages in the Play (rightly understood) that *Cassio* was a *Florentine* and *Iago* a *Venetian*.

† In all the former editions this has been printed *a fair Wife*, but surely it must from the beginning have been a mistake, because it appears from a following part in the Play, that *Cassio* was an unmarried man: on the other hand his beauty is often hinted at, which it is natural enough for other rough Soldiers to treat with scorn and ridicule.

Is all his soldiership — he had th' election;
 And I, of whom his eyes had seen the proof
 At *Rhodes*, at *Cyprus*, and on other grounds
 Christian and heathen, must be belee'd and calm'd
 By *Debtor*, and *Creditor*, this *Counter-caster*.
 He, in good time, must his lieutenant be,
 And I, God bless the mark! his Moor-ship's
 Ancient.

Rod. By Heav'n, I rather would have been
 his Hangman.

Iago. But there's no remedy, 'tis the curse of
 service;

Preferment goes by letter and affection,
 And not by old gradation, where each second
 Stood heir to th' first. Now, Sir, be judge your
 self,

If I in any just term am assign'd
 To love the Moor.

Rod. I would not follow him then.

Iago. O Sir, content you;
 I follow him to serve my turn upon him.
 We cannot all be masters, nor all masters
 Cannot be truly follow'd. You shall mark
 Many a duteous and knee-crooking knave,
 That, doting on his own obsequious bondage,
 Wears out his time, much like his master's ass,
 For nought but provender, and when old, 's
 cashier'd;

Whip me such honest Knaves. Others there are
 Who trimm'd in forms and visages of duty,

Keep yet their hearts attending on themselves;
And, throwing but shows of service on their
Lords,

Well thrive by them; and when they've lin'd
their coats,

Do themselves homage. These folks have some
soul,

And such a one do I profess my self.

It is as sure as you are *Rodorigo*,

Were I the Moor, I would not be *Iago*:

In following him, I follow but my self.

Heav'n is my judge, not I, for love and duty,

But, seeming so, for my peculiar end:

For when my outward action doth demonstrate

The native act and figure of my heart

In complement extern; 'tis not long after

But I will wear my heart upon my sleeve,

For daws to peck at; I'm not what I seem.

Rod. What a full fortune does the thick
lips owe,

If he can carry her thus!

Iago. Call up her father,

Rouse him, make after him, poison his delight.

Proclaim him in the streets, incense her Kinsmen.

And tho' he in a fertile climate dwell,

Plague him with flies: tho' that his joy be joy,

Yet throw such changes of vexation on't,

As it may lose some colour.

Rod. Here is her father's house, I'll call aloud.

Iago.

Iago. Do, with like timorous accent, and
dire yell,
As when by night and negligence, a fire
Is spied in populous cities.

Rod. What, ho! *Brabantio!* Signior *Bra-*
bantio! ho!

Iago. Awake! what, ho! *Brabantio!* ho!
thieves! thieves!
Look to your house, your daughter, and your
bags:
Thieves! thieves!

SCENE II.

Enter Brabantio above, at a window.

Bra. What is the reason of this terrible
summons?

Wat is the matter there?

Rod. Signior, is all your family within?

Iago. Are all doors lock'd?

Bra. Why? wherefore ask you this?

Iago. Zounds! Sir, you're robb'd: for shame,
put on your gown
Your heart is burst, you have lost half your soul;
Ev'n now, ev'n very now, an old black ram
Is tugging your white ewe. Arise, arise,
Awake the snorting citizens with the bell,
Or else the Devil will make a grandfire of you.
Arise, I say.

Bra. What, have you lost your wits?

Rod. Most reverend Signior, do you know
my voice?

Bra. Not I; what are you?

Rod. My Name is *Roderigo*.

Bra. The worfe welcome;

I've charg'd thee not to haunt about my doors:
In honest plainness thou hast heard me say,
My daughter's not for thee. And now in
madness,

Being full of supper and distemp'ring draughts,
Upon malicious bravery dost thou come
To start my quiet.

Rod. Sir, Sir, Sir, —

Bra. But thou must needs be sure,
My spirit and my place have in their power
To make this bitter to thee.

Rod. Patience, good Sir.

Bra. What tell'st thou me of robbing?
this is *Venice*:

My house is not a grange.

Rod. Most grave *Brabantio*,
In simple and pure soul I come to you.

Iago. Sir, you are one of those that will not
serve God, if the Devil bid you. Because we
come to do you service, you think we are ruffians;
you'll have your daughter cover'd with a *Barbary*
horse, you'll have your nephews neigh to you,
you'll have coursers for cousins and gennets for
germans.

Bra.

Bra. What profane wretch art thou?

Iago. I am one, Sir, that comes to tell you,
your daughter and the Moor are now making
the beast with two backs.

Bra. Thou art a villain.

Iago. You are a senator.

Bra. This thou shalt answer. I know thee,

Rodorigo.

Rod. Sir, I'll answer any thing. But I beseech
you,

If't be your pleasure and most wise consent,
(As partly, I find, it is,) that your fair daughter
Be at this odd even and dull watch o'th' night
Transported with no worse nor better guard,
But with a Knave of hire, a *Gundalier*,
To the gross clasps of a lascivious Moor;
If this be known to you, and your allowance,
Wehen have done you bold and sawcy wrongs :
But if you know not this, my manners tell me,
We have your wrong rebuke. Do not believe
That from the sense of all civility
I thus would play, and trifle with your reverence.
Your daughter, if you have not giv'n her leave,
I say again, hath made a gross revolt,
Tying her duty, beauty, wit and fortunes
To an extravagant and wheeling stranger,
Of here and every where; straight satisfy your-
self.

Is she be in her chamber, or your house,
Let loose on me the justice of the State

For thus deluding you.

Bra. Strike on the tinder, ho!
Give me a taper — call up, all my people, —
This accident is not unlike my dream,
Belief of it oppresses me already.
Light, I say, light!

Exit Bra. from above.

Iago. Farewel; for I must leave you.
It seems not meet, nor wholesome to my place
To be produc'd (as if I stay: I shall)
Against the Moor. For I do know, the State,
However this may gall him with some check,
Cannot with safety cast him. For he's embarked
With such loud reason to the *Cyprus*' wars,
Which even now stand in act, that, for their
souls,
Another of his fadom the have none,
To lead their business. In which regard,
Tho' I do hate him as I do hell's pains,
Yet for necessity of present life,
I must shew out a flag and sign of love,
Which is indeed but sign. That you may find
him,
Lead to the *Sagittary* the raised search;
And there will I be with him. So farewell

[*Exit.*

SCENE

SCENE III.

*Enter Brabantio in his night-gown,
and Servants with torches.*

Bra. It is too true an evil. Gone she is,
And what's to come of my despised time,
Is nought but bitterness. Now, *Rodorigo*,
Where didst thou see her? oh unhappy girl!
With the Moor, said'st thou? who would be a
father?

How didst thou know, 'twas she? oh she deceives
me

Past thought — What said she to you? get more
tapers —

Raise all my kindred — are they married, think
you?

Rod. Truly, I think, they are.

Bra. Oh heaven! how gat she out?
Oh treason of my blood!

Fathers, from hence trust not your daughters
minds

By what you see them act. Are there not charms,
By which the property of youth and maidhood
May be abus'd? have you not read, *Rodorigo*,
Of some such thing?

Rod. Yes, Sir, I have indeed.

Bra. Call up my brothers; oh would you
had had her?

Some one way, some another — Do you know
Where

Where we may apprehend her, and the Moor?

Rod. I think, I can discover him, if you
please

To get good guard, and go along with me.

Bra. Pray you, lead on. At every house I'll
call,

I may command at most; get weapons, ho!
And raise some special officers of night.

On, good *Rodorigo*, I'll deserve your pains.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.

Another Street before the Sagittary.

*Enter Othello, Iago, and Attendant
with torches.*

Iago. **T**ho' in the trade of war I have slain
men,

Yet do I hold it very stuff o' th' conscience
To do no contriv'd murder: I lack iniquity
Sometimes to do me service. — Nine or ten
times

I thought to've jerk'd him here under the ribs.

Oth. It's better as it is.

Iago. Nay, but he prated,
And spoke such scurvy and provoking terms
Against your honour,
That, with the little godliness I have,

I did full hard forbear him. But I pray, Sir,
Are you fast married? for, be sure of this,
That the Magnifico is much belov'd,
And hath in his effect a voice potential
As double as the Duke's: he will divorce you,
Or put upon you what restraint or grievance
The law (with all his might t'enforce it on)
Will give him cable.

Oth. Let him do his spight:
My Services, which I have done the Signory,
Shall out-tongue his complaints. 'Tis yet to
know,
(Which, when I know that Boasting is an
honour,
I shall promulgate) I fetch life and being
From men of royal siege; and my demerits
May speak, e' en bonneted, to as proud a
fortune
As this that I have reach'd. For know, *Iago*,
But that I love the gentle *Desdemona*,
I would not my unhoused free condition
Put into circumscription and confine,
For the sea's worth. But look! what lights
come yonder?

SCENE V.

Enter Cassio with torches.

Iago. **T**hose are the rais'd father, and his friends :

You

You were best go in.

Oth. Not I: I must be found.

My parts, my title, and my perfect soul
Shall manifest me rightly. Is it they?

Iago. By *Ianus*, I think, no.

Oth. The Servants of the Duke, and my
Lieutenant:

The goodness of the night upon you, Friends!
What is the news?

Cassio. The Duke does greet you, General;
And he requires your haste, post-haste, appear-
ance

Ev'n on the instant.

Obb. What is the Matter, think you?

Cassio. Something of *Cyprus*, as I may divine:
It is a business of some heat. The gallies
Have sent a dozen sequent messengers
This very night, at one another's heels:
And many of the counsel, rais'd and met,
Are at the Duke's already. You have been hotly
call'd for,

When, being not at your lodging to be found,
The senate sent above three several quests,
To search you out.

Oth. 'Tis well I am found by you:
I will but spend a word here in the house,
And go with you.

[Exit Othello.]

Cas. Ancient, what makes he here?

Iago.

Iago. 'Faith, he to-night hath boarded a
land carrack;

If it prove lawful prize, he's made for ever.

Cas. I do not understand.

Iago. He's married.

Bas. To whom?

Iago. Marry to - come, Captain, will you go?

Enter Othello.

Oth. Have with you.

Cas. Here comes another troop to seek for
you.

SCENE VI.

*Enter Brabantio, Rodorigo, with
officers and torches.*

Iago. It is *Brabantio*; General, be advis'd,
He comes to bad intent.

Oth. Holla! stand there.

Rod. Signior, it is the Moor.

Ara. Down with him, thief.

[*They draw on both sides.*]

Iago. You, *Rodorigo*? come, Sir, I am for
you —

Oth. Keep up your bright swords, for the
dew will rust'em.

Good Signior, you shall more command with
years,

Than

Than with your weapons.

Bra. O thou foul thief! where thou stow'd
my daughter?

Damn'd as thou art, thou hast enchanted her;
For I'll refer me to all things of sense,
If she in chains of magick were not bound;
Whether a maid, so tender, fair and happy,
So opposite to marriage, that she shunn'd
The wealthiest cull'd darlings of our nation,
Would ever have, t' incur a general mock,
Run from her guardage to the sooty bosom
Of such a thing as thou, to fear, not to delight?
Judge me the world, if 'tis not gross in sense,
That thou hast practis'd on her with foul charms,
Abus'd her delicate youth with drags or minerals,
That waken motion: I'll have 't disputed on,
'Tis probable and palpable to thinking,
I therefore apprehend and do attach thee,
For an abuser of the world, a practicer
Of arts inhibited and out of warrant;
Lay hold upon him, if he do resist,
Subdue him at his peril.

Oth. Hold your hands,
Both you of my inclining, and the rest.
Were it my cue to fight, I should have known it
Without a prompter. Where will you I go
To answer this your charge?

Bra. To prison 'till
Fit time of law, and course of direct session
Call thee to answer.

Oth.

Oth. What, if I obey?

How may the Duke be therewith satisfied,
Whose messengers are here about my side,
Upon some present business of the state,
To bring me to him?

Off. True, most worthy Signior,
The Duke's in council, and your noble self
I'm sure, is sent for.

Bra. How! the Duke in council?
In this time of the night? bring him away;
Mine's not an idle cause. The Duke himself,
Or any of my brothers of the state,
Cannot but feel this wrong, as 'twere their own;
For if such actions may have passage free,
Bond-slaves and pagans shall our statesmen be.
[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE VII.

The Senate-house.

*Duke and Senators, set at a table with
lights and Attendants.*

Duke. **T**here is no composition in this
news,
That gives them credit.

1 Sen. Indeed, they're disproportion'd;
My letters say, a hundred and seven gallies.

Duke. And mine a hundred and forty.

B

2 Sen.

2 *Sen.* And mine two hundred ;
 But though they jump not on a just account,
 (As in these cases, where the aim reports,
 'Tis oft with diff' rence,) yet they all confirm
 A *Turkish* fleet, and bearing up to *Cyprus*.

Duke. Nay, it is possible enough to judge-
 ment;
 I do not so secure me in the error,
 But the main article I do approve,
 In fearful sense.

Sailor within.] What hoa! what hoa! what
 hoa!

Enter Sailor.

Off. A messenger from the gallies.

Duke. Now! — what's the business?

Sail. The *Turkish* preparation makes for
Rhodes,

So was I bid report here to the state.

Duke. How say you by this change?

1 *Sen.* This cannot be,
 By no assay of reason, 'Tis a pageant
 To keep us in false gaze; when we consider
 Th' importancy of *Cyprus* to the *Turk*,
 And let our selves again but understand,
 That as it more concerns the *Turk* than *Rhodes*,
 So may he with more facile question bear it,
 For that it stands not in such warlike brace,
 But altogether lacks th' abilities
 That *Rhodes* is dress'd in. If we make thought
 of this,

We

We must not think the *Turk* is so unskilful,
To leave that latest, which concerns him first,
Neglecting an attempt of ease and gain,
To wake and wake a danger profitless.

Duke. Nay, in all confidence, he's not for
Rhodes.

Off. Here is more news.

Enter a Messenger.

Mes. The *Ottomites*, (reverend and gracious,)
Steering with due course toward the isle of
Rhodes,

Have there injoin'd them with an after-fleet—

1 Sen. Ay, so I thought; how many, as you
guess?

Mes. Of thirty sail; and now they do
re stem

Their backward course, bearing with frank
appearance

Their purposes toward *Cyprus*. Signior *Montano*,
Your trusty and most valiant servitor,
With his free duty, recommends you thus,
And prays you to believe him.

Duke. 'Tis certain then for *Cyprus*:
Marcus Luccicos, is he not in town?

1 Sen. He's now in *Florence*.

Duke. Write from us, to him.

Post-haste, dispatch.

1 Sen. Here comes *Brabantio*, and the valiant
Moor.

SCENE VII.

*To them, Enter Brabantio, Othello,
Cassio, Iago, Rodorigo, and
Officers.*

Duke. Valiant *Othello*, we must straight
employ you,

Against the general enemy *Ottoman*.

I did not see you; welcome, gentle Signior,
[*To Brabantio.*

We lackt your counsel, and your help to-night.

Bra. So did I yours; good your Grace par-
don me,

Neither my place, nor ought I heard of business,
Hath rail'd me from my bed; nor doth the
general

Take hold on me: for my particular grief.

Is of so flood-gate and o'er-bearing nature:

That it ingluts and swallows other sorrows,

And yet is still it self.

Duke. Why? what's the matter?

Bra. My daughter! oh my daughter!

Sen. Dead?

Bra. To me;

She is abus'd, stolen from me and corrupted
By spells and medicines, bought of mountebanks;

For nature so preposterously to err,

(Being not deficient, blind or lame of sense,)

Sans witchcraft could not —

Duke.

Duke. Who - e'er he be, that in this foul
 proceeding
 Hath thus beguil'd your daughter of her self,
 And you of her, the bloody book of law
 You shall your self read in the bitter letter,
 After your own sense; yea, though our proper
 son
 Stood in your action.

Bra. Humbly I thank your Grace.
 Here is the man, this Moor, whom now it
 seems
 Your special mandate, for the state-affairs,
 Hath hither brought.

All. We're very sorry for't,

Duke. What in your own part can you say
 to this?

Bra. Nothing, but this is so.

Oth. Most potent, grave and reverend
 signiors,

My very noble and approv'd good masters;
 That I have ta'en away this old Man's daughter,
 It is most true; true, I have married her;
 The very head and front of my offending
 Hath this extent; no more. Rude am I in my
 speech,

And little bless'd with the soft phrase of peace;
 For since these arms of mine had seven years
 pith,

'Till now some nine moons wasted, they have us'd
 Their dearest action in the tented field;

And little of this great world can I speak,
 More than pertains to feats of broils and battel;
 And therefore little shall I grace my cause,
 In speaking for my self. Yet, by your patience,
 I will a round, unvarnish'd tale deliver,
 Of my whole course of love; what drugs, what
 charms,

What conjuration, and what mighty magick,
 (For such proceeding I am charg'd withall,)
 I won his daughter with.

Bra. A maiden, never bold;
 Of spirit so still and quiet, that her motion
 Blush'd at it self - and she, in spite of nature.
 Of years, of country, credit, ev'ry thing,
 To fall in love with what she fear'd to look on—
 It is a judgement maim'd and most imperfect,
 That will confess affection so could err
 Against all rules of nature; and must be driven
 To find out practices of cunning hell,
 Why this should be. I therefore vouch again,
 That with some mixtures powerful o'er the blood,
 Or with some dram, conjur'd to this effect,
 He wrought upon her.

Duke. To vouch this, is no proof,
 Without more certain and more overt test,
 Than these thin habits and poor likelyhoods
 Of modern seeming do prefer against him.

1 Sen. Othello, speak,
 Did you by indirect and forced courses
 Subdue and poison this young maid's affections?
 Or

Or came it by request, and such fair question
As soul to soul affordeth?

Oth. I beseech you,
Send, for the Lady, to the *Sagittary*,
And let her speak of me before her father;
If you do find me foul in her report,
The trust, the office, I do hold of you,
Not only take away, but let your sentence
Even fall upon my life.

Duke. Fetch *Desdemona* hither.

Oth. Ancient, conduct them, you best know
the place.

[*Exit Iago.*

And 'till she come, as truly as to heav'n
I do confess the vices of my blood,
So justly to your grave ears I'll present
How I did thrive in this fair Lady's love,
And she in mine.

Duke. Say it, *Othello*.

Oth. Her father lov'd me, oft invited me;
Still question'd me the story of my life,
From year to year; the battels, sieges, fortunes,
That I have past.

I ran it through, ev'n from my boyish days,
To th'very moment, that he bad me tell it:
Wherein I spoke of most disastrous chances,
Of moving accidents by flood and field;
Of hair-breadth 'scapes i' th' imminent deadly
breach;
Of being taken by the insolent foe,

That heav'n had made her such a man, she thank'd
me,

And bad me, if I had a friend, that loved her,
I should but teach him, how to tell my story,
And that would woo her. On this hint I spake.
She loved me for the dangers I had past,
And I loved her, that she did pity them:
This only is the witchcraft, I have us'd.
Here comes the Lady, let her witness it.

SCENE IX.

*Enter Desdemona, Iago, and
Attendants.*

Duke. I think this tale would win my daughter too —

Good Brabantio,

Take up this mangled matter at the best.

Men do their broken weapons rather use,
Than their bare hands.

Bra. I pray you hear her speak;
If she confess that she was half the wooer,
Destruction on my head, if my bad blame
Light on the man! Come hither, gentle mistress,
Do you perceive in all this noble company,
Where you must owe obedience?

Desd. Noble father,
I do perceive here a divided duty;
To you I'm bound for life and education:
My life and education both do learn me

How to respect you. You're the lord of duty;
I'm hitherto your daughter. But here's my
husband,

And so much duty as my mother shew'd
To you, preferring you before the father;
So much I challenge, that I may profess
Due to the Moor, my lord.

Bra. God be with you: I have done.
Please it your Grace, on to the state-affairs;
I had rather to adopt a child than get it.
Come hither, Moor:

I here do give thee that with all my heart,
Which, but thou hast already, with my heart
I would keep from thee. And for your sake,
jewel,

I'm glad at soul I have no other child,
For thy escape would teach me tyranny
To hang clogs on them. I have done, my
Lord.

Duke. Let me now speak more like your
self; and lay

A sentence in, which, like a grise or step,
May help these lovers here into your favour.

*When remedies are past, the griefs are ended;
By seeing the worst, which late on hopes depended.*

*To mourn a mischief that is past and gone,
Is the next way to draw new mischief on.*

*What cannot be perserv'd when fortune takes,
Patience her injury a mockery makes.*

*The robb'd that smiles, steals something from the
thief; He*

He robs himself, that spends a bootless grief.

Bra. So, let the *Turk* of *Cyprus* us beguile,
We lose it not so long as we can smile.
He bears the sentence well, that nothing cares
For the false comforts, which from thence he
bears;

But he heaps both the sentence, and the sorrow,
That to pay grief, must of poor patience borrow.
These sentences to sugar, or to gall,
Being strong on both sides, are equivocal,
But words are words; I never yet did hear,
That the bruiz'd heart was pieced through the
ear.

I humbly beseech you proceed to th' affairs of
state.

Duke. The *Turck* with a most mighty preparation makes for *Cyprus*: *Othello*, the fortitude of the place is best known to you. And though we have there a substitute of most allowed sufficiency; yet opinion, a more sovereign mistress of effects, throws a more safe voice on you: you must therefore be content to flubber the gloss of your new fortunes with this more stubborn and boisterous expedition.

Oth. The tyrant custom, most grave senators,
Hath made the flinty and steel couch of war
My thrice-driven bed of down. I do agnize
A natural and prompt alacrity
I find in hardness: and do undertake
This present war against the *Ottomites*.

Most

Most humbly therefore bending to your state,
 I crave fit disposition for my wife,
 Due reverence of place and exhibition,
 With such accomodation and besort
 As levels with her breeding,

Duke. Why, at her father's.

Bra. I will not have it so.

Oth. Nor I.

Des. Nor would I there reside,
 To put my father in impatient thoughts
 By being in his eye. Most gracious Duke,
 To my unfolding lend your gracious ear,
 And let me find a charter in your voice
 To assist my simpleness.

Duke. What would you, *Desdemona*?

Des. That I did love the Moor to live with
 him,

My down-right violence and storm of fortunes
 May trumpet to the world. My heart's subdu'd,
 Ev'n to the very quality of my lord;
 I saw *Othello's* visage in his mind,
 And to his honours and his valiant parts
 Did I my soul and fortunes consecrate.
 So that, dear Lords, if I be left behind,
 A moth of peace, and he go to the war,
 The rites for which I love him are bereft me:
 And I a heavy interim shall support
 By his dear absence. Let me go with him.

Oth. Your voices, Lords; beseech you, let
 her will

Have

Have a free way. I therefore beg it not
To please the palate of my appetite;
Nor to comply with heat affects the young,
In my distinct and proper satisfaction;
But to be free and bounteous to her mind.
And heav'n defend your good souls, that you
think

I will your serious and great business scant
For she is with me — No, when light-wing'd
 toys

Of feather'd *Cupid* foil with wanton dulness
My speculative and offic'd instruments,
That my disports corrupt and taint my business;
Let housewives make a skillet of my helm,
And all indign and base aduersities
Make head against my estimation.

Duke. Be it as you shall privately determine,
Or for her stay or going; th' affair cries haste,
And speed must answer. You must hence to-night.

Des. To-night, my Lord, to-night?

Oth. With all my heart.

Duke. At nine i^d th' morning here we'll meet
again.

Othello, leave some officer behind,
And he shall our commission bring to you;
And such things else of quality and respect
As doth import you

Oth. Please your Grace, my Ancient;
(A man he is of honesty and trust,)
To his conveyance I assign my wife,

With

With what else needful your good Grace shall
think

To be sent after me.

Duke. Let it be so;

Good-night to every one. And, noble Signior,
If virtue no delighting beauty lack,

Your Son-in-law is far more fair than black.

Sen. Adieu, brave Moor, use *Desdemona*
well.

Bra. Look to her, Moor, if thou hast eyes
to see;

She has deceiv'd her father and may thee.

[*Exit.*

Oth. My life upon her faith. Honest *Iago*.

My *Desdemona* must I leave to thee;

I pr'ythee let thy wife attend on her;

And bring her after in the best advantage.

Come, *Desdemona*, I have but an hour

Of love, of worldly matter, and direction

To speak with thee. We must obey the time.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE X.

Manent Rodorigo and *Iago*.

Rod. *Iago*!

Iago. What sayst thou, noble heart?

Rod. What will I do, thinkest thou?

Iago. Why, go to bed and sleep.

Rod. I will incontinently drown my self.

Iago.

Iago. If thou dost, I shall never love thee after. Why, thou silly gentleman!

Rod. It is filliness to live, when to live is a torment; and then have we a prescription to die, when death is our physician.

Iago. O villainous! I have look'd upon the world for four times seven years, and since I could distinguish betwixt a benefit and an Injury, I never found man that knew how to love himself. Ere I would say, I would drown myself for the love of a Guinney-hen, I would change my humanity with a baboon.

Rod. What should I do? I confess it is my shame to be so fond, but it is not in my virtue to amend it.

Iago. Virtue? a fig: 'tis in our selves that we are thus or thus. Our bodies are our gardens, to the which our wills are gardeners. So that, if we will plant nettles, or sow lettice; set hyssop, and weed up thyme; supply it with one gender of herbs, or distract it with many; either have it steril with idleness, or manured with industry; why, the power and corrigible authority of this lyes in our will. If the ballance of our lives had not one scale of reason to poise another of sensuality, the blood and baseness of our natures would conduct us to most preposterous conclusions. But we have reason, to cool our raging motions, our carnal stings, our unbitted lusts; whereof I take this that you call love, to be a slip or scyon.

Rod.

Rod. It cannot be.

Iago. It is merely a lust of the blood, and a permission of the will. Come, be a man: drown thy self? drown cats and blind puppies. I have profest me thy friend, and I confess me knit to thy deserving with cables of perdurable toughness. I could never better stead thee than now. Put money in thy purse; follow thou these wars*, defeat thy favour with an usurped beard; I say, put money in thy purse. It cannot be that *Desdemona* should long continue her love to the Moor--put money in thy purse--nor he his to her. It was a violent commencement in her, and thou shalt see an answerable sequestration,--but put money in thy purse.--These Moors are changeable in their wills;--fill thy purse with money. The food that to him now is as luscious as locusts,** shall shortly be as coliquintida. She must change for youth; when she is fated with his body, she will find the errors of her choice.--Therefore put money in thy purse--If thou wilt needs damn thy self, do it a more delicate way than drowning. Make all the money thou canst. If sanctimony and a frail vow, betwixt an arrant *Barbarian* and a su-

* *That is,* disgrace thy features and make thy fair countenance grim with a false beard.

** *I. Ludolfus* speaking of the locust saith, *suavis valde nec non salubris est cibus.* Hist. Aethiop. lib. I. c. 13.

super-subtle *Venetian*, be not too hard for my wits, and all the tribe of hell, thou shalt enjoy her; therefore make money. A pox of drowning thy self! it is clean out of the way. Seek thou rather to be hang'd in compassing thy joy, than to be drown'd and go without her.

Rod. Wilt thou be fast to my hopes, if I depend on the issue?

Iago. Thou art sure of me. — Go, make money. — I have told thee often, and I retell thee again, I hate the Moor. My cause is heart-ed; thine hath no less reason. Let us be conjunctive in our revenge against him. If thou canst cuckold him, thou dost thy self a pleasure, me a sport. There are many events in the womb of time, which will be delivered. Traverse, go, provide thy money. We will have more of this to-morrow. Adieu.

Rod. Where shall we meet i' th' morning?

Iago. At my Lodging.

Rod. I'll be with thee betimes.

Iago. Go to, farewell. Do you hear, *Rodorigo*?
No more of drowning.

Rod. I'll sell all my land.

[*Exit.*]

SCENE XI.

Manet Iago.

Iago. Thus do I ever make my fool my
purse;

C

For

For I mine own gain'd knowledge should profane,
 If I should time expend with such a swain,
 But for my sport and profit. I hate the Moor,
 And it is thought abroad, that 'twixt my sheets
 He has done my office. I know not if't be true—
 But I, for meer suspicion in that kind,
 Will do, as if for surety. He holds me well—
 The better shall my purpose work on him;
Cassio's a proper man: let me see now;—
 To get his place, and to plume up my will,
 A double knavery—How? how? let's see—
 After some time, t'abuse *Othello*'s ears,
 'That he is too familiar with his wife—
 He hath a person, and a smooth dispose,
 To be suspected; fram'd to make women false.
 The Moor is of a free and open nature,
 That thinks men honest that but seem to be so,
 And will as tenderly be led by th' nose
 As asses are:
 I have't— it is ingendered— Hell and night
 Must bring this monstrous birth to the world's
 light.

Exit.

ACT

ACT II. SCENE I.

The Capital City of Cyprus.

*Enter Montano Governor of Cyprus,
and two Gentlemen.*

Mont. What from the cape can you
discern at sea?

1 Gent. Nöthing at all, it is a high - wrought
flood;

I cannot 'twixt the heavens and the main
Descry a sail.

Mont. Methinks the wind hath spoke aloud
at land;

A fuller blast ne'er shook our battlements;
If it hath ruffian'd so upon the sea,
What ribs of oak, when mountains melt on them,
Can hold the mortise? what shall we hear of
this?

2 Gent. A segregation of the *Turkish* fleet;
For do but stand upon the foaming shore,
The chiding billows seem to pelt the clouds,
The wind-shak'd surge, with high and mon-
strous main,
Seems to cast water on the burning Bear,
And quench the guards of th'ever-fired pole;
I never did like molestation view
On th' enchas'd flood.

Mont. If that the *Turkish* fleet

Be not in shelter'd and embay'd, they're drown'd:
It is impossible to bear it out.

SCENE II.

Enter a third Gentleman.

3 *Gent.* **N**ews, Lords, our wars are done:
The desperate tempest hath so bang'd the *Turks*,
That their designment halts. A ship of *Venice*
Hath seen a grievous wreck and sufferance
On most part of their fleet.

Mont. How! is this true?

3 *Gent.* The ship is here put in;
A *Veronessa*; *Michael Cassio*,
Lieutenant of the warlike Moor *Othello*,
Is come on shore; the Moor himself's at Sea,
And is in full commission here for *Cyprus*.

Mont. I'm glad on't; 'tis a worthy governor.

3 *Gent.* But this same *Cassio*, though he
speak of comfort
Touching the *Turkish* loss, yet he looks sadly,
And prays the Moor be safe; for they were
parted
With foul and violent tempest.

Mont. Pray heav'n's he be:
For I have serv'd him, and the man commands
Like a full soldier. Let's to the sea-side,
As well to see the vessel that's come in,
As to throw out our eyes for brave *Othello*,

Even'

Even' till we make the main and th' aerial blue
An indistinct regard.

Gent. Come, let's do so;
For ev'ry minute is expectancy
Of more arrivance.

SCENE III.

Enter Cassio.

Cas. Thanks to the valiant of this warlike
isle,

That so approve the Moor: oh let the heav'ns
Give him defence against the elements!
For I have lost him on a dangerous sea.

Mont. Is he well shipp'd?

Cas. His bark is stoutly timber'd, and his
pilot
Of very expert and approv'd allowance;
Therefore my hopes, not surfeited to death,
Stand in bold cure.

(*Within*) A fail, a fail, a fail!

Cas. What noise?

Gent. The town is empty; on the brow o'
th' sea

Stand ranks of people, and they cry a fail.

Cas. My hopes do shape him for the governor.

Gent. They do discharge their shot of cour-
tesie:

Our friends at least.

Cas. I pray you, Sir, go forth,

And give us truth who 'tis that is arriv'd.

Gent. I shall.

[Exit.

Mont. But, good Lieutenant, is your General wiv'd?

Cas. Most fortunately, he hath atchiev'd
a maid

That paragon's description and wild fame.
One that excels the quirks of blazoning pens,
And in th' essential vesture of creation
Do's bear all excellency —

SCENE IV.

Enter Gentleman.

How now? who has put in?

Gent. 'Tis one *Iago*, Ancient to the General.

Cas. H'as had most favourable and happy
speed;

Tempests themselves, high seas and howling
winds,

The gutter'd rocks, and congregated sands,
(Traitors ensteep'd to clog the guiltless keel,) —

As having sense of beauty, do omit
Their mortal natures, letting safe go by
The divine *Desdemona*.

Mont. What is she?

Cas. She that I spake of, our great captain's
captain:

Left

Left in the conduct of the bold *Iago*,
 Whose footing here anticipates our thoughts,
 A se'nnights speed. Great *Iove*, *Othello* guard,
 And swell his sail with thine own powerfull
 breath!

That he may blefs this bay with his tall ship,
 Make love's quick pants in *Desdemona's* arms,
 Give renew'd fire to our extinguish'd spirits,
 And bring all *Cyprus* comfort —

SCENE V.

*Enter Desdemona, Iago, Rodorigo
 and Aemilia.*

O behold!
 The riches of the ship is come on shore:
 You men of *Cyprus*, let her have your knees.
 Hail to thee, Lady! and the grace of heav'n
 Before, behind thee, and on every hand
 Enwheel thee round!

Des. I thank you, valiant *Cassio*,
 What tidings can you tell me of my Lord?

Cas. He is not yet arriv'd, nor know I ought
 But that he's well, and will be shortly here.

Des. O but I fear — how lost you company?

Cas. The great contention of the sea and skies
 Parted our fellowship But hark, a sail!

Within] A sail! a sail!

Gent. They give this greeting to the citadel:
 This likewise is a friend.

Cas. See for the news:
 Good Ancient, you are welcome. Welcome,
 mistress.

[*To Aemilia.*

Let it not gall your patience, good *Iago*,
 That I extend my manners: 'tis my breeding

[*Saluting her*

That gives me this bold shew of courtesie.

Iago. Sir, would she give you so much of
 her lips,

As of her tongue she oft bestows on me,
 You'd have enough.

Des. Alas! she has no speech.

Iago. In faith, too much;
 I find it still, when I have list to sleep;
 Marry before your Ladyship, I grant,
 She puts her tongue a little in her heart,
 And chides with thinking.

Aemil. You have little cause to say so.

Iago. Come on, come on, you're pictures
 out of doors,
 Bells in your parlors, wild-cats in your kitchens,
 Saints in your iniuries, devils being offended,
 Players in your house-wifery, housewives in
 your beds.

Des. Oh fie upon thee, slanderer.

Iago. Nay, it is true, or else I am a *Turk*;
 You rise to play and go to bed to work.

Aemil. You shall not write my praise.

Iago. No, let me not.

Des.

Des. What wouldst thou write of me, if thou shouldst praise me?

Iago. Oh gentle Lady, do not put me to't, For I am nothing, if not critical.

Des. Come, one assay. There's one gone to the harbour —

Iago. Ay, Madam.

Des. I am not merry, but I do beguile The thing I am, by seeming otherwise; Come, how wouldst thou praise me?

Iago. I am about it, but indeed my invention comes from my pate, as birdlime does from freeze, it plucks out brains and all. But my muse labours and thus she is delivered:

*If she be fair and wise, fairness and wit,
The one's for use, the other useth it.*

Des. Well prais'd: how if she be black and witty?

Iago. If she be black, and thereto have a wit,
She'll find a white, that shall her blackness fit.

Des. Worse and worse.

Aemil. How if fair and foolish?

Iago. She never yet was foolish, that was fair,
For even her folly helpt her to an heir.

Des. These are old fond paradoxes, to make fools laugh i' th' alehouse. What miserable praise hast thou for her that's foul and foolish?

Iago. There's none so foul and foolish there-
unto, But

But does foul pranks, which fair and wise ones do.

Des. Oh heavy ignorance! thou praisest the worst best. But what praise couldst thou bestow on a deserving woman indeed? one, that in the authority of her merit, did justly put on the vouch of very malice it self?

Iago. *She that was ever fair, and never proud,*

*Had tongue at will, and yet was never loud;
Never lack't gold, and yet went never gay,
Fled from her wish, and yet said now I may;
She that when anger'd, her revenge being nigh,
Bad her wrong stay, and her displeasure fly;
She that in wisdom never was so frail
To change the cod's head for the salmon's tail;
She that could think, and ne'er disclose her mind,
See suitors following, and not look behind;
She was a wight, (if ever such wight were) —*

Des. To do what?

Iago. To suckle fools, and chronicle small beer.

Des. Oh most laine and impotent conclusion! do not learn of him, *Aemilia*, tho' he be thy husband. How say you, *Cassio*, is he not a most profane and illiberal censurer?

Cas. He speaks home, Madam, you may relish him more in the foldier, than in the scholar.

Iago. [*Aside*] He takes her by the palm; ay, well said -- whisper -- with as little a web as this, will I ensnare as great a fly as *Cassio*. Ay, fini-

smile upon her, do -- I will give thee in thine own courtship. You say true, 'tis so indeed— If such tricks as these strip you out of your lieutenancy, it had been better you had not kiss'd your three fingers so oft, which now again you are most apt to play the Sir in. Very good— well kiss'd and excellent curtesie— 'tis so indeed— yet again— your fingers to your lips: would they were clister-pipes for your sake! [*Trumpet.* The Moor, I know his trumpet.

Cas. 'Tis truly so.

Des. Let's meet him and receive him.

Cas. Lo, where he comes!

SCENE VI.

Enter Othello and Attendants.

Oth. Oh my fair warrior!

Des. My dear Othello!

Oth. It gives me wonder great as my content,

To see you here before me. My soul's joy!

If after every tempest come such calms,

May the winds blow 'till they have waken'd death:

And let the labouring back climb hills of seas

Olympus high; and duck again as low

As hell's from heav'n! If I were now to die,

'Twere now to be most happy; for I fear

My

My soul hath her content so absolute,
That not another comfort like to this
Succeeds in unknown fate

Des. The heav'ns forbid
But that our loves and comforts should increase,
Ev'n as our days do grow!

— *Oth.* Amen to that, sweet powers!
I cannot speak enough of this content,
It stops me here: it is too much of joy.
And this and this the greatest discords be

[*Kissing her.*

That e'er our hearts shall make!

Iago. You are well-tun'd now;
But I'll let down the pegs that make musick,
As honest as I am.

[*Aside.*

Oth. Come, let's to the castle.
Now, friends, our wars are done; the *Turks*
are drown'd.

How do our old acquaintance of this isle?
Honey, you shall be well desir'd in *Cyprus*,
I've found great love amongst them. Oh my
sweet,

I prattle out of fashion, and I dote
In mine own comfort. Pr'y thee, good *Iago*,
Go to the bay, and disembark my coffers;
Bring thou the master to the citadel,
He is a good one, and his worthiness
Does challenge much respect. Come, *Desdemona*,
Once more well met at *Cyprus*.

[*Exeunt Othello and Desdemona,*

SCENE VII.

Manent Iago and Rodorigo.

Iago. **D**O you meet me presently at the harbour. Come thither, if thou be'st valiant; as they say, base men being in love, have then a nobility in their natures, more than is native to them — list me; the lieutenant to-night watches on the court of guard. First, I must tell thee this: *Desdemona* is directly in love with him.

Rod. With him? why, 'tis not possible.

Iago. Lay thy fingers thus; and let thy soul be instructed. Mark me with what violence she first lov'd the Moor, but for bragging, and telling her fantastical lies. And will she love him still for prating? let not thy discret heart think it. Her eye must be fed. And what delight shall she have to look on the devil? when the blood is made dull with the act of sport, there should be, again to inflame it and to give satiety a fresh appetite, loveliness in favour, sympathy in years, manners and beauties: all which the Moor is defective in. Now for want of these requir'd conveniences, her delicate tenderness will find it self abus'd, begin to heave the gorge, disrelish and abhor the Moor; very nature will instruct her in it, and compel her to some second choice. Now, Sir, this granted, (as it is a most pregnant and unforc'd position) who
stands

stands so eminent in the degree of this fortune, as *Cassio* does? a knave very voluble; no further conscionable, than in putting on the meer form of civil and humane seeming, for the better compassing of his salt and most hidden loose affection; a slippery and subtle knave, a finder of occasions, that hath an eye can stamp and counterfeit advantages, tho' true advantage never present it self. A devilish knave! besides, the knave is handsome, young, and hath all those requisites in him, that folly and green minds look after. A pestilent compleat knave! and the woman hath found him already.

Rod. I cannot believe that of her, she's full of most blest'd condition.

Iago. Blest'd figs end! the wine she drinks is made of grapes. If she had been blest'd, she would never have lov'd the Moor: blest'd pudding! didst thou not see her paddle with the palm of his hand? didst not mark that?

Rod. Yes, that I did; but that was but curtesie.

Iago. Letchery, by this hand; an index, and obscure prologue to the history of lust, and foul thoughts. They met so near with their lips, that their breaths embrac'd together. Villainous thoughts, *Roderigo*! when these inutualities so marshal the way, hard at hand comes the master and main exercise, th' incorporate conclusion: pish — But, Sir, be you rul'd by me.

me. I have brought you from *Venice*. Watch you to - night ; for the command, I'll lay't upon you. *Cassio* knows you not: Ill not be far from you. Do you find some occasion to anger *Cassio*, either by speaking too loud, or tainting his discipline, or from what other course you please, which the time shall more favorably minister.

Rod. Well.

Iago. Sir, he's rash, and very sudden in choler: and happily may strike at you. Provoke him that he may; for even out of that will I cause those of Cyprus to mutiny: whose qualification shall come into no true taste again, but by displanting of *Cassio*. So shall you have a shorter journey to your desires, by the means I shall then have to prefer them: and the impediments most profitably removed, without which there was no expectation of our prosperity.

Rod. I will do this, if you can bring it to any opportunity.

Iago. I warrant thee. Meet me by and by at the citadel. I must fetch his necessaries ashore. Farewel.

[*Exit.*

Rod. Adieu.

SCE-

SCENE VIII.

Manet Iago.

Iago. **T**hat *Cassio* loves her, I do well believe:

That she loves him, 'tis apt, and of great credit.
 The Moor, howbeit that I endure him not,
 Is of a constant, loving, noble nature,
 And I dare think he'll prove to *Desdemona*
 A most dear husband. Now I love her too,
 Not out of absolute lust, (though peradventure
 I stand accountant for as great a sin,)
 But partly led to diet my revenge,
 For that I do suspect the lusty Moor
 Hath leapt into my seat: the thought whereof
 Doth, like a poisonous mineral, gnaw my in-
 wards;

And nothing can or shall content my soul,
 'Till I am even'd with him, wife for wife;
 Or failing so, yet that I put the Moor
 At least into a jealousy so strong,
 That judgment cannot cure. Which thing to do,
 If this poor trash of *Venice*, whom I trace
 For his quick hunting, stand the putting on;
 I'll have our *Michael Cassio* on the hip;
 Abuse him to the Moor in the rank garb,
 (For I fear *Cassio* with my night-cap too,)
 Make the Moor thank me, love me and reward
 me,

For

For making him egregiously an ass,
And practising upon his peace and quiet,
Even to madness. 'Tis here — but yet confus'd;
Knavery's plain face is never seen, 'till us'd.

[Exit.

SCENE IX.

The Street.

Enter Herald, with a Proclamation.

Her. **I**t is *Othello's* pleasure, our noble and
valiant General, that upon certain tidings now
arriv'd, importing the meer perdition of the
Turkish fleet, every man put himself into triumph:
Some to dance, some to make bonfires, each
man to what sport and revels his mind leads him.
For besides this beneficial news, it is the cele-
bration of his nuptial. So much was his pleasure
should be proclaim'd. All offices are open,
and there is full liberty of feasting, from this
present hour of five, till the bell have toll'd ele-
ven. Bless the isle of *Cyprus*, and our noble
General *Othello*!

[Exit.

D

SCENE

O T H E L L O.

SCENE X.

The Castle.

Enter, Othello, Desdemona, Cassio
and Attendants.

Oth. **G**ood Michael, look you to the
guard to-night,
Let's teach ourselves that honourable stop,
Not to out-sport discretion.

Cas. Iago hath direction what to do:
But not withstanding, with my personal eye
Will I look to't.

Oth. Iago is most honest:
Michael, good night. To-morrow with your
earliest,
Let me have speech with you. Come, my dear
love,
The purchase made, the fruits are to ensue;
That profit's yet to come 'tween me and you.
Good night.

[*Exeunt* Othello and Desdemona.

Enter Iago.

Cas. Welcome, Iago; we must to the
watch.

Iago. Not this hour, lieutenant; 'tis not yet
ten o' th' clock. Our general cast as thus early
for

for the love of his *Desdemona*: whom let us not therefore blame; he hath not yet made the wanton night with her: and she is sport for love.

Cas. She's a most exquisite Lady.

Iago And I'll warrant her full of game.

Cas. Indeed she's a most fresh and delicate creature.

Iago. What an eye she has! methinks it founds a parley to provocation.

Cas. An inviting eye; and yet methinks right modest.

Iago. And when she speaks, is it not an alarum to love?

Cas. She is indeed perfection.

Iago. Well, happiness to their sheets! come, lieutenant, I have a stoop of wine, and here without are a brace of *Cyprus* gallants, that would fain have a measure to the health of black *Othello*.

Cas. Not to-night, good *Iago*: I have very poor and unhappy brains for drinking. I could well with courtesie would invent some other custom of entertainment.

Iago. Oh, they are our friends: but one cup; I'll drink for you:

Cas. I have drunk but one cup to-night, and that was craftily qualified too: and behold what innovation it makes here. I am unfortunate in the infirmity, and dare not talk my weakness with any more.

Iago. What, man? 'tis a night of revels, the gallants desire it.

Cas. Where are they?

Iago. Here at the door; I pray you, call them in.

Cas. I'll do't, but it dislikes me.

[*Exit. Cassio.*]

Iago. If I can fasten but one cup upon him,
With that which he hath drunk to-night already,
He'll be as full of quarrel and offence
As my young mistress' dog. —
Now my sick fool, *Roderigo*,
Whom love hath turn'd almost the wrong side out,
To *Desdemona* hath to-night carouz'd
Potations pottle deep; and he's to watch.
Three lads of *Cyprus*, noble swelling spirits,
That hold their honours in a wary distance,
The very elements of this warlike isle,
Have I to-night fluster'd with flowing cups,
And they watch too. Now' mongst this flock of
drunkards,
Am I to put our *Cassio* in some action
That may offend the isle. But here they come.
If consequence do but approve my deem,
My boat sails freely, both with wind and stream.

SCENE

SCENE XI.

Enter Cassio, Montano and Gentlemen.

Cas. 'Fore heav'n, they have given me a
rouse already.

Mont. Good faith, a little one: not past a
pint,

as I am a soldier.

Iago. Some wine, ho!

[Iago sings:]

And let me the canakin clink, clink, clink,

And let me the canakin clink.

*A soldier's a man; ob man's life's but a span,
Why then let a soldier drink.*

Some wine, boys.

Cas. 'Fore heav'n, an excellent song.

Iago. I learn'd it in *England*: Where indeed
they are most potent in potting. Your *Dane*, your
German, and your swag-belly'd *Hollander* —
drink, ho! — are nothing to your *English*.

Cas. Is your *Englishman* so exquisite in his
drinking?

Iago. Why, he drinks you with facility your
Dane dead drunk. He sweats not to overthrow
your *Almain*. He gives your *Hollander* a vomit,
ere the next pottle can be fill'd.

Cas. To the health of our General.

Mont. I am for it, Lieutenant; and I'll do
you iustice.

D 3

Iago.

Iago. Oh sweet England!

King Stephen was and a worthy peer,

His breeches cost him but a crown,

He held them sixpence all too dear,

With that he call'd the tailor lown:

He was a wight of high renown,

And thou art but of low degree:

'Tis pride, that pulls the country down,

And take thy old cloak about thee.

Some wine, ho!

Cas. Why, this is a more exquisite song than the other.

Iago. Will you hear't again?

Cas. No, for I hold him to be unworthy of his place, that does those things. Well — Heaven's above all; and there be souls that must be saved, and there be souls must not be saved.

Iago. It's true, good Lieutenant.

Cas. For mine own part, (no offence to the General, nor any man of quality;) I hope to be saved.

Iago. And so do I too, good lieutenant.

Cas. Ay, but by your leave, not before me. The Lieutenant is to be saved before the Ancient. Let's have no more of this; let's to our affairs. Forgive our sins — gentlemen, let's look to our business. Do not think, gentlemen, I am drunk: this is my Ancient; this is my right hand and this is my left. I am not drunk now; I can stand well enough, and I speak well enough.

Gent.

Gent. Excellent well.

Cas. Why, very well then: you must not think then that I am drunk.

[*Exit.*]

SCENE XII.

Manent Iago and Montano.

Mont. **T**o the platform, masters, come,
let's see the watch.

Iago. You see this fellow that is gone before;
He is a soldier, fit to stand by *Caesar*.
And give direction. And do but see his vice;
'Tis to his virtues a iust equinox,
The one as long as th' other. 'Tis pity of him;
I fear the trust *Othello* puts him in,
On some odd time of his infirmity,
Will shake this island.

Mont. But is he often thus?

Iago. 'Tis evermore the prologue to his sleep.
He'll watch the horologue a double set,
If drinck rock not his cradle.

Mont. It were well,
The General were put in mind of it:
Perhaps he sees it not, or his good nature
Prizes the virtue, that appears in *Cassio*,
And looks not on his evils: is not this true?

Enter Rodorigo.

Iago. How, now, *Rodorigo*?
I pray you after the lieutenant, go.

[Exit. Rodorigo.]

Mont. And 'tis great pity, that the noble
Moor

Should hazard such a place as his own second,
With one of an ingraft infirmity:
It were an honest action to say so
Unto the Moor.

Iago. Not I, for this fair island;
I do love *Cassio* well, and would do much
To cure him of this evil. Hark, what noise?

[Within, help! help!]

Re-enter Cassio pursuing Rodorigo.

Cas. You rogue! you rascal! —

Mont. What's the matter, lieutenant?

Cas. A knave teach me my duty? I'll beat
the knave into a twiggen bottle.

Rod. Beat me —

Cas. Dost thou prate, rogue?

Mont. Nay, good lieutenant;

[staying him.]

I pray you, Sir, hold your hand.

Cas. Let me go, Sir, o I'll knock you o'er
the mazzard.

Mont. Come, come, you're drunk.

Cas. Drunk? —

[They fight.]

Iago.

Iago. Away I say, go out and cry a mutiny.

[*Exit. Rodorigo.*

Nay good Lieutenant — Alas, gentlemen—

Help, ho! — Lieutenant — Sir, — *Montano* —

Help, masters! here's a goodly watch indeed —

Who's that who rings the bell? — diablo, ho!

[*Bell rings.*

The town will rise. Fie, fie, Lieutenant!

You will be sham'd for ever.

SCENE XIII.

Enter Othello and Attendants.

Oth. **W**hat is the matter here?

Mont. I bleed still, I am hurt, but not to
th' death,

Oth. Hold for your lives.

Iago. Hold, ho! lieutenant — Sir — *Montano*! — gentlemen! —

Have you forgot all sense of place and duty?

The General speaks to you — hold, hold, for
shame —

Oth. Why how now? ho! from whence
ariseeth this?

Are we turn'd *Turks*? and to our selves do that

Which heaven had forbid the *Ottomites*?

For christian shame, put by this barbarous brawl;

He that stirs next to carve for his own rage,
 Holds his soul light; he dies upon his motion.
 Silence that dreadful bell, it frights the ille
 From her propriety. What is the matter?
 Honest *Iago*, that look'st dead with grieving,
 Speak; who began this? on thy love I charge
 thee.

Iago. I do not know; friends all, but now,
 even now
 In quarter, and in terms like bride and groom
 Divesting them for bed; and then, but now —
 As if some planet had unwitted men,
 Swords out, and tilting one at other's breast,
 In opposition bloody. I can't speak
 Any beginning to this peevish odds,
 And would in action glorious I had lost
 Those legs that brought me to a part of it!

Oth. How comes it, *Michael*, you are thus
 forgot?

Cas. I pray you pardon me, I cannot speak.

Oth. Worthy *Montano*, you were wont be
 civil:

The gravity and stillness of your youth
 The world hath noted; and your name is great
 In mouths of wisest censure. What's the matter,
 That you unlace your reputation thus,
 And spend your rich opinion, for the name
 Of a night-brawler? give me answer to it.

Mont. Worthy *Othello*, I am hurt to danger;
 Your officer *Iago* can inform you,

(While

(While I spare speech, which something now
offends me)

Of all that I do know: nor know I aught
By me that's said or done amiss this night,
Unless self-charity be sometimes a vice,
And to defend our-selves it be a sin,
When violence assails us.

Oth. Now, by heav'n,
My blood begins my safer guides to rule,
And passion, having my best judgment choler'd,
Assays to lead the way. If I once stir,
Or do but lift this arm, the best of you
Shall sink in my rebuke. Give me to know
How this foul rout began; who set it on;
And he that is approv'd in his offence,
Tho' he had twinn'd with me, both at a birth,
Shall lose me. What, and in a town of war,
Yet wild, the people's hearts brimfull of fear,
To manage private and domestick quarrel?
In night, and on the court of guard and safety?
'Tis monstrous. Say, *Iago*, who began't?

Mont. If partially affin'd, or leagu'd in office,
Thou dost deliver more or less than truth,
Thou art no soldier.

Iago. Touch me not so near:
I'd rather have this tongue cut from my mouth,
Than it should do offence to *Michael Cassio*;
Yet I perswade my self, to speak the truth
Shall nothing wrong him. Thus 'tis, General:

Montano and my self being in speech,

There

There comes a fellow crying out for help,
 And *Cassio* following with determin'd sword,
 To execute upon him. Sir, this gentleman
 Steps in to *Cassio*, and intreats his pause;
 My self the crying fellow did pursue;
 Lest by his clamour (as it so fell out)
 The town might fall in fright. He, swift of
 foot,

Out-ran my purpose. I return'd, the rather
 For that I heard the clink and fall of swords,
 And *Cassio* high in oath; which 'till to-night
 I ne'er might say before. When I came back,
 (For this was brief) I found them close together
 At blow and thrust, even as again they were
 When you your self did part them.
 More of this matter cannot I report.
 But men are men; the best sometimes forget;
 Tho' *Cassio* did some little wrong to him,
 As men in rage strike those that wish them best,
 Yet surely *Cassio*, I believe, receiv'd
 From him that fled some strange indignity,
 Which patience could not pass.

Oth. I know, *Iago*,
 Thy honesty and love doth mince this matter,
 Making it light to *Cassio*. *Cassio*, I love thee,
 But never more be officer of mine.

Enter Desdemona attended.
 Look if my gentle love be not rais'd up:
 I'll make thee an example.

Des. What's the matter?

Oth.

Oth. All is well, sweeting; come away
to bed.

Sir, for your hurts, my self will be your surgeon.
Lead him off:

Iago, look with care about the town,
And silence those whom this vile brawl distracted.
Come, *Desdemona*, 'tis the soldier's life,
To have their balmy slumbers wak'd with strife.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE XIV.

Manent Iago and Cassio.

Iago. What, are you hurt, lieutenant?

Cas. Past all surgery.

Iago. Marry, heav'n forbid!

Cas. Reputation, reputation, reputation!
Oh I have lost my reputation! I have lost the im-
mortal part of my self, and what remains is be-
stial. My reputation, *Iago*, my reputation!

Iago. As I am an honest man, I had thought
you had received some bodily wound; there is
more sense in that, than in reputation. Reputa-
tion is an idle, and most false imposition; oft
got without merit, and lost without deserving.
You have lost no reputation at all, unless you re-
pute your self such a loser. What, man —
there are ways to recover the General again. You
are

are but now cast in his mood, a punishment more in policy than in malice, even so as one would beat his offenceless dog to affright an imperious lion. Sue to him again and he's yours.

Cas. I will rather sue to be despis'd, than to deceive so good a commander with so slight, so drunken and so indiscreet an officer. Drunk and speak? parrot? and squabble? swagger? swear? and discourse fustian with one's own shadow? oh thou invisible spirit of wine! if thou hast no name to be known by let us call thee devil.

Iago. What was he that you follow'd with your sword? what had he done to you?

Cas. I know not.

Iago. Is't possible?

Cas. I remember a mass of things, but nothing distinctly; a quarrel, but nothing wherefore. Oh that men should put an enemy in their mouths to steal away their brains! that we should with joy, pleasance, revel, and applause transform our selves into beasts!

Iago. Why, but you are now well enough: how came you thus recover'd?

Cas. It hath pleased the devil drunkenness to give place to the devil wrath; one imperfectness shews me another, to make me frankly despise my self.

Iago. Come, you are too severe a moraler. As the time, the place and the condition of this country stands, I could heartily wish this had
not

not befall'n : but since it is as it is, mend it for your own good.

Cas. I will ask him for my place again; he shall tell me I am a drunkard! had I as many mouths as *Hydra*, such an answer would stop them all. 'To be now a sensible man, by and by a fool, and presently a beast! — Every inordinate cup is unblest'd, and the ingredient is a devil.

Iago. Come, come, good wine is a good familiar creature, if it be well us'd: exclaim no more against it. — And, good lieutenant, I think you think I love you.

Cas. I have well approv'd it, Sir. I drunk!

Iago. You or any man living, may be drunk at some time, man. I tell you what you shall do: our General's wife is now the General. I may say so in this respect, for that he hath devoted and given up himself to the contemplation, mark and denotement of her parts and graces. Confess your self freely to her: importune her help, to put you in your place again. She is of so free, so kind, so apt, so blessed a disposition, she holds it a vice in her goodness not to do more than she is requested. This broken joint between you and her husband, intreat her to splinter. And, my fortunes against any lay worth naming, this crack of your love shall grow stronger than it was before.

Cas. You advise me well.

Iago.

Iago. I protest, in the sincerity of love, and honest kindness.

Cas. I think it freely: and betimes in the morning I will beseech the virtuous *Desdemona* to undertake for me: I am desp'rate of my fortunes, if they check me here.

Iago. You are in the right: good night, lieutenant I must to the watch.

Cas. Good night, honest *Iago*.

[Exit. Cassio]

SCENE XV.

Manent Iago.

Iago. And what's he then, that says I play
the villain?

When this advice is free I give, and honest,
Likely to thinking, and indeed the course
To win the Moor again. For 'tis most easie
Th' inclining *Desdemona* to subdue
In any honest suit: she's fram'd as fruitful
As the free elements. And then for her
To win the Moor, were't to renounce his
baptism,
All seals and simbols of redeemed sin,
His soul is so enfetter'd to her love
That she may make, unmake, do what she list,
Even as her appetite shall play the God
With his weak function. Am I then a villain,
To

To counsel *Cassio* to this parallel course,
 Directly to his good? 'Tis hell's divinity:
 When devils will their blackest sins put on,
 They do suggest at first with heavenly they
 As I do now. For while this honest fool
 Plies *Desdemona* to repair his fortune,
 And she for him pleads strongly to the Moor;
 I'll pour this pestilence into his ear,
 That she repeals him for her body's lust:
 And by how much she strives to do him good,
 She shall undo her credit with the Moor.
 So will I turn her virtue into pitch;
 And out of her own goodness make the net
 That shall enmesh them all. How now, *Rod'rigo*?

SCENE XVI.

Enter Rodorigo.

Rod. I follow here in the chace, not like a
 hound that hunts, but one that fills
 up the cry. My money is almost spent; I have
 been to-night exceedingly well cudgelled; and I
 think the issue will be, I shall have so much ex-
 perience for my pains; and so with no money
 at all, and a little more wit, return again to
Venice.

Iago. How poor are they that have not
 patience!

What wound did ever heal but by degrees?

E

Thou

Thou knowst we work by wit, and not by
witchcraft;

And wit depends on dilatory time:

Does't not go well? *Cassio* hath beaten thee,

And thou by that small hurt hast cashier'd *Cassio*:

'Tho 'other things grow fair against the sun,

Yet fruits that blossom first, are not first ripe:

Content thy self a while. In troth, 'tis morning;

Pleasure and action make the hours seem short.

Retire thee; go where thou art billeted:

Away, I say: thou shalt know more hereafter:

Nay, get thee gone.

[*Exit* Rodorigo.]

Two things are to be done;

My wife must move for *Cassio* to her mistress:

I'll set her on; so draw the Moor apart,

And bring him jump, when he may *Cassio* find

Solliciting his wife: ay, that's the way:

Dull not, Device, by coldness and delay.

[*Exit*]

ACT. III. SCENE I.

Before Othello's Palace.

Enter Cassio and Musicians.

Cas. **M**asters, play here, I will content
your pains,
Some-

Something that's brief; and bid good-morrow
General.

*[Musick plays and enter Clown
from the house.]*

Clown. Why, masters, have your instruments
been in *Naples*, that they speak i'th' nose thus?

Mus. How, Sir, how?

Clown. Are these, I pray you, wind-In-
struments?

Mus. Ay, marry are they, Sir.

Clown. Oh, thereby hangs a tale.

Mus. Whereby hangs a tale, Sir?

Clown. Marry, Sir, by many a wind instru-
ment that I know. But, masters, here's money
for you: and the General so likes your musick,
that he desires you for love's sake to make no noise
with it.

Mus. Well, Sir, we will not.

Clown. If you have any musick that may not
be heard, to't again. But, as they say, to hear
musick, the General does not greatly care.

Mus. We have none such, Sir.

Clown. Then put up your pipes in your bag,
and hye away. Go, vanish into air, away!

[Exeunt Mus.]

Cas. Dost thou hear, mine honest friend?

Clown. No, I hear not your honest friend;
I hear you.

Cas. Pr'ythee, keep up thy quilllets, there's
a poor piece of gold for thee: if the gentle-

woman, that attends the General's wife be stirring, tell her, there's one *Cassio* entreats of her a little favour of speech. Wilt thou do this?

Clown. She's stirring, Sir; if she will stir hither, I shall seem to notifie unto her.

Cas. Do my good friend

[*Exit.* Clown.]

To him enter Iago.

In happy time, *Iago.*

Iago. You have not been a-bed then?

Cas. Why, no; the day had broke before we parted,

I have made bold to send in to your wife;
My suit is, that she will to *Desdemona*
Procure me some access.

Iago. I'll send her presently:

And I'll devise a mean to draw the Moor
Out of the way, that your converse and business
May be more free. [*Exit.*]

Cas. I humbly thank you for't. I never knew
A *Florentine* more kind and honest.

To him enter Aemilia.

Aemil. Good-morrow, good lieutenant, I
am sorry

For your displeasure; but all will sure be well.
The General and his wife are talking of it:
And she speaks for you stoutly. The Moor replies,
That he, you hurt, is of great fame in *Cyprus*,
And great affinity; and that in wisdom
He might not but refuse you: but he loves you,
And

And needs no other suitor but his likings;
To bring you in again.

Cas. Yet, I beseech you,
If you think fit, or that it may be done,
Giye me advantage of some brief discourse
With *Desdemona* alone.

Aemil. Pray you come in,
I will bestow you where you shall have time
To speak your bosom freely.

Cas. I'm much bound to you.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.

Enter Othello, Iago, and Gentlemen.

Oth. These letters give, *Iago*, to the pilot,
And by him do my duties to the senate;
That done, I will be walking on the works,
Repair there to me.

Iago. My good Lord I'll do't.

Oth. This fortification, gentlemen, shall
we see't?

Gent. We'll wait upon your Lordship.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.

An Apartment in the Palace.

Enter Desdemona, Cassio and Aemilia.

Desd. Be thou assur'd, good *Cassio*, I will do
All my abilities in thy behalf.

E 3

Aemil.

Aemil. Good Madam, do: I know it grieves
my husband

As if the cause were his.

Desd. Oh that's an honest fellow; doubt not,
Cassio,

But I will have my Lord and you again
As friendly as you were.

Cas. Most bounteous Madam,
Whatever shall become of *Michael Cassio*,
He's never any thing but your true servant.

Des. I know't, I thank you; you do love
my Lord,

You've known him long, and be you well assur'd,
He shall in strangeness stand no farther off
Than in a politick distance.

Cas. Ay, but, Lady,
That policy may either last so long,
Or feed upon such nice and waterish diet,
Or breed it self so out of circumstances,
That I being absent, and my place supply'd,
My General will forget my love and service.

Des. Do not doubt that; before *Aemilia* here,
I give thee warrant of thy place. Assure thee,
If I do vow a friendship, I'll perform it
To the last article. My Lord than't rest,
I'll watch him tame, and talk him out of pa-
tience;

His bed shall seem a school, his board a thrift;
I'll intermingle every thing he do's

With *Cassio's* suit: therefore be merry, *Cassio*,
For

O T H E L L O.

71

For thy solicitor shall rather die,
Than give thy cause away.

SCENE IV.

Enter Othello and Iago.

Aemil. **M**adam, here comes my Lord.

Cas. Madam, I'll take my leave.

Des. Why, stay, and hear me speak.

Cas. Madam, not now; I'm very ill at ease;
Unfit for mine own purposes.

Des. Well, do your discretion.

[*Exit. Cassio.*]

Iago. Ha! I like not that.

Oth. What dost thou say?

Iago. Nothing, my Lord; or if — I know
not what.

Oth. Was not that *Cassio* parted from my
wife?

Iago. *Cassio*, my Lord? no sure, I cannot
think it,

That he would steal away so guilty-like,
Seeing you coming.

Oth. I believe 't was he.

Des. How now, my Lord?
I have been talking with a suitor here,
A man that languishes in your displeasure.

Oth. Who is't you mean?

E 3

Des.

Des. Why, your Lieutenant *Cassio*. Good my
Lord,

If I have any grace, or power to move you,
His present reconciliation take.
For if he be not one that truly loves you,
That errs in ignorance, and not in cunning,
I have no judgment in an honest face.
I pr'ythee, call him back.

Oth. Went he hence now?

Des. In sooth, so humbled,
That he hath left part of his grief with me,
To suffer with him. Good love, call him back.

Oth. Not now, sweet *Desdemona*, some
other time.

Des. But shall't be shortly?

Oth. Sooner, sweet, for you.

Des. Shall't be to-night at supper?

Oth. Not to-night.

Des. To-morrow dinner then?

Oth. I shall not dine at home:
I meet the captains at the citadel.

Des. Why then to-morrow night, or *Tues-*
day morn,

Or *Tuesday* noon or night, or *Wednesday* morn.
I pr'ythee, name the time, but let it not
Exceed three days; in faith, he's penitent:
And yet his trespass, in our common reason,
(Save that they say the wars must make example
Out of their best) is not almost a fault
T'incur a private check. When shall he come?
Tell

Tell me, *Othello*, I wonder in my soul
What you would ask me, that I would deny,
Or stand so mamin'ring on. What? *Michael*
Cassio! —

That came a wooing with you, and many a
time

When I have spoke of you dispraisingly
Hath ta'en your part, to have so much to do
To bring him in? trust me, I could do much —

Oth. Pr'ythee no more, let him come when
he will,

I will deny thee nothing.

Des. Why, this is not a boon:

'Tis as I should entreat you wear your gloves,
Or feed on nourishing meats, or keep you
warm;

Or sue to you to do peculiar profit
To your own person. Nay, when I have suit
Wherein I mean to touch your love indeed,
It shall be full of poize and difficulty,
And fearful to be granted.

Oth. I will deny thee nothing,
Whereon I do beseech thee grant me this,
To leave me but a little to my self.

Des. Shall I deny you? no: farewell, my
Lord.

Oth. Farewel, my *Desdemona*, I'll come
straight.

Des. Aemilia, come; be as your fancies
 teach you;
 Whate'er you be, I am obedient,

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE V.

Manent Othello and Iago.

Oth. Excellent wench! *) perdition catch
 my soul,
 But I do love thee; and when I love thee not,
 Chaos is come again.

Iago. My noble Lord!

Oth. What dost thou say, *Iago*?

Iago. Did *Michael Cassio*, when you woo'd
 my Lady,

Know of your Love?

Oth. He did from first to last; why dost
 thou ask?

Iago. But for a satisfaction of my thought,
 No farther harm.

Oth.

* The word *wench* heretofore carried in it a sense no ways scornful or disparaging, such as modern times have annex'd to it: it signified a young woman, often an amiable woman, so that some have thought it a corruption only from the word *Venus*. In the Play of *Antony and Cleopatra* Act. 2. Sc. 3. it is thus used: *Cleopatra* is call'd *Royal wench*! and in this play again Act. 5. Sc. 9. *Ob ill starr'd wench*! so in *Fletcher's Bloody Brother Rollo* in the midst of his most passionate and respectful addresses *Edith* calls her *Wench*, Act. 5. Sc. 2.

Oth. Why of thy thought, *Iago*?

Iago. I did not think he'd been acquainted
with it.

Oth. Oh yes, and went between us very oft.

Iago. Indeed?

Oth. Indeed! ay, indeed. Discern'st thou
ought of that?

Is he not honest?

Iago. Honest, my Lord?

Oth. Honest! ay, honest.

Iago. My Lord, for aught I know.

Oth. What dost thou think?

Iago. Think, my Lord? —

Oth. Think, my Lord! why, by heav'n,
thou echo'st me;

As if there were some monster in thy thought
Too hideous to be shewn. Thou dost mean
something:

I heard thee say but now, *thou lik'dst not that*, —
When *Cassio* left my wife. What did'st not
like?

And when I told thee he was of my counsel,
In my whole course of wooing; thou cryd'st,
indeed?

And didst contract and purse thy brow together,
As if thou then hadst shut up in thy brain
Some horrible conceit; if thou dost love me,
Shew me thy thought.

Iago. My Lord, you know I love you.

Oth. I think thou dost:

And

And for I know, thou'rt full of honesty,
And weigh'st thy words before thou giv'st them
breath,

Therefore these stops of thine fright me the
more:

For such things, in a false disloyal knave,
Are tricks of custom; but in a man that's just,
They're distillations working from the heart,
That passion cannot rule.

Iago. For *Michael Cassio*,
I dare be sworn, I think, that he is honest.

Oth. I think so too.

Iago. Men should be what they seem.
Or those that be not, would they might seem
none!

Oth. Certain, men should be what they
seem.

Iago. Why, then I think, *Cassio's* an ho-
nest man.

Oth. Nay, yet there's more in this;
I pray thee speak to me as to thy thinkings,
As thou dost ruminat; and give thy worst
Of thoughts the worst of words.

Iago. Good my Lord, pardon me.
Tho' I am bound to every act of duty,
I am not bound to that all slaves are free to;
Utter my thoughts! — Why, say they're vile
and false,

As where's that palace whereinto foul things
Sometimes intrude not? who has a breast so pure,
But

But some uncleanly apprehensions
Keep leets and law days, and in sessions sit
With meditations lawful?

Oth. Thou dost conspire against thy friend,

Iago,

If thou but think'st him wrong'd, and mak'st
his ear

A stranger to thy thoughts,

Iago. I do beseech you,

'Cause I perchance am vicious in my guess:

As I confess it is my nature's plague

To spie into abuse, and oft my jealousy

Shapes faults that are not; I intreat you then,

From one that so imperfectly conceits,

Your wisdom would not build your self a trouble

Out of my scattering and unsure observance:

It were not for your quiet, nor your good,

Nor for my manhood, honesty and wisdom,

To let you know my thoughts.

Oth. What dost thou mean?

Iago. Good name in man and woman, dear
my Lord,

Is the immediate jewel of their souls.

Who steals my purse steals trash, 'tis something,
nothing;

'Twas mine, 'tis his, and has been slave to
thousands;

But he that filches from me my good name,

Robs me of that which not enriches him,

And makes me poor indeed.

Oth.

Oth. I'll know my thoughts —

Iago. You cannot, if my heart were in your
hand ;

Nor shall not whilst 'tis in my custody.

Oth. Ha !

Iago. Oh, beware, my Lord, of jealousy ;
It is a green-ey'd monster which doth make
The meat it feeds on. That cuckold lives in
bliss,

Who certain of his fate, loves not his wronger ;
But oh, what damned minutes tells he o'er,
Who dotes, yet doubts ; suspects, yet strongly
loves !

Oth. Oh misery !

Iago. Poor and content is rich, and rich
enough ;

But riches endless, is as poor as winter,
To him that ever fears he shall be poor.
Good heaven the souls of all my tribe defend
From jealousy !

Oth. Why ? why is this ?

Think'st thou I'd make a life of jealousy ?
To follow still the changes of the moon
With fresh suspicions. No ; to be once in doubt is
At once to be resolv'd. Exchange me for a
goat,

When I shall turn the business of my soul
To such exsufflate and blown surmises,
Matching thy inference. 'Tis not to make me
jealous,

To

To say, my wife is fair, feeds well, loves
company,
Is free of speech, sings, plays, and dances
well;

Where virtue is, these are most virtuous.
Nor from mine own weak merits will I draw
The smallest fear, or doubt of her revolt;
For she had eyes and chose me. No *Iago*,
I'll see before I doubt; when I doubt, prove;
And on the proof, there is no more but this, —
Away at once with love and jealousy.

Iago. I'm glad of this; for now I shall have
reason

To shew the love and duty that I bear you.
With franker spirit. Therefore, as I'm bound,
Receive it from me. I speak not yet of proof.
Look to your wife, observe her well with *Cassio*,
Wear your eye, thus; not jealous, nor secure;
I would not have your free and noble nature
Out of self-bounty be abus'd; look to't.
I know our country disposition well;
In *Venice* they do let heav'n see the pranks
They dare not shew their husbands; their best
conscience
Is not to leave't undone; but keep't unknown.

Oth. Dost thou say so?

Iago. She did deceive her father, marrying
you;

And when she seem'd to shake and fear your
looks,

She

She lov'd them most.

Oth. And so she did.

Iago. Go to then;

She, that so young, could give out such a seeming
To seal her father's eyes up, close as oak —
He thought, 'twas withcraft — but I'm much
to blame:

I humbly do beseech you of your pardon
For too much loving you.

Oth. I'm bound to you for ever.

Iago. I see this hath a little dash'd your
spirits.

Oth. Not a jot, not a jot.

Iago. Trust me, I fear it has:

I hope you will consider what is spoke
Comes from my love. But I do see you re
mov'd —

I am to pray you not to strain my speech
To grosser issues, nor to larger reach,
Than to suspicion.

Oth. I will not.

Iago. Should you do so, my Lord,
My speech would fall into such vile success,
Which my thoughts aim not at. *Cassio's* my wor-
thy friend.

My Lord, I see you're mov'd —

I do not think, but *Desdemona's* honest.

Iago. Long live she so; and long live you
to think so!

Oth. And yet how nature erring from it self —

Iago.

Iago. Ay, there's the point; — as (to be
bold with you)

Not to affect many proposed matches
Of her own clime, complexion and degree,
Whereto we see in all things Nature tends:
Foh! one may smell, in such, a will most rank,
Foul disproportions, thoughts unnatural,
But, pardon me, I do not in position
Distinctly speak of her; tho' I may fear
Her will, recoiling to her better judgment,
May fall to match you with her country forms,
And, haply, so repent.

Oth. Farewel, farewel;
If more thou dost perceive, let me know more:
Set on thy wife t'observe. Leave me, *Iago.*

Iago. My Lord, I take my leave.

[*Going.*

Oth. Why did I marry? —
This honest creature, doubtless,
Sees and knows more, much more than he un-
folds.

Iago. My Lord, I would, I might intreat
your Honour
To scan this thing no farther; leave it to time:
Altho' 'tis fit, that *Cassio* have his place,
For sure he fills it up with great ability;
Yet if You please to put him off a while,
You shall by that perceive him and his means;
Note, if your Lady strain his entertainment
With any strong or vehement importunity;

F

Much

Much will be seen in that. In the mean time,
 Let me be thought too busie in my fears,
 (As worthy cause I have to fear, I am,)
 And hold her free, I do beseech your Honour.

Oth. Fear not my government.

Iago. I once more take my leave.

[*Exit.*

SCENE VI.

Manet Othello.

Oth. **T**his fellow's of exceeding honesty,
 And knows all qualities, with a learned spirit,
 Of human dealings. If I prove her haggard,
 Tho' that her jesses were my dear heart-strings,
 I'd whistle her off, and let her down the wind
 To prey at fortune. Haply, for I'm black,
 And have not those soft parts of conversation
 That chamberers have; or, for I am declin'd
 Into the vale of years, — yet that's not much —
 She's gone, I am abus'd, and my relief
 Must be to loath her. O the curse of marriage!
 That we can call this delicate creatures ours,
 And not their appetites! I had rather be a toad,
 And live upon the vapour of a dungeon,
 Than keep a corner in the thing I love,
 For others use. Yet 'tis the plague of Great ones;
 Prerogativ'd are they less than the base;
 'Tis destiny unshunnable, like death.

Even

Even then, this forked plague is fated to us,
When we do quicken. *Desdemona* comes:

Enter Desdemona and Aemilia

If she be false, oh then, heav'n mocks it self:
I'll not believe't.

Des. How now, my dear *Othello*?
Your dinner and the generous Islanders
By you invited, do attend your presence.

Oth. I am to blame.

Des. Why do you speak so faintly?
Are you not well?

Oth. I have a pain upon my forehead here.

Des. Why, that's with watching, 'twill
away again?

Let me but bind it hard, within this hour
It will be well.

Oth. Your napkin is to little;

[She drops her handkerchief.]

Let it alone: come, I'll go in with you.

Des. I am very sorry, that you are not well.

[Exeunt.]

SCENE VII.

Manet Aemilia.

Aem. I am glad I have found this napkin here:
This was her first remembrance from the Moor;
My wayward husband hath a hundred times

Aemil. What will you do with't, you have
been so earnest

To have me filch it?

Iago. Why, what's that to you?

[*Snatching it.*]

Aemil. If't be not for some purpose of im-
port,

Give't me again. Poor Lady; she'll run mad,
When she shall lack it.

Iago. Be not you known on't:
I have use for it. Go, leave me —

[*Exit Aemilia.*]

I will in *Cassio's* lodging lose this napkin,
And let him find it. Trifles light as air
Are, to the jealous, confirmations strong,
As proofs of holy Writ. This may do something.
The Moor already changes with my poisons:
Which at the first are scarce found to distaste;
But with a little act upon the blood,
Burn like the mines of sulphur. — I did say so,
[*Observing Othello seemingly disturb'd.*]

SCENE VIII.

Enter Othello

Look, where he comes! Not Poppy, nor Man-
dragora,
Nor all the drowsie Syrups of the world,
Shall ever medicine thee to that sweet Sleep,
Which thou ow'd'st yesterday.

F 3

Oth.

Oth. Ha! false to me!

Iago. Why, how now, General? no more
of that.

Oth. Avant! be gone; thou'lt set me on
the rack.

I swear, 'tis better to be much abus'd,
Than but to know a little.

Iago. How, my Lord?

Oth. What sense had I, in her stol'n hours
of lust?

I saw't not, thought it not, it harm'd not me;
I slept the next night well; was free and merry;
I found not *Cassio's* kisses on her lips:

He that is robb'd, not wanting what is stol'n,
Let him not know't, and he's not robb'd at all.

Iago. I am sorry to hear this.

Oth. I had been happy, if the general Camp,
(Pioneers and all) had tasted her sweet body,
So I had nothing known. Oh now, for ever
Farewel the tranquil mind! farewell content!
Farewel the plumed troops, and the big war,
That make ambition virtue! oh farewell!
Farewel the neighing steed, and the shrill trump,
The spirit-stirring drum, th'ear-piercing fife,
The royal banner and all quality,
Pride, pomp, and circumstance of glorious
war!

And, oh you mortal engines, whose rude throats
Th'immortal *Jove's* dread clamours counterfeit,
Farewel! *Othello's* occupation's gone.

Iago.

Iago. Is't possible, my Lord?

Oth. Villain, be sure thou prove my love a
whore;

Be sure of it: give me the ocular proof,
[*catching hold on him*

Or by the worth of my eternal soul,
Thou hadst been better have been born a dog,
Than answer my wak'd wrath.

Iago. Is't come to this?

Oth. Make me to see't, or, at the least, so
prove it,

That the probation bear no hinge, nor loop,
To hang a doubt on: or woe upon thy life!

Iago. My noble Lord —

Oth. If thou dost slander her, and torture me,
Never pray more; abandon all remorse;
On horror's head horrors accumulate;
Do deeds to make heav'n weep, all earth amaz'd;
For nothing canst thou to damnation add,
Greater than that.

Iago. Oh grace! oh heav'n defend me!
Are you a man? have you a soul? or sense?
God be wi' you: take mine office. Wretched
fool,

That liv'st to make thine honesty a vice!
Oh monstrous world! take note, take note, oh
world!

To be direct and honest, is not safe.
I thank you for this profit, and from hence
I'll love no friend, sith love breeds such offence.

Oth. Nay, stay — thou should'st be honest —

Iago. I should be wise, for honesty's a fool,
And loses what it works for.

Oth. By the world,
I think my wife is honest, and think, she is not;
I think, that thou art just, and think, thou art
not;

I'll have some proof. Her name that was as
fresh

As *Dian's* visage, is now begrim'd and black
As mine own face. If there be cords or knives,
Poison or fire, or suffocating steams,
I'll not endure't. — 'Would, I were satisfied!

Iago. I see, Sir, you are eaten up with
passion;
I do repent me that I put it to you.
You would be satisfied?

Oth. Would? nay, and will.

Iago. And may; but how? how satisfied,
my Lord?

Would you be supervisor, grossly gape on?
Behold her tupp'd?

Oth. Death and damnation! oh!

Iago. It were a tedious difficulty, I think,
To bring 'em to that prospect: damn them then,
If ever mortal eyes do see them bolster
More than their own. What then? how then?
What shall I say? where's satisfaction?
It is impossible you should see this,

Whe-

Where they as prime as goats, as hot as monkeys,

As salt as wolves in pride, and fools as gross
As ignorance made drunk. But yet, I say,
If imputation and strong circumstances
Which lead directly to the door of truth,
Will give you satisfaction, you might have't.

Oth. Give me a living reason she's disloyal.

Iago. I do not like the office;
But sith I'm entred in this cause so far,
Prick'd to't by foolish honesty and love,
I will go on. I lay with *Cassio* lately,
And, being troubled with a raging tooth,
I could not sleep — There are a kind of men,
So loose of soul, that in their sleeps will mutter
All their affairs: one of this kind is *Cassio*:
In sleep I heard him say: *Sweet Desdemona,*
Let us be wary, let us hide our loves.
And then, Sir, would he gripe and wring my
hand;

Cry: — *Oh sweet creature!* and then kils me
hard,

As if he pluck't up kisses by the roots,
And grew upon my lips; then lay his leg
Over my thigh, and sigh and kils, and then
Cry: *Cursed fate! that gave thee to the Moor.*

Oth. Oh monstrous! monstrous!

Iago. This was but his dream.

Oth. But this denoted a foregone conclusion;
'Tis a shrew'd doubt, tho' it be but a dream.

Iago. And this may help to thicken other
proofs,

That do demonstrate thinly.

Oth. I'll tear her all to pieces.

Iago. Nay, but be wise; yet we see nothing
done;

She may be honest yet. — Tell me but this,
Have you not sometimes seen a handkerchief,
Spotted with strawberries, in your wife's hand?

Oth. I gave her such a one; 'twas my first
gift.

Iago. I know not that; but such a hand-
kerchief,

(I'm sure it was your wife's) did I to-day
See *Cassio* wipe his beard with.

Oth. If it be that —

Iago. If it be that, or any, if 'twas hers,
It speaks against her with the other proofs.

Oth. Oh that the slave had forty thousand
lives!

One is too poor, to weak for my Revenge.

Now do I see, 'tis true. — Look here, *Iago*.

All my fond love thus do I blow to heav'n:

'Tis gone; —

Arise, black vengeance, from the hollow hell!

Yield up, oh love, thy crown and hearted
throne

To tyrannous hate! swell, bosom with thy
fraught,

For 'tis of aspicks tongues.

Iago.

Iago. Yet be content.

Oth. Oh blood, blood, blood —

Iago. Patience, I say; your mind may change.

Oth. Never, *Iago.* Like the *Pontick* Sea,
Whose icy current and compulsive course,
Ne'er feels retiring ebb, but keeps due on
To the *Propontick* and the *Hellespont*.
Even so my bloody thoughts with violent pace
Shall ne'er look back, ne'er ebb to humble love,
'Till that a capable and wide revenge
Swallow them up. — Now by yond marble
heav'n,

[*He kneels.*

In the due rev'rence of a sacred vow,
I here engage my words —

Iago. Do not rise yet:

[*Iago kneels.*

Witness, you ever-burning lights above!
You elements, that clip us round about!
Witness, that here *Iago* doth give up
The execution of his wit, hands, heart,
To wrong'd *Othello's* service. Let him command,
Not to obey shall be in me remorse,
What bloody business ever.

Oth. I greet thy love,
Not with vain thanks but with acceptance
bounteous,
And will upon the instant put thee to't:
Within these three days let me hear thee say,
That *Cassio's* not alive.

Iago.

Iago. My friend is dead;

'Tis done at your request. But let her live.

Oth. Damn her, lewd minx! oh damn her,
damn her!

Come, go with me apart; I will withdraw
To furnish me with some swift means of death
For the fair Devil. Now art thou my Lieutenant.

Iago. I am your own for ever.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IX.

Another Apartment in the Palace.

*Enter Desdemona, Aemilia and
Clown.*

Des. **D**o you know, firrah, where Lieutenant *Cassio* lies?

Clown. I dare not say he lies any where.

Des. Why, man?

Clown. He's a soldier, and for me to say a soldier lies, 'tis stabbing.

Des. Go to; where lodges he?

Clown. To tell you where he lodges, is to tell you where I lie.

Des. Can any thing be made of this?

Clown. I know not where he lodges; and for me to devise a lodging, and say he lies here, or he lies there, were to lie in mine own throat.

Des.

Des. Can you enquire him out? and be edified by report?

Clown. I will catechize the world for him; that is, make questions and bid them answer.

Des. Seek him, bid him come hither; tell him, I have mov'd my Lord on his behalf, and hope, all will be well.

Clown. To do this is within the compass of man's wit, and therefore I will attempt the doing of it.

[*Exit. Clown.*

Des. Where should I lose the handkerchief,
Aemilia?

Aem. I know not, Madam.

Des. Believe me, I had rather have lost my
purse

Full of cruzadoes. And but my noble Moor
Is true of mind, and made of no such baseness
As jealous creatures are, it were enough
To put him to ill thinking.

Aem. Is he not jealous?

Des. Who, he? I think the Sun where he
was born

Drew all such humours from him.

Aem. Look, where he comes.

Des. I will not leave him now, 'till *Cassio* be
Call'd to him. How is it with you, my Lord?

SCENE

SCENE X.

Enter Othello.

Oth. Well, my good Lady. Oh hardi-
ness to dissemble!

[*Aside.*

How do you, *Dèsdemona*?

Des. Well, my Lord.

Oth. Give me your hand; this hand is moist,
my Lady.

Des. It yet hath felt no age, nor known no
sorrow.

Oth. This argues fruitfulness, and liberal
heart:

Hot, hot, and moist — this hand of yours re-
quires

A sequester from liberty; fasting and prayer,
Much castigation, exercise devout;
For here's a young and sweating devil here,
That commonly rebels: 'tis a good hand,
A very frank one.

Des. You may indeed say so;

For 'twas that hand, that gave away my heart.

Oth. A liberal hand. The hands of old
gave hearts;

But our new heraldry is hands, no hearts.

Des. I cannot speak of this; come, now
your promise.

Oth.

Oth. What promise, chuck?

Des. I've sent to bid *Cassio* come speak with
you.

Oth. I have a salt and sorry Rheum offends
me;

Lend my thy handkerchief.

Des. Here, my Lord.

Oth. That which I gave you.

Des. I have it not about me.

Oth. Not? —

Des. No, indeed, my Lord.

Oth. That's a fault. That handkerchief
Did an *Aegyptian* to my mother give;
Rhe was a Charmer, and could almost read
The thoughts of people. She told her, while
she kept it,
'Twould make her amiable, subdue my father,
Intirely to her love; but if she lost it
Or made a gift of it, my father's eye
Should hold her loathed, and his spirits hunt
After new fancies. She, dying, gave it me,
And bid me, when my fate would have me wiv'd,
To give it her. I did so, and take heed on't;
Make it a darling, like your precious eye;
To lose't, or give't away, were such perdition,
As nothing else could match.

Des. Is't possible?

Oth. 'Tis true; there's magick in the web
of it;

A Sy-

A Sybill, that had numbred in the world
Of the sun's course two hundred compasses,
In her prophetick fury sow'd the work:
The worms were hallowed, that bid breed the
 filk;

And it was dy'd in Mummy, which the skilful
Conserv'd of maiden hearts.

Des. Indeed! Is't true!

Oth. Most veritable, therefore look to't
well.

Des. Then would to heav'n, 'that I had
never seen't!

Oth. Ha! wherefore?

Des. Why do you speak so startlingly and rash?

Oth. Is't lost? is't gone? speak is it out o'
th' way?

Des. Bless us! —

Oth. Say you?

Des. It is not lost; but what an if it were?

Oth. Ha!

Des. I say, it is not lost.

Oth. Fetch't, let me see't.

Des. Why, so I can, Sir, but I will not
now:

This is a trick to put me from my suit,
Pray you, let *Cassio* be receiv'd again.

Oth. Fetch me the handkerchief — my mind
misgives —

Des.

Des. Come, you'll ne'er meet a more sufficient man.

Oth. The handkerchief —

Des. A man that all his time
Hath founded his good fortunes on your love;
Shar'd dangers with you.

Oth. The handkerchief —

Des. Infooth', you are to blame.

Oth. Away!

[Exit Othello.

SCENE XI.

Manent Desdemona and Aemilia.

Aem. Is not this man jealous?

Des. I ne'er saw this before.
Sure there's some wonder in this handkerchief:
I'm most unhappy in the loss of it.

Aem. 'Tis not a year or two shews us a man;
They are but stomachs, and we all but food,
They eat us hungerly, and when they're full
They belch us. Look you! *Cassio*, and my husband.

Enter Iago and Cassio.

Iago. There is no other way, 'tis she must
do't;
And lo, the happiness! go and importune her.

G

Des.

Des. How now, good *Cassio*, what's the news with you?

Cas. Madam, my former suit. I do beseech you,

That by your virtuous means I may again
Exist, and be a member of his love,
Whom I, with all the office of my heart,
Intirely honour. I would not be delay'd;
If my offence be of such mortal kind,
That not my service past, nor present sorrows,
Nor purpos'd merit in futurity,
Can ransom me into his love again;
But to know so, must be my benefit:
So shall I cloath me in a forc'd content,
And shut my self up in some other course,
To fortune's alms.

Des. Alas! thrice gentle *Cassio*,
My advocacy is not now in tune;
My Lord is not my Lord; nor should I know
him,

Were he in favour as in humour alter'd.
So help me every spirit sanctified,
As I have spoken for you all my best,
And stood within the blank of his displeasure
For my free speech! You must a while be pa-
tient;

What I can do, I will: and more I will
Than for my self I dare. Let that suffice you.

Iago. Is my Lord angry?

Aem.

Aem. He went hence but now ;
And certainly in strange unquietness.

Iago. Can he be angry ? I have seen the
cannon,
When it hath blown his ranks into the air,
And like the devil from his very arm
Pufft his own brother ; and can he be angry ?
Something of moment then ; I will go meet him ;
There's matter in't indeed , if he be angry.

[*Exit.*

SCENE XII.

Manent Desdemona Aemilia and
Cassio.

Des. I pr'ythee do so. Something sure of
state,
Either from *Venice*, or some unhatch'd practice,
Made here demonstrable in Cyprus to him,
Hath puddled his clear spirit ; and in such cases,
Mens natures wrangle with inferior things,
'Tho' great ones are their object. 'Tis even so.
For let our finger ake, and it endues
Our other healthful members with a sense
Of pain. Nay, we must think men are not Gods,
Nor of them look for such observance always,
As fits the bridal. Beshrew me much, *Aemilia*,
I was, unhandsome wrangler as I am,
Arraigning his unkindness with my soul ;

But now I find, I had suborn'd the witnesses,
And he's indicted falsely.

Aemil. Pray heav'n it be
State-matter, as you think, and no conception
Nor jealous toy concerning you.

Des. Alas the day, I never gave him cause.

Aem. But jealous souls will not be answer'd so;
They are not ever jealous for a cause,
But jealous, for they're jealous. It's a monster
Begot upon it self, born on it self.

Des. Heav'n keep that monster from *Othello's* mind!

Aem. Lady, amen!

Des. I will go seek him. *Cassio*, walk he-
reabout;

If I do find him fit, I'll move your suit,
And seek t'effect it to my uttermost.

Cas. I humbly thank your Ladyship.

[*Exeunt Desdemona and Emilia.*]

SCENE XIII.

Enter Bianca.

Bi. 'Save you, friend *Cassio*.

Cas. What makes you from home?
How is it with you, my most fair *Bianca*?
Indeed, sweet love, I was coming to your house.

Bi. And I was going to your lodging, *Cassio*.
What?

What? keep a week away? seven days and
nights?

Eightscore eight hours? and lover's absent hours,
More tedious than the dial, eightscore times?

Oh weary reck'ning!

Cas. Pardon me, *Bianca*:

I have this while with leaden thoughts been prest,
But I shall in a more convenient time

Strike off this score of absence. Sweet *Bianca*,

[*Giving her Desdemona's Handkerchief*

Take me this work out.

Bi. *Cassio*, whence came this?

This is some token from a newer friend:

Of thy felt absence now I feel a cause:

Is't come to this? well, well.

Cas. Well, go to, woman;

Throw your vile guesses in the devil's teeth,

From whence you have them. You are jealous
now

That this is from some mistress, some remem-
brance:

No, in good troth, *Bianca*.

Bi. Why, whose is it?

Cas. I know not neither; I found it in my
chamber;

I like the work well; ere it be demanded,

As like enough it will, I'd have it copied:

Take it, and do't, and leave me for this time.

Bi. Leave you? wherefore?

Cas. I do attend here on the General,

And think it no addition, nor my wish,
To have him see me woman'd.

Bi. Why, I pray you?

Caf. Not that I love you not.

Bi. Nor that you love me.

I pray you bring me on the way a little,
And say, if I shall see you soon at night?

Caf. 'Tis but a little way, that I can bring
you,

For I attend here. But I'll see you soon.

Bi. 'Tis very good; I must be circumstanc'd.

[*Exeunt.*]

ACT. IV. SCENE I.

A Room of State.

Enter Othello and Iago.

Iago. Will you think so?

Oth. Think so, *Iago*?

Iago. What, to kiss in private?

Oth. An unauthoriz'd kiss?

Iago. Or to be naked with her friend in bed,
An hour or more, not meaning any harm?

Oth. Naked in bed, *Iago*, and not mean
harm?

It is hypocrisie against the devil:

They that mean virtuously, and yet do so,

The

The devil their virtue tempts not, they tempt
heav'n.

Iago. If they do nothing, 'tis a venial slip:
But if I give my wife a handkerchief —

Oth. What then?

Iago. Why then, 'tis hers, my Lord, and
being hers,
She may, I think, bestow't on any man.

Oth. She is proprietor of her honour too;
May she give that?

Iago. Her honour is an essence, that's not
seen,
They have it very oft, that have it not.
But for the handkerchief —

Oth. By heav'n, I would most gladly have
forgot it;
Thou said'st, — oh, it comes o'er my memory,
As doth the raven o'er th' infected house,
Boarding to all, — he had my handkerchief.

Iago. Ay, what of that?

Oth. That's not so good now.

Iago. What if I said, I had seen him do you
wrong?

Or heard him say? as knaves be such abroad,
Who having by their own importunate suit
Or voluntary dotage of some mistress
Convinc'd or suppl'd them, then cannot chuse
But they must blab.

Oth. Hath he said any thing?

Iago. He hath, my Lord; but be|you well
assur'd,

No more than he'll unswear.

Oth. What hath he said?

Iago. Why, that he did — I know not
what he did —

Oth. What? what?

Iago. Lye —

Oth. With her?

Iago. With her? on her — what you will —

Oth. Lye with her! lye on her! lye with
her! that's fulsom: handkerchief — Confessi-
ons — Handkerchief — I tremble at it — Na-
ture would not invest her self in such shadowing
without some induction, It is not words that
shake me thus — pish — Noses, ears, and lips
is't possible? — confels! — handkerchief —
Oh devil —

[*Falls in a Trance*]

Iago. Work on!

My medicine works. Thus credulous fools are
caught:

And many worthy and chaste dames even thus
All guiltless meet reproach. What hoa! my
Lord!

My Lord, I say, *Othello*!

SCENE

SCENE II.

Enter Cassio

How now, *Cassio*?

Cas. What's the matter?

Iago. My Lord is fall'n into an epilepsie;
This is the second fit; he had one yesterday.

Cas. Rub him about the temples.

Iago. No, forbear,
The lethargy must have his quiet course;
If not, he foams at mouth, and by and by
Breaks out to savage madness: — look, he stirs.
Do you withdraw your self a little while,
He will recover straight: when he is gone,
I would on great occasion speak with you.

[*Exit Cassio.*

How is it, General? have you not hurt your
head?

Oth. Dost thou mock me?

Iago. I mock you not, by heav'n;
Would you would bear your fortune like a man!

Oth. A horned man's a monster and a beast.

Iago. There's many a beast then in a popu-
lous city,

And many a civil monster.

Oth. Did he confess it?

Iago. Good Sir, be a man:
Think every bearded fellow, that's but yoak'd

May draw with you. Millions are now alive,
 That nightly lye in such unproper beds,
 Which they dare swear peculiar. Your case
 Is better: oh, it is the spight of hell,
 The fiend's arch-mock, to lip a wanton in
 A secure couch, and to suppose her chaste.
 No, let me know, and knowing what I am
 I know what she shall be.

Oth. Oh, thou art wise;
 'Tis certain.

Iago. Stand you now a while apart,
 Confine your self but in a patient list.
 Whilst you were here o'er-whelmed with your
 grief,

(A passion most unfitting such a man)

Cassio came hither. I shifted him away,
 And laid good 'scuses on your ecstasie;
 Had him anon return, and here speak with me;
 The which he promis'd. Do but encave your
 self,

And mark the fleers, the gibes and notable scorns,
 That dwell in every region of his face.

For I will make him tell the tale anew;
 Where, how, how oft, how long ago, and
 when

He hath, and is again to cope your wife.

I say, but mark his gesture. Marry, patience;
 Or I shall say you're all in all in spleen,
 And nothing of a man.

Oth. Dost thou hear, *Iago*?

I will

I will be found most cunning in my patience;
But, dost thou hear, most bloody,

Iago. That's not amiss;
But yet keep time in all. Will you withdraw?

[*Othello withdraws.*]

Now will I question *Cassio* of *Bianca*,
A huswife, that by selling her desires,
Buys her self bread and cloth. It is a creature
That dotes on *Cassio*, as 'tis the strumpet's plague
To beguile many, and be beguil'd by one;
He, when he hears of her, cannot refrain
From the excels of laughter. Here he comes.

SCENE III.

Enter Cassio.

As he shall smile, *Othello* shall go mad;
And his unbookish jealousy must construe
Poor *Cassio's* smiles, gestures, and light beha-
viour,
Quite in the wrong. How do you now, lieu-
tenant?

Cas. The worser, that you gave me the
addition,
Whose want even kills me.

Iago. Ply *Desdemona* well, and you are su-
re on't:

Now, if this suit lay in *Bianca's* power,

[*Speaking lower*
How

How quickly should you speed!

Cas. Alas, poor caitiff!

Oth. Look, how he laughs already.

Iago. I never knew a woman love man so.

Cas. Alas, poor rogue, I think indeed she
loves me.

Oth. Now he denies it faintly, and laughs
out.

Iago. Do you hear, *Cassio*?

Oth. Now he importunes him

To tell it o'er: go to, well said, well said.

Iago. She gives it out, that you shall mar-
ry her.

Do you intend it?

Cas. Ha, ha, ha.

Oth. Do you triumph, *Roman*? do you
triumph?

Cas. I marry! — What? a customer? pr'y-
thee bear some charity to my wit, do not think
it so unwholsome. Ha, ha, ha.

Oth. So, so: they laugh that win.

Iago. Why, the cry goes, that you shall
marry her.

Cas. Pr'ythee say true.

Iago. I am a villain else.

Oth. Have you scor'd me? well.

Cas. This is the monkey's own giving out:
she is perswaded I will marry her, out of her
own love and flattery, not out of my promise.

Oth.

Oth. *Iago* beckons me: now he begins the story.

Cas. She was here even now; she haunts me in every place. I was the other day talking on the sea-bank with certain *Venetians*, and thither comes the bauble, and falls me thus about my neck —

Oth. Crying, oh dear *Cassio*, as it were: his gesture imports it.

Cas. So hangs, and lolls, and weeps upon me, so shakes and pulls me. Ha, ha, ha —

Oth. Now he tells how she pluckt him to my chamber: oh, I see that nose of yours, but not that dog I shall throw it to.

Cas. Well, I must leave her company.

Iago. Before me! look where she comes.

SCENE IV.

Enter *Bianca*.

Cas. 'Tis such another fitchew! marry, a perfum'd one — What do you mean by this haunting of me?

Bi. Let the devil and his dam haunt you! what did you mean by that same handkerchief you gave me even now? I was a fine fool to take it: I must take out the work? a likely piece of worck, that you should find it in your chamber, and know not who left it there. This is fo-

is some minx's token, and I must take out the work: there, give it your hobby-horse: where-soever you had it, I'll take out no work on't.

Cas. How now, my sweet *Bianca*? how now? how now?

Oth. By heav'n, that should be my handkerchief.

Bi. If you'll come to supper to-night, you may; if you will not, come when you are next prepar'd for.

[*Exit.*

Iago. After her, after her.

Cas. I must, she'll rail in the streets else.

Iago. Will you sup there?

Cas. Yes, I intend so.

Iago. Well, I may chance to see you; for I would very fain speak with you.

Cas. Pr'ythee come, will you?

Iago. Go to, say no more.

[*Exit Cassio.*

SCENE V.

Manent Othello and Iago.

Oth. **H**ow shall I murther him, Iago?

Iago. Did you perceive how he laugh'd at his vice?

Oth. Oh, Iago! —

Iago.

Iago. And did you see the handkerchief?

Oth. Was that mine?

Iago. Yours, by this hand: and to see how he prizes the-foolish woman, your wife — She gave it him, and he hath given it his whore.

Oth. I would have him nine years a killing:
A fine woman! a fair woman! a sweet woman! —

Iago. Nay, you must forget that.

Oth. Ay, let her rot and perish, and be damn'd to-night; for she shall not live. No, my heart is turn'd to stone: I strike it and it hurts my hand. Oh, the world hath not a sweeter creature — She might lye by an Emperor's side, and command him talks.

Iago. Nay, that's not your way.

Oth. Hang her, I do but say what she is — so delicate with her needle — An admirable musician, Oh, she will sing the savageness out of a bear: of so high and plenteous wit and invention!

Iago. She's the worse for all this.

Oth. Oh, a thousand, a thousand times:
And then of so gentle condition! —

Iago. Ay, too gentle.

Oth. Nay, that's certain.

But yet the pity of it, *Iago* — Oh, *Iago*, the pity of it, *Iago* —

Iago. If you are so fond over her iniquity, give her patent to offend; for if it touch not you, it comes near no body.

Oth.

Oth. I will chop her into messes: cuckold me!

Iago. Oh! 'tis foul in her.

Oth. With mine officer!

Iago. That's fouler.

Oth. Get me some poison, *Iago*, this night.
I'll not expostulate with her, lest her body and
her beauty unprovide my mind again: this night.

Iago.

Iago. Do it not with poison, strangle her
in her bed, even in the bed she hath contami-
nated.

Oth. Good, good:
The iustice of it pleases: very good.

Iago. And for *Cassio*, let me be his undertaker:
You shall hear more by midnight.

[*A Trumpet within.*

Oth. Excellent good: — what trumpet is
that same?

Iago. I warrant you 'tis something come
from *Venice*.

SCENE VI.

*Enter Lodovico, Desdemona, and
Attendants.*

Oh! it is *Lodovico* from the Duke:
And see your wife is with him.

Lod. 'Save you, worthy General.

Oth.

Oth. With all my heart, Sir.

Lod. The Duke and Senators of *Venice* greet you.

[*Gives him a letter.*]

Oth. I kiss the instrument of their good pleasures.

Des. And what's the news, good cousin *Lodovico*?

Iago. I am very glad to see you signior. Welcome to *Cyprus*.

Lod. I thank you; how does lieutenant *Cassio*?

Iago. Lives, Sir.

Des. Cousin, there's fall'n between him and my Lord an unkind breach: but you shall make all well.

Oth. Are you sure of that?

Des. My Lord!

Oth. This fail you not to do, as you will —
[*Reading.*]

Lod. He did not call; he's busie in the paper. Is there division 'twixt my Lord and *Cassio*?

Des. A most unhappy one; I would do much

T'atone them, for the love I bear to *Cassio*.

Oth. Fire and brimstone!

Des. My Lord!

Oth. Are you wise?

Des. What, is he angry?

Lod. May be the letter mov'd him.

For as I think they do command him home,
Deputing *Cassio* in his government.

Des. Trust me, I am glad on't

Oth. Indeed!

Des. My Lord!

Oth. I am glad to see you mad.

Des. Why, sweet *Othello*?

Oth. Devil!

[*Striking her.*

Des. I have not deserv'd this.

Lod. My Lord, this would not be believ'd
in *Venice*,

Though I should swear I saw't. 'Tis very much;
Make her amends, she weeps.

Oth. Oh, devil, devil!

If that the earth could teem with woman's tears,
Each drop she falls would prove a crocodile:
Out of my sight —

Des. I will not stay t'offend you

[*Going.*

Lod. Truly an obedient Lady:
I do beseech your Lordship, call her back.

Oth. Mistress!

Des. My Lord!

Oth. What would you with her, Sir?

Lod. Who, I, my Lord?

Oth. Ay; you did wish that I would make
her turn:

Sir, She can turn and turn, and yet go on,
And turn again. And she can weep, Sir, weep;
And

And she's obedient: as you say, obedient;
 Very obedient — proceed you in your tears —
 Concerning this, Sir, — oh well painted pas-
 sion! —

I am commanded home — get you away,
 I'll fend for you anon — Sir, I obey the
 mandate,

And will return to *Venice* — Hence, avant!

[*Exit Des.*

Cassio shall have my place. And Sir, to-night
 I do entreat that we may sup together.

You are welcome, Sir, to *Cyprus*.

Goats and Monkies!

[*Exit.*

SCENE VII.

Manent Lodovico and Iago.

Lod. **I**s this the noble Moor, whom our
 full senate
 Call all-in-all sufficient? this the nature
 Which passion could not shake? whose solid
 virtue

The shot of accident or dart of chance
 Could neither raze nor pierce?

Iago. He is much chang'd.

Lod. Are his wits safe? is he not light of
 brain?

H 2

Iago.

Iago. He's what he is; I may not breathe
my censure.

What he might be, if what he might he is not,
I would to heav'n he were.

Lod. What, strike his wife?

Iago. 'Faith, that was not so well; yet would
I knew

That stroke would prove the worst.

Lod. Is it his use?

Or did the letters work upon his blood,
And new - create this fault?

Iago. Alas, alas!

It is not honestly in me to speak

What I have seen and known. You shall ob-
serve him,

And his own courses will denote him so,
That I may save my speech. Do but go after,
And mark how he continues.

Lod. I'm sorry that I was deceiv'd in him.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE VIII.

An apartment in the palace.

Enter Othello and Aemilia.

Oth. You have seen nothing then

Aem. Nor ever heard, nor ever did suspect.

Oth.

Oth. Yes , you have seen *Cassio* and her
together.

Aem. But then I saw no harm ; and then
I heard

Each syllable that breath made up between them

Oth. What ? did they never whisper ?

Aem. Never , my Lord.

Oth. Nor send you out o' th' way ?

Aem. Never.

Oth. To fetch her fan , her gloves , her
mask , nor nothing ?

Aem. Never , my Lord.

Oth. 'That's strange !

Aem. I durst , my Lord , to wager she is
honest,

Lay down my soul at stake ; if you think other,

Remove your thought, it doth abuse your bosom,

If any wretch hath put this in your head,

Let heav'n requite it with the serpent's curse !

For if she be not honest, chaste and true,

There's no man happy, the purest of their
wives

Is foul as slander.

Oth. Bid her come hither , go.

[*Exit Aemilia*]

She says enough ; yet she's a simple bawd

That cannot say as much : this is a subtle one ;

A closet lock and key of villainous secrets ;

And yet she'll kneel, and pray ; I've seen her do't

SCENE IX.

Enter Desdemona and Aemilia.

Des. My Lord, what is your will?

Oth. Pray you, chuck, come hither.

Des. What is your pleasure?

Oth. Let me see your eyes; look in my face.

Des. What horrible fancy's this?

Oth. Some of your function, mistress,
[To Aemilia.

Leave procreants alone, and shut the door,

Cough, or cry hem, if any body come.

Your mystery, your mystery; nay, dispatch.

[Exit Aem.

Des. Upon my knee, what doth your speech import?

I understand a fury in your words,

But not your words.

Oth. Why? what art thou?

Des. Your wife, my Lord; your true and loyal wife.

Oth. Come, swear it; damn thyself; lest being like one

Of heav'n, the devils themselves should fear to seize thee,

Therefore be double-damn'd: swear thou art honest.

Des.

Des. Heaven doth truly know it

Oth. Heav'n truly knows,
That thou art false as hell.

Des. To whom, my Lord?
With whom? how am I false?

Oth. Ah, *Desdemona*, away, away, away —

Des. Alas the heavy day! why do you weep?
Am I the motive of these tears, my Lord?

If haply you my father do suspect

An instrument of this your calling back,

Lay not your blame on me; if you have lost
him,

Why I have lost him too,

Oth. Had it pleas'd heav'n
To try me with affliction, had it rain'd

All kind of sores and shames on my bare head,

Steep'd me in poverty to the very lips,

Giv'n to captivity me and my hopes;

I should have found in some place of my soul

A drop of patience. But alas, to make me

A fixed figure for the hand of scorn

To point his slow and moving finger at' —

Yet could I bear that too, well, very well.

But there where I have garner'd up my heart,

Where either I must live, or bear no life,

The fountain from the which my current runs,

Or else dries up; to be discarded thence;

Or keep it as a cistern, for foul toads

To knot and gender in: turn thy complexion

there,

Patience, thou young and rose-lipp'd cherubin;
There, there look grim as hell.

Des. I hope my noble Lord esteems me
honest.

Oth. Oh ay, as summer-flies are in the
shambles,

That quicken ev'n with blowing. Oh thou weed!
Who art so lovely fair and smell'st so sweet,
That the sense akes at thee —
Would thou had'st ne'er been born!

Des. Alas, what ignorant sin have I com-
mitted?

Oth. Was this fair paper, this most goodly
book,

Made to write whore upon? What, what com-
mitted?

Committed? oh thou publick commoner!

I should make very forges of my cheeks,

That would to cinders burn up modesty,

Did I but speak thy deeds. What, what com-
mitted?

Heav'n stops the nose at it, and the moon winks;

The bawdy wind; that kisses all it meets,

Is hush'd within the hollow mine of earth

And will not hear't. Committed? — impudent
strumpet!

Des. By heav'n, you do me wrong.

Oth. Are not you a strumpet?

Des. No, as I am a christian.

If to preserve this vessel for my Lord

From

From any other foul unlawful touch,
Be not to be a strumpet, I am none.

Oth. What, not a whore?

Des. No, as I shall be saved.

Oth. Is't possible?

Des. Oh, heav'n forgive us!

Oth. I cry you mercy, then.

I took you for that cunning whore of *Venice*,
That married with *Othello*. —

SCENE X.

Enter Aemilia.

Come you, mistress,

That have the office opposite to saint *Peter*,
And keep the gate of hell; you! you! ay, you!
We have done our course, there's money for
your pains;

I pray you turn the key, and keep our counsel.
[Exit.

Aem. Alas, what does this gentleman conceive?

How do you, Madam? how do you, my good
Lady?

Des. 'Faith, half asleep.

Aem. Good Madam, what's the matter with
my Lord?

Des. With whom, *Aemilia*?

Aem. Why, with my Lord, Madam.

Des. Who is thy Lord?

Aem. He that is yours, sweet Lady.

Des. I have none; do not talk to me,
Aemilia,

I cannot weep; nor answer have I none,
But what should go by water. Pray, to-night
Lay on my bed my wedding sheets, remember;
And call thy husband hither.

Aem. Here's a change indeed!

[*Exit*

Des. 'Tis meet I should be us'd so, very
meet:

How have I been behav'd, that he might stick
The finall'st opinion of my least misuse?

SCENE XI.

Enter Iago and Aemilia.

Iago. What is your pleasure, Madam?
how is't with you?

Des. I cannot tell; those that do teach your
babes,

Do it with gentle means, and easie tasks;
He might have chid me so: for, in good faith,
I am a child to chiding.

Iago. What is the matter, Lady?

Aem. Alas, *Iago*, my Lord hath so be-
whor'd her,

Thrown

Thrown such despight and heavy terms upon
her,

That true hearts cannot bear it,

Des. Am I that name, *Iago*?

Iago. What name, fair Lady?

Des. Such as she said my Lord did say I was.

Aem. He call'd her whore; a beggar, in
his drink

Could not have laid such terms upon his callat.

Iago. Why did he so?

Des. I do not know; I'm sure I am none
such.

Iago. Do not weep, do not weep; alas the
day!

Aem. Hath she forlook so many noble
matches?

Her father? and her country? and her friends?
To be call'd whore? would it not make one
weep?

Des. It is my wretched fortune.

Iago. Beshrew him for't; how comes this
trick upon him?

Des. Nay, heav'n doth know.

Aem. I will be hang'd if some eternal villain
Some busie and insinuating rogue,
Some cogging, cozening slave, to get some
office,

Has not devis'd this slander: I'll be hang'd else.

Iago. Fie, there is no such man; it is im-
possible.

Des.

Des. If any such there be, heav'n pardon him!

Aem. A halter pardon him, and hell gnaw his bones!

Why should he call her whore? who keeps her company?

What place? what time? what form? what likelihood?

The Moor's abus'd by some most villainous knave,

Some base notorious knave, some scurvy fellow.

Oh heav'n, that such companion thou'dst unfold,

And put in every honest hand a whip,

To lash the rascal naked through the world,

Ev'n from the east to th' west!

Iago. Speak within door.

Aem. Oh fie upon him! Some such 'squire he was

That turn'd your wit the feamy side without,

And made you to suspect me with the Moor.

Iago. You are a fool; go to.

Des. Alas, *Iago*,

What shall I do to win my Lord again?

Good friend, go to him; by this light of heav'n,

I know not how I lost him. Here I kneel;

[*Kneeling*;

If e'er my will did trespass 'gainst his love,

Or in discourse, or thought, or actual deed;

Or that mine eyes, mine ears, or any sense,

Deligh-

Delighted them on any other form;
 Or that I do not yet or ever did,
 And ever will, tho' he do shake me off
 To beggarly divorcement, love him dearly,
 Comfort forswear me! Unkindness may do
 much;

And his unkindness may defeat my life,
 But never taint my love. I can't say *whore*,
 It does abhor me now I speak the word;
 To do the act, that might th' addition earn,
 Not the world's mass of vanity could make me.

Iago. I pray you be content; 'tis but his
 humour;

The business of the state does him offence,
 And he does chide with you.

Des. If 'twere no other —

Iago. It is but so, I warrant.

Hark how these instruments summon to supper!
 [Trumpets.

The messenger of *Venice* stays the meat;
 Go in, and weep not; all things shall be well.
 [Exeunt Desdemona and Emilia,

SCENE XII.

Enter Rodorigo.

How now, *Rodorigo*?

Rod. I do not find that thou deal'st justly
 with me.

Iago.

Iago. What in the contrary?

Rod. Every day thou doff'st me with some device, *Iago*; and rather, as it seems to me now, keep'st from me all conveniency, than suppliest me with the least advantage of hope. I will indeed no longer endure it. Nor am I yet persuaded to put up in peace what already I have foolishly suffer'd.

Iago. Will you hear me, *Rodorigo*?

Rod. I have heard too much; and your words and performances are no kin together.

Iago. You charge me most unjustly.

Rod. With nought but truth: I have wasted my self out of my means. The jewels you have had from me to deliver to *Desdemona*, would have half corrupted a Votarist. You have told me she hath received them, and re-return'd me expectations and comforts of sudden respect and acquittance, but I find none.

Iago. Well, go to; very well.

Rod. Very well? go to? I cannot go to, man, nor 'tis not very well; nay, I think it is scurvy; and begin to find myself fob'd in it.

Iago. Very well.

Rod. I tell you, 'tis not very well. I will make my self known to *Desdemona*: If she will return me my jewels, I will give over my suit, and repent my unlawful sollicitation: if not, assure your self I will seek satisfaction of you.

Iago. You have said now.

Rod.

Rod. Ay, and said nothing but what I protest intendment of doing.

Iago. Why, now I see there's mettle in thee; and even from this instant do I build on thee a better opinion than ever before. Give me thy hand, *Rodorigo*, thou hast taken against me a most just exception; but I protest I have dealt most directly in thy affair.

Rod. It hath not appear'd.

Iago. I grant indeed it hath not appear'd; and your suspicion is not without wit and judgment. But, *Rodorigo*, if thou hast that in thee indeed, which I have greater reason to believe now than ever, (I mean, purpose, courage, and valour) this night shew it. If thou the next night following enjoy not *Desdemona*, take me from this world with treachery, and devise engines for my life.

Rod. Well; what is it? is it within reason and compass?

Iago. Sir, there is special commission come from *Venice* to depute *Cassio* in *Othello's* place.

Rod. Is that true? why then *Othello* and *Desdemona* return again to *Venice*.

Iago. Oh no; he goes into *Mauritania*, and taketh away with him the fair *Desdemona*, unless his abode be lingred here by some accident: wherein none can be so determinate, as the removing of *Cassio*.

Rod. How do you mean removing him?

Iago.

Iago. Why, by making him incapable of *Othello's* place, knocking out his brains.

Rod. And that you would have me to do?

Iago. Ay if you dare do your self a profit, and a right. He sups to-night with a harlot; and thither will I go to him. He knows not yet of his honourable fortune; if you will watch his going thence (which I will fashion to fall out between twelve and one) you may take him at your pleasure. I will be near to second your attempt, and he shall fall between us. Come stand not amaz'd at it, but go along with me; I will shew you such a necessity in his death, that you shall think your self bound to put it on him. It is now high supper-time; and the night grows to waste. About it.

Rod. I will hear further reason for this.

Iago. And you shall be satisfied.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE XIII.

Enter Othello, Lodovico, Desdemona, Aemilia and Attendants.

Lod. I do beseech you, Sir, trouble your self no further.

Oth. Oh pardon; 'twill do me good to walk.

Lod. Madam, good-night; I humbly thank your Ladyship.

Oth.

Oth. Will you walk, Sir? oh *Desdemona!* —

[*Ex. Lod. &c.*

Des. My Lord!

Oth. Get you to bed on th' instant, I will be return'd forthwith; dismiss your attendant there; look't be done.

[*Exit.*

Des. I will, my Lord.

Aem. How goes it now? he looks gentler than he did.

Des. He says he will return incontinent, And hath commanded me to go to bed, And bid me to dismiss you.

Aem. Dismiss me?

Des. It was his bidding; therefore, good *Acmilia,*

Give me my nightly wearing, and adieu, We must not now displease him.

Aem. I would you had never seen him.

Des. So would not I; my love doth so approve him, That even his stubbornness, his checks, his frowns, (Pr'ythee, unpin me) have grace and favour in them.

Aem. I have laid those sheets you bad me on the bed.

Des. All's one: good father! how foolish are our minds!

If I do die before thee, pr'ythee shroud me In one of these same sheets.

I

Aem.

Aem. Come, come; you talk.

Des. My mother had a maid call'd *Barbara*.
She was in love, and he she lov'd prov'd mad,
And did forsake her: she had a song of *willow*,
And old thing 'twas, but it express'd her fortune,
And she dy'd singing it. That song to-night
Will not go from my mind; I've much ado,
No to go hang my head all on one side,
And sing it like poor *Barbara*. Pr'ythee dispatch.

Aem. Shall I go fetch your night gown?

Des. No, unpin me here;
This *Lodovico* is a proper man.

Aem. A very handsome man.

Des. He speaks well.

Aem. I know a Lady in *Venice* would have
walk'd barefoot to *Palestine* for a touch of his
nether lip.

Des. The poor soul sat singing by a *sycamo-*
re tree,

[Singing.

Sing all a green willow:

Her hand on her bosom, her head on her knee,

Sing willow, willow, willow.

The fresh streams ran by her, and murmur'd
her moans;

Sing willow, &c.

Her salt tears fell from her, and sofin'd the stones;

Sing willow, &c.

Willow, willow. (Pr'ythee hye thee, he'll come
anon.)

Sing

*Sing all a green willow must be my garland.
Let no body blame him, his scorn I approve.
Nay, that's not next — Hark, who is't that
knocks?*

Aem. It's the wind.

Des. I call'd my love false love; but what
said he then?

Sing willow, &c.

*If I court more women, you'll couch with more
men.*

*So, get thee gone, good - night; mine eyes do
itch,*

Doth that boad weeping?

Aem. 'Tis neither here nor there.

Des. I have heard it said so; oh these men!
these men!

*Dost thou in conscience think, tell me, Ae-
milie,*

*That there be women do abuse their husbands
In such gross kind?*

Aem. There be some such, no question.

Des. Would'st thou do such a deed for all
the world?

Aem. Why, would not you?

Des. No by this heav'nly light.

Aem. Nor I neither by this heav'nly light, I
might do't as well in th' dark.

Des. Would'st thou do such a deed for all
the world?

Aem. The world's a huge thing; it is a great price, for a small vice.

Des. In troth I think thou would'st not.

Aem. In troth I think I should, and unswear't when I had done. Marry, I would not do such a thing for a joint ring, nor for measures of lawn, nor for gowns, petticoats, nor caps; nor any petty exhibition. But for all the whole world! why, who would not make her husband a cuckold, to make him a monarch? I should venture purgatory for't.

Des. Beshrew me, if I would do such a wrong

For the whole world.

Aem. Why, the wrong is but a wrongi' th' world; and having the world for your labour, 'tis a wrong in your own world, and you might quickly make it right.

Des. I do not think there is any such woman.

Aem. Yes, a dozen; and as many to th' vantage, as would store the world they plaid for. But I do think it is their husbands faults, If wives do fall: say, that they slack their duties, And pour our treasures into foreign laps; Or else break out in peevish jealousies, Throwing restraint on us; or say, they strike us, Or scant our former having in despite; Why, we have galls; and though we have some grace,
Yet have we some revenge. Let husbands know,
Their

Their wives have sense like them; they see and
smell,

And have their palates both for sweet and fower,

As husbands have. What is it that they do,

When they change us for others? is it sport?

I think it is; and doth affection breed it?

I think it doth: is't frailty that thus errs?

It is so too. And have not we affections?

Desires for sport? and frailty, as men have?

Then let them use us well; else let them know;

The ill we do, their ill instruct us to.

Des. Good-night; good-night; heav'n mo
such uses send,

No to pick bad from bad; but, by bad, mend!

[*Exeunt.*]

ACT. V. SCENE I.

A street before the Palace.

Enter Iago and Rodorigo.

Iago. **H**ere, stand behind this bulk. Straight
will he come:

Wear thy good rapier bare, and put it home;

Quick, quick, fear nothing; I'll be at thy elbow.

It makes us, or it mars us: think on that,

And fix most firm thy resolution.

Rod. Be near at hand, I may miscarry in't.

Iago. Here, at thy hand; be bold and take
thy sword.

Rod. I have no great devotion to the deed,
Yet he hath given me satisfying reasons;
'Tis but a man gone. Forth, my sword; he
dies.

[*Goes and stands apart.*]

Iago. I've rubb'd this young quab almost to
the fense,

And he grows angry. Now whether he kill *Cassio*,
Or *Cassio* him, or each do kill the other,
Every way makes my gain. Live *Rodorigo*,
He calls me to a restitution large
Of gold and jewels, that I bobb'd from him,
As gifts to *Desdemona*.

It must not be. If *Cassio* do remain,
He hath a daily beauty in his life,
'That makes me ugly; and besides, the Moor
May unfold me to him; there stand I in peril;
No, he must die. Be it so; I hear him coming.

Enter Cassio.

Rod. I know his gate; 'tis he: villain, thou
diest.

[*He runs at Cassio, and wounds him.*]

Cas. That thrust had been mine enemy in-
deed,

But that my coat is better than thou know'st:
I will make proof of thine.

Rod. Oh, I am slain.

[*Fight and both fall.*]

Cas.

Cas. I'm maim'd for ever; help, ho! mur-
ther, murther!
[*Iago behind cuts Cassio on the leg and Exit.*

SCENE II.

Enter Othello above at a window.

Oth. **T**he voice of *Cassio*; *Iago* keeps his
word,

Rod. Oh villain that I am!

Oth. It is even so.

Cas. Oh help, ho! light! a surgeon!

Oth. 'Tis he! oh brave *Iago*, honest and
just,

That hast such noble sense of thy friend's wrong,
Thou teachest me — Minion, your dear lyes dead,
And your fate hies apace. Strumpet, I come:
From off my heart those charms thine eyes are
blotted:

Thy bed lust-flain'd, shall with lust's blood be
spotted.

[*Exit Othello.*

SCENE III.

Enter Lodovico and Gratiano.

Cas. **W**hat, ho! no watch? no passage?
murther, murther!

Gra. 'Tis some mischance, the voice is very direful,

Cas. Oh help!

Lod. Hark!

Rod. Oh wretched villain!

Lod. Two or three groans. It is a heavy night;

These may be counterfeits: let's think't unsafe
To come into the cry, without more help,

Rod. No body come? then shall I bleed to death.

Enter Iago, in his shirt, with a Light and Sword.

Lod. Hark.

Gra. Here's one comes in his shirt, with light and weapons.

Iago. Who's there? whose noise is this that cries out murther?

Lod. We do not know.

Iago. Do not you hear a cry?

Cas. Here, here; for heav'n's sake help me.

Iago. What's the matter?

Gra. This is *Othello's* Ancient, as I take it.

Lod. The same indeed, a very valiant fellow.

Iago. What are you here, that cry so grievously?

Cas. *Iago*? oh I'm spoil'd, undone by villains!

Give me some help.

Iago.

Iago. Oh me, lieutenant! What villains have
done this?

Cas. I think that one of them is hereabout,
And cannot make away.

Iago. Oh treacherous villains!
What are you there? come in and give some
help.

Rod. Oh help me there,

Cas. That's one of them.

Iago. Oh murd'rous slave! oh villain!

[*Iago stabs him.*

Rod. Oh damn'd *Iago*! oh unhuman dog!

[*Dies.*

Iago. Kill men i'th' dark? Where be these
bloody thieves?

How silent is this town! ho, murder! mur-
ther!

What may you be? are you of good or evil?

Lod. As you shall prove us, praise us.

Iago. Signior *Lodovico*?

Lod. He, Sir.

Iago. I cry you mercy: here's *Cassio* hurt
by villains.

Gra. *Cassio*?

Iago. How is't, brother?

Cas. My leg is cut in two.

Iago. Marry heav'n forbid:

Light, gentlemen, I'll bind it with my shirt.

SCENE

SCENE IV.

Enter *Bianca*.

Bi. What is the matter, ho? who is't
that cry'd!

Iago. Who is't that cry'd!

Bi. Oh my dear *Cassio*!

My sweet *Cassio*, oh *Cassio*, *Cassio*, *Cassio*!

Iago. Oh notable strumpet! *Cassio* may you
suspect

Who they should be, that have thus mangled
you?

Cas. No.

Gra. I am sorry to find you thus:
I have been to seek you.

Iago. Lend me a garter. So — Oh for a
chair,

To bear him easily hence.

Bi. Alas, he faints. Oh *Cassio*, *Cassio*,
Cassio!

Iago. Gentlemen all, I do suspect this traitor
To be a party in this injury.

Patience a while, good *Cassio*, come, come:

Lend me a light: know we this face, or no?

Alas, my friend, and my dear country-man

Roderigo? no: yes sure: yea, 'tis *Roderigo*.

Gra. What of *Venice*?

Iago. Even he, Sir: did you know him?

Gra.

Gra. Know him? ay.

Iago. Signior *Gratiano*? I cry your gentle
pardon:

These bloody accidents must excuse my man-
ners,

That so neglected you.

Gra. I am glad to see you.

Iago. How do you, *Cassio*? oh a chair, a
chair!

Gra. *Roderigo*?

Iago. He, he, 'tis he: oh that's well said,
the chair.

Some good man bear him carefully from hence,
I'll fetch the General's surgeon. For you, mis-
trefs,

Save you your labour. He that lyes slain here,
Was my dear friend. What malice was between
you?

Cas. None in the world; nor do I know
the man.

Iago. What, look you pale? — oh bear him
out o'th'air.

Stay you, good gentlemen. Look you pale,
mistrefs?

Do you perceive the gassness of her eye?

Nay, if you stare, we shall hear more anon.

[To Bianca,

Behold her well, I pray you look upon her,

Do you see, gentlemen? nay, guiltiness

Will speak, though tongues were out of use.

SCENE

SCENE V.

*Enter Aemilia.**Aem.* Alas, what is the matter?

What is the matter, husband?

Iago. *Cassio* hath here been set on in the dark
By *Rodorigo*, and fellows that are 'scap'd:
He's almost slain, and *Rodorigo* dead.*Aem.* Alas, good gentleman! alas, good
Cassio!*Iago.* This is the fruit of whoring. Pray,
Aemilia,Go know of *Cassio*, where he supt to-night.

What do you shake at that?

Bi. He supt at my house, but I therefore
shake not.*Iago.* Oh did he so? I charge you go with
me.*Aem.* Oh fie upon thee, strumpet!*Bi.* I am no strumpet, but of life, as ho-
nest

As you that thus abuse me.

Aem. As I? fie upon thee!*Iago.* Kind gentlemen, let's see poor *Cassio*
drest.

Come, mistress, you must tell's an other tale.

Aemilia, run to the citadel,And tell my Lord and Lady, what hath hap'd:
Will

Will you go on afore? — This is the night
That either makes me or foredoes me quite.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE VI.

A Bed-chamber: Desdemona is discovered asleep in her bed.

Enter Othello, with a Light and a Sword.

Oth. It is the cause, it is the cause, my soul,
Let me not name it to you, you chaste stars,
It is the cause. Yet I'll not shed her blood,
Nor scar that whiter skin of hers than snow,
And smooth as monumental alabaster:

[*Lays down the sword.*]

Yet she must die, else she'll betray more men.
Put out the light: and then — put out *thy* light.
If I quench thee, thou flaming minister,
I can again thy former light restore,
Should I repent: but once put out *thy* light,
Thou cunning'st pattern of excelling nature,
I know not where is that *Promethean* heat
That can thy light re-lumine,

[*Sets down the candle, not putting it out.*]

When I have pluck'd the rose,
It cannot give it vital growth again,

It

It needs must wither — I'll smell thee on
the tree

[*Kissing her.*]

Oh balmy breath, that dost almost persuade
Justice to break her sword. One more, one more;
Be thus when thou art dead, and I will kill
thee,

And love thee after — One more, that's the
last,

So sweet, was ne'er so fatal! I must weep,
But they are cruel tears: this sorrow's heav'nly,
It strikes, where it doth love — She wakes —

Des. Who's there? *Othello*?

Oth. Ay, *Desdemona*.

Des. Will you come to bed, my Lord?

Oth. Have you pray'd to-night, *Desdemona*?

Des. Ay, my Lord.

Oth. If you bethink your self of any crime
Unreconcil'd as yet to heav'n, and grace,
Solicit for it straight.

Des. Alack, my Lord,
What may you mean by that?

Oth. Well, do it, and be brief; I will
walk by.

I would not kill thy unprepared spirit,
No, heav'n's fore-fend, I would not kill thy
foul.

Des. Talk you of killing?

Oth. Ay, I do.

Des. Then heav'n have mercy on me!

Oth.

Oth. Amen, with all my heart.

Des. If you say so, I hope you will not
kill me.

Oth. Hum.

Des. And yet I fear you: for you're fatal
then,

When your eyes rowl so. Why I should fear,
I know not,

Since guilt I know not: Yet I feel I fear.

Oth. Think on thy sins.

Des. They're loves I bear to you.

Oth. Ay, and for that thou dy'st.

Des. That death's unnatural; what! kill for
loving!

Alas, why gnaw you so your nether lip?

Some bloody passion shakes your very frame;

These are portents: but yet I hope, I hope,

They do not point on me.

Oth. Peace, and be still.

Des. I will so: what's the matter?

Oth. That handkerchief

Which I so lov'd, and gave thee, thou gav'st
Cassio,

Des. No, by my life and soul: send for the
man,

And ask him.

Oth. Sweet soul, take heed, take heed of
perjury,

Thou art on thy death-bed.

Des. Ay but not yet to die.

Oth.

Oth. Yes presently.

Therefore confests thee freely of thy sin:
For to deny each article with oath,
Cannot remove, nor choak, the strong conce-
ption

That I do groan withal. Thou art to die.

Des. Oh, heav'n have mercy on me!

Oth. I say, amen!

Des. And have you mercy too! I never
did

Offend you in my life; never lov'd *Cassio*,
But with such general warranty of heav'n,
As I might love. I never gave him token.

Oth. By heav'n, I saw my handkerchief in's
hand.

Oh perjur'd woman! thou dost stone my heart,
And mak'st me call, what I intend to do,
A murther, which I thought a sacrifice,
I saw the handkerchief.

Des. He found it then;
I never gave it him; send for him hither,
Let him confests a truth.

Oth. He hath confest.

Des. What, my Lord?

Oth. That he hath — us'd thee —

Des. How? unlawfully?

Oth. Ay.

Des. He will not say so.

Oth. No, his mouth is stopp'd;
Honest *Iago* hath ta'en order for't.

Des.

Des. My fear interprets. Oh! what, is he
dead?

Oth. Had all his hairs been lives, my great
revenge

Had stomach for them all.

Des. Alas, he is betray'd, and I'm undone.

Oth. Out, strumpet! weep'st thou for him
to my face?

Des. Oh banish me, my Lord, but kill me
not.

Oth. Down, strumpet.

Des. Kill me to-morrow, let me live to-
night.

Oth. Nay, if you strive —

Des. But half an hour *) — but while I say
one prayer.

Oth. It is too late.

[*Smother's her.*]

SCENE VII.

Aemilia at the door.

Aem. My Lord! my Lord! what hoa! my
Lord, my Lord!

Oth. What noise is this? not dead? not yet
quite dead?

K

I that

* *Des.* But half an hour —

Oth. Being done, there is no pause.

Des. But while I say one prayer.

I that am cruel, am yet merciful,
I would not have thee linger in thy pain.
So, so.

Aem. What hoa! my Lord, my Lord!

Oth. Who's there?

Aem. Oh, my good Lord! I would speak
a word with you.

Oth. Yes, 'tis *Aemilia* — by and by — she's
dead.

'Tis like she comes to speak of *Cassio's* death;
The noise was high. Ha, no more moving?
Still as the grave. Shall she come in? were't
good?

I think she stirs again - No — what's the best?
If she come in, she'll sure speak to my wife;
My wife! my wife! what wife? I have no wife.
Oh insupportable! oh heavy hour!
Methinks it should be now a huge eclipse
Of sun and moon, and that th'affrighted globe
Should yawn at alteration —

Aem. I beseech you
That I may speak with you. Oh, good my
Lord! —

Oth. I had forgot thee; oh come in, *Aemilia*.
Soft, by and by, let me the curtains draw.
Where art thou? what's the matter with thee
now?

[Unlocks the door.]

Enter

Enter Aemilia.

Aem. Oh, my good Lord, yonder's foul
murthers done.

Oth. What? now?

Aem. But now, my Lord.

Oth. It is the very error of the moon,
She comes more near the earth than she was
wont,

And makes men mad.

Aem. *Cassio*, my Lord, hath kill'd
A young *Venetian*, call'd *Rodorigo*.

Oth. *Rodorigo* kill'd? and *Cassio* kill'd?

Aem. No, *Cassio* is not kill'd.

Oth. Not *Cassio* kill'd? then murther's out
of tune,

And sweet revenge grows harsh.

Des. Oh falsely, falsely murther'd!

Aem. Alas, what cry is that?

Oth. That? what?

Aem. Out and alas, that was my Lady's
voice.

Help! help, ho! help! oh Lady, speak again;
Sweet *Desdemona*, oh sweet mistress, speak.

Des. A guiltless death I die.

Aem. Oh who hath done this deed?

Des. No body, I my self, farewell;
Commend me to my kind Lord; oh farewell!

[Dies.

Oth. Why, how should she be murther'd?

Aem. Alas, who knows?

Oth. You heard her say her self, it was
not I.

Aem. She said so, I must needs report the
truth.

Oth. She's like a liar gone to burning hell,
'Twas I that kill'd her.

Aem. Oh the more angel she, and you the
blacker devil.

Oth. She turn'd to folly, and she was a
whore.

Aem. Thou dost belie her, and thou art a
devil.

Oth. She was false as water.

Aem. Thou art rash as fire, to say
That she was false. Oh she was heav'nly true.

Oth. *Cassio* did tup her; ask thy husband
else.

Oh, I were damn'd beneath all depth in hell,
But that I did proceed upon just grounds
To this extremity. Thy husband knew it all.

Aem. My husband!

Oth. Thy husband.

Aem. That she was false to wedlock?

Oth. Ay, with *Cassio*: had she been true,
If heav'n would make me such another world,
Of one entire and perfect chrysolite,
I'd not have sold her for it.

Aem. My husband!

Oth. Ay, 'twas he that told me first;
An honest man he is, and hates the slime

That

That sticks on filthy deeds.

Aem. My husband!

Oth. What needs this iteration, woman?
I say thy husband.

Aem. Oh mistress! villainy has made mocks
with love.

My husband say she was false!

Oth. He woman;
I say thy husband; dost understand the word?
My friend, thy husband, honest, honest *Iago*.

Aem. If he say so, may his pernicious soul
Rot half a grain — a — day! he lies to th' heart.
She was too fond of her most filthy bargain.

Oth. Hah!

Aem. Do thy worst:
This deed of thine is no more worthy heav'n,
Than thou wast worthy her.

Oth. Peace, you were best.

Aem. Thou hast not half that power to do
me harm

As I have to bear hurt: oh gull! oh dolt!

As ignorant as dirt; thou'st done a deed —

I care not for thy sword, I'll make thee known,
Though I lost twenty lives — Help! help, ho!
help!

The Moor hath kill'd my mistress. Murther,
murther!

SCENE VIII.

Enter Montano, Gratiano, Iago, and others.

Mon. What is the matter? how now,
General?

Aem. Oh, are you come, *Iago*? you have
done well,

That men must lay their murders on your neck.

Gra. What is the matter?

Aem. Disprove this villain, if thou be'st a
man;

He says thou told'st him that his wife was false:
I know thou didst not, thou'rt not such a villain.
Speak, for my heart is full.

Iago. I told him what I thought; and told
no more

Than what he found him self was apt and true.

Aem. But did you ever tell him, she was
false?

Iago. I did.

Aem. You told a lie; an odious damned lie:
Upon my soul, a lie; a wicked lie.
She false with *Cassio*? did you say with *Cassio*?

Iago. With *Cassio*, mistress; go to, charm
your tongue.

Aem. I will not charm my tongue; I'm
bound to speak;

My

My mistress lyes here murther'd in her bed. *

Iago. What, are you mad? I charge you
get you home.

Aem. Good gentlemen, let me have leave
to speak;

'Tis proper I obey him, but not now:

Perchance, *Iago*, I will neer go home.

Oth. Oh! oh! oh!

[*Othello falls on the bed.*

Aem. Nay, lay thee down and roar:

For thou hast kill'd the sweetest innocent,

'That e'er did lift up eye.

Oth. Oh she was foul!

I scarce did know you, uncle; there lyes your
niece, [Rising.

Whose breath indeed these hands have newly
stopp'd;

I know this act shews horrible and grim.

Gra. Poor *Desdemona*! I'm glad thy fa-
ther's dead:

Thy

— murther'd in her bed.

All. Oh heav'ns forefend!

Aem. And your reports have set the murther on.

Oth. Nay, stare not, masters, it is true indeed.

Gra. 'Tis a strange truth.

Mon. Oh monstrous act!

Aem. Villainy! villainy! villainy!

I think upon't — I think — I smell't — Oh
villainy!

I thought so then; I'll kill my self for grief;

Oh villainy, villainy!

Iago. What, are you mad? &c.

Thy match was mortal to him; and pure grief
Shore his old thread in twain. Did he live now,
This fight would make him do a desp'rate turn;
Yea, curse his better angel from his side,
And fall to reprobation.

Oth. 'Tis pityful; but yet *Iago* knows,
That she with *Cassio* hath the act of shame
A thousand times committed. *Cassio* confest it,
And she did gratifie his amorous works,
With that recognizance and pledge of love
Which I first gave; I saw it in his hand;
It was an handkerchief, an antique token
My father gave my mother.

Aem. Oh heav'n! oh heav'nly powers!

Iago. Come, hold your peace.

Aem. 'Twill out, 'twill out — I peace!

No, I will speak as liberal as the air;
Let heav'n, and men, and devils, let them all,
All, all, cry shame against me, yet I'll speak.

Iago. Be wise and get you home.

Aem. I will not. [*Iago offers to stab his wife.*]

Gra. Fie, your sword upon a woman?

Aem. Oh thou dull Moor! that handkerchief
thou speakst of

I found by fortune, and did give my husband;
For often, with a solemn earnestness,
(More than indeed belong'd to such a trifle,)
He begg'd of me to steal it.

Iago. Villainous whore!

Aem. She give it *Cassio*? alas, I found it,

And

And I did give't my husband.

Iago. Filth, thou liest.

Aem. By heav'n, I do not; I do not, gentlemen:
Oh murd'rous coxcomb! what should such a fool
Do with so good a wife?

[*Iago breaks through and wounds his wife,
then runs out.*]

Oth. Are there no stones in heav'n,
But, what serve for the thunder? precious villain!

Gra. The woman falls; fure he hath kill'd his
wife.

Aem. Ay, ay; oh lay me by my mistress' side.

Gra. He's gone, but his wife's kill'd.

Mon. 'Tis a notorious villain; take this weapon,
Which I have here recover'd from the Moor:
Come, guard the door without, let him not pass,
But kill him rather; I'll after that same villain,
For 'tis a damned slave.

[*Exeunt Montano and Gratiano.*]

SCENE IX.

Oth. I am not valiant neither;
But every puny whipster gets my sword.
But why should honour outlive honesty;
Let it go all.

Aem. What did thy song boad Lady?
Hark, canst thou hear me? I will play the swan,
And die in musick; *Willow, willow, willow*—
Moor, she was chaste; she lov'd the, cruel Moor;

So come my soul to bliss, as I speak true!

So speaking, as I think, alas, I die. [*Aemilia dies.*]

Oth. I have another weapon in this chamber,
It was a sword of *Spain*, the * *Ebro's* temper;
Oh here it is: uncle, I must come forth.

Gra. within.] If thou attempt it, it will cost
thee dear;

Thou hast no weapon, and perforce must suffer.

Oth. Look in upon me then, and speak with me,
Or naked as I am, I will assault thee.

Re-enter Gratiano.

Gra. What is the matter?

Oth. Lo! I have a weapon:

A better never did it self sustain

Upon a foldier's thigh. I've seen the day,

That with this little arm, and this good sword,

I made my way through more impediments,

Than twenty times your stop. But, oh vain boast!

Who can controul his fate? 'tis not so now.

Be not afraid, though you do see me weapon'd;

Here is my journey's end, here is my butt,

And very sea-mark of my utmost fail,

Do you go back dismay'd? 'tis a lost fear:

Man but a rush against *Othello's* breast,

And he retires. Where should *Othello* go?

Now — how dost thou look now? Oh ill-starr'd

wench! Pale

* In the first edition it is *Isebrooke's* temper. Thence corrupted to *Ice brooks*. *Ebro's* temper: the waters of that river of *Spain* are particularly famous for tempering of steel. The finest arms in the world, the *Catalonian* fuses.

Pale as thy smock ! When we shall meet at
compt,

This lock of thine will hurl my soul from heav'n,
And fiends will snatch at it. Cold, cold, my girl ?
Ev'n like thy chastity. Oh cursed slave !
Whip me, ye devils,
From the possession of this heav'nly sight ;
Blow me about in winds, roast me in sulphur,
Wash me in steep-down gulfs of liquid fire—
Oh *Desdemona* ! *Desdemona* ! dead, dead, oh, oh !

SCENE X.

*Enter Lodovico, Cassio led in wounded.
Montano, and Iago prisoner, with
Officers.*

Lod. Where is this rash and most unfortu-
nate man ?

Oth. That's he that was *Othello* : here I am.

Lod. Where is that viper ? bring the villain
forth.

Oth. I look down tow'rds his feet ; but that's
a fable,

If that thou beest a devil, I cannot kill thee.

[*Othello wounds Iago.*]

Lod. Wrench his sword from him.

Iago. I bleed, but am not kill'd.

Oth. I am not sorry neither : I'd have thee live ;
For in my sense, 'tis happiness to die.

Lod.

Lod. Oh thou, *Othello*, that wast once so good,
Fall'n in the practice of a cursed slave,
What shall be said to thee?

Oth. Why, any thing ;
An honourable murth'rer, if you will:
For nought I did in hate, but all in honour.

Lod. This wretch hath part confest his villainy:
Did you and he consent in *Cassio's* death?

Oth. Ay.

Cas. Dear General, I never gave you cause.

Oth. I do believe it, and I ask your pardon:
Will you, I pray, demand that demy — devil,
Why he hath thus ensnar'd my soul and body?

Iago. Demand me nothing ; what you know,
you know ;
From this time forth I never will speak word.

Lod. What? not to pray?

Gra. Torments will ope your lips.

Oth. Well, thou dost best.

Lod. Sir, you shall understand what hath
befall'n,

Which, as I think, you know not: here's a letter,
Found in the pocket of the slain *Rodorigo*,
And here another; one of them imports
The death of *Cassio* to be undertook
By *Rodorigo*.

Oth. Oh villain!

Cas. Most heathenish and most gross!

Lod. Now here's another discontented paper
Found in his pocket too; and this it seems

Ro.

Rodorigo meant t'have sent this damned villain;
But that belike *Iago* in the interim
Came in, and satisfy'd him.

Oth. Oh thou pernicious caitiff!
How came you, *Cassio*, by that handkerchief
That was my wife's?

Cas. I found it in my chamber;
And he him self confest it but even now,
That there he dropt it for a special purpose,
Which wrought to his desire.

Oth. Oh fool, fool, fool!

Cas. There is besides, in *Rodorigo's* letter,
How he upbraids *Iago* that he made him
Brave me upon the watch; whereon it came
That I was cast; and even now he spake
After long seeming dead, *Iago* hurt him,
Iago set him on.

Lod. You must forsake this room, and go with us;
Your pow'r and your command is taken off,
And *Cassio* rules in *Cyprus*. For this slave,
If there be any cunning cruelty,
That can torment him much and hold him long,
It shall be his. You shall close prisoner rest,
'Till that the nature of your fault be known
To the *Venetian* state. Come, bring away.

Oth. Soft you; a word or two before you go.
I've done the state some service, and they know't;
No more of that. I pray you, in your letters,
When you shall these unlucky deeds relate,
Speak of me, as I am: Nothing extenuate,
Nor set down aught in malice. Then must you speak
Of one that lov'd not wisely, but too well;
Of one, not easily jealous; but being wrought,
Perplex'd in the extream; of one whose hand,
Like the base *Judean* *, threw a pearl away

Richer

* Meaning Herod who slew his wife Mariamne
whom he passionately loved.

Richer than all his tribe; of one, whose eyes
 Albeit unused to the melting mood,
 Drop tears as fast as the *Arabian* trees
 Their medicinal gum. Set you down this:
 And say besides, that in *Aleppo* once,
 Where a malignant and a turban'd *Turk*
 Beat a *Venetian*, and traduc'd the state,
 I took by th' throat the circumcised dog,
 And smote him, thus.

[*Stabs himself.*

Lod. Oh bloody period!

Gra. All that is spoke is marr'd.

Oth. I kist thee, ere I kill'd thee. No way but this,
 Killing my self, to die upon a kiss. [*Dies.*

Cas. This did I fear, but thought he had no weapon;
 For he was great of heart.

Lod. Oh *Spartan* * dog! [*To Iago.*
 More fell than anguish, hunger or the sea!
 Look on the tragick loading of this bed;
 This is thy work; the object poisons sight, —
 Let it be hid. *Gratiano*, keep the house,
 And seize upon the fortunes of the Moor,
 For they succeed to you. To you, Lord governor,
 Remains the censure of this hellish villain:
 The time, the place, the torture, oh! inforce it.
 My self will straight aboard, and to the state
 This heavy act, with heavy heart, relate.

[*Exeunt.*

* *The Dogs of Spartan race were reckon'd among
 those of the most fierce and savage kind.*



THE
CONSCIOUS
LOVERS,
A
COMEDY.

Written by
Sir RICHARD STEELE.

Illud genus narrationis, quod in personis positum est, debet habere sermonis festiuitatem, animorum dissimilitudinem, grauitatem, lenitatem, spem, metum, suspicionem, desiderium, dissimulationem, misericordiam, rerum varietates, fortunae commutationem, insperatum incommodum, subitam laetitiam, iucundum exitum rerum. Cic. Rhetor. ad Herenn. Lib. 1.

GOTTINGEN

PRINTED FOR VICTORINVS BOSSIEGEL

1767.

THE
CONSISTENT
LOVERS
A
COMEDY

yd nstn

ST. RICHARD & STELLER

This is a very old manuscript, and the text is written in a very old script, which is difficult to read. The text is written in a very old script, which is difficult to read. The text is written in a very old script, which is difficult to read.

NOTHING

PRINTED FOR THE DIRECTOR GENERAL OF THE BUREAU OF THE CENSUS

254

The P R E F A C E.

THIS Comedy has been receiv'd with universal Acceptance, for it was in every Part excellently perform'd, and there needs no other Applause of the Actors, but that they excell'd according to the Dignity and Difficulty of the Character they represented. But this great Favour done to the Work in Acting, renders the Expectation still the greater from the Author, to keep up the Spirit in the Representation of the Closet, or any other Circumstance of the Reader, whether alone or in Company: To which I can only say, that it must be remember'd a Play is to be seen, and is made to be represented with the Advantage of Action, nor can appear but with half the Spirit, without it; for the greatest Effect of a Play in reading is to excite the Reader to go see it; and when he does so, it is then a Play has the Effect of Example and Precept.

The chief Design of this was to be an innocent Performance, and the Audience have abundantly shew'd how ready they are to support what is visibly intended that way; nor do I make any

The P R E F A C E.

Difficulty to acknowledge, that the whole was writ for the sake of the Scene of the fourth Act, wherein Mr. *Bevil* evades the Quarrel with his Friend; and hope it may have some Effect upon the *Goths* and *Vandals* that frequent the Theatres, or a more polite Audience may supply their Absence.

But this Incident, and the Case of the Father and Daughter are esteem'd by some People no Subjects of Comedy, but I cannot be of their Mind: for any thing that has its Foundation in Happiness and Success, must be allow'd to be the Object of Comedy; and sure it must be an Improvement of it, to introduce a Joy too exquisite for Laughter, that can have no Spring but in Delight, which is the Case of this young Lady. I must therefore contend, that the Tears which were shed on that Occasion flow'd from Reason and good Sense, and that Men ought not to be laugh'd at for weeping, till we are come to a more clear Notion of what is to be imputed to the Hardness of the Head, and the Softness of the Heart; and I think it was very politely said of Mr. *Wilks* to one who told him
there

The P R E F A C E.

there was a *General* weeping for *Indiana*, I'll warrant he'll fight ne'er the worse for that. To be apt to give way to the Impressions of Humanity is the Excellence of a right Disposition, and the natural working of a well-turn'd Spirit. But as I have suffer'd by Criticks who are got no farther than to inquire whether they ought to be pleas'd or not, I would willingly find them properer Matter for their Employment, and revive here a Song which was omitted for want of a Performer, and design'd for the Entertainment of *Indiana*; Sig. *Carbonelli* instead of it play'd on the Fiddle, and it is for want of a Singer that such advantageous things are said of an Instrument which were design'd for a Voice. The Song is the Distress of a Lovesick Maid, and may be a fit Entertainment for some small Criticks to examine whether the Passion is just, or the Distress male or Female.

*From Place to Place forlorn I go,
With downcast Eyes a silent Shade;
Forbidden to declare my Woe;
To speak, till spoken to, afraid.*

The P R E F A C E.

*My inward Pangs, my secret Grief,
My soft consenting Looks betray:
He loves, but gives me no Relief:
Why speaks not he who may?*

It remains to say a Word concerning *Terence*, and I am extremely surpriz'd to find what Mr. *Cibber* told me, prove a Truth, that what I valued my self so much upon, the Translation of him, should be imputed to me as a Reproach. Mr. *Cibber*'s Zeal for the Work, his Care and Application in instructing the Actors, and altering the Disposition of the Scenes, when I was, through Sickness, unable to cultivate such things myself, has been a very obliging Favour and Friendship to me. For this Reason, I was very hardly persuaded to throw away *Terence*'s celebrated Funeral, and take only the bare Authority of the young Man's Character, and how I have work'd it into an *Englishman*, and made use of the same Circumstance, of discovering a Daughter, when we least hoped for one, is humbly submitted to the Learned Reader.

PRO-

PROLOGUE,

By Mr. WELSTED. Spoken by Mr. WILKS.

TO win your Hearts, and to secure your Praise,
The Comic-Writers strive by various ways :
By subtil Stratagems they act their Game,
And leave untry'd no Avenue to Fame.
One writes the Spouse abating from his Wife ;
And says, Each Stroke was copy'd from the Life.
Some fix all Wit and Humour in Grimace,
And make a Livelibood of Prinkey's Face :
Here, One gay Shew and costly Habits tries,
Confiding to the Judgment of your Eyes :
Another smuts his Scene (a cunning Shaver)
Sure of the Rakes and of the Wenches Favour.
Oft have these Arts prevail'd ; and one may guess,
If practis'd o'er again, would find Success,
But the bold Sage, the Poet of To-night,
By new and desperate Rules resolv'd to write ;
Fain would he give more just Applauses Rise,
And please by Wit that scorns the Aids of Vice ;
The Praise he seeks, from worthier Motives springs,
Such Praise, as Praise to those that give, it brings.
Your Aid, most humbly sought, then Britons lend,
And Lib'ral Mirth, like Lib'ral Men, defend :
No more let Ribaldry, with License writ,
Usurp the Name of Eloquence or Wit ;
No more let lawless Farce uncensur'd go,
The lewd dull Gleanings of a Smithfield Show.
'Tis yours, with Breeding to refine the Age,
To chasten Wit, and moralize the Stage.
Ye Modest, Wise and Good, ye Fair, ye Brave,
To-night the Champion of your Virtues save,
Redeem from long Contempt the Comic Name,
And judge politely for your Country's Fame.

Dramatis Personæ.

M E N.

<i>Sir John Bevil,</i>	<i>Mr. Mills.</i>
<i>Mr. Sealand,</i>	<i>Mr. Williams.</i>
<i>Bevil jun. in Love with Indiana,</i>	<i>Mr. Booth,</i>
<i>Myrtle, in Love with Lucinda,</i>	<i>Mr. Wilks.</i>
<i>Cimberton, a Coxcomb,</i>	<i>Mr. Griffin.</i>
<i>Humphrey, an old Servant to Sir John,</i>	<i>Mr. Shepard.</i>
<i>Tom, Servant to Bevil jun.</i>	<i>Mr. Cibber.</i>
<i>Daniel, a Country Boy, Servant to Indiana,</i>	<i>Mr. Theo. Cibber.</i>

W O M E N.

<i>Mrs. Sealand, second Wife to Sealand.</i>	<i>Mrs. Moore.</i>
<i>Isabella, Sister to Sealand,</i>	<i>Mrs. Thurmond.</i>
<i>Indiana, Sealand's Daughter by his first Wife,</i>	<i>Mrs. Oldfield.</i>
<i>Lucinda, Sealand's Daughter by his second Wife,</i>	<i>Mrs. Booth.</i>
<i>Phillis, Maid to Lucinda,</i>	<i>Mrs. Younger.</i>

S C E N E, L O N D O N.

T H E



THE
CONSCIOUS LOVERS.

ACT I. SCENE I.

SCENE, *Sir John Bevil's House.*

Enter Sir John Bevil, and Humphrey.

Sir JOHN BEVIL.

HAVE you order'd that I should not be interrupted while I am dressing?

Humph. Yes, Sir: I believ'd you had something of Moment to say to me,

Sir J. Bev. Let me see, *Humphrey*; I think it is now full forty Years since I first took thee, to be about my Self.

Humph. I thank you, Sir, it has been an easy forty Years; and I have pass'd 'em without much Sicknefs, Care, or Labour.

Sir J. Bev. Thou hast a brave Constitution; you are a Year or two older than I am, Sirrah.

Humph. You have ever been of that mind Sir.

Sir J. Bev. You knave, you know it ; I took thee, for thy Gravity and Sobriety, in my wild Years.

Humph. Ah Sir ! our Manners were formed from our different Fortunes, not our different Age. Wealth gave a Loose to your Youth, and Poverty put a Restraint upon mine.

Sir J. Bev. Well, *Humphrey*, you know I have been a kind Master to you ; I have us'd you, for the ingenuous Nature I observ'd in you from the beginning, more like an humble Friend than a Servant.

Humph. I humbly beg you'll be so tender of me, as to explain your Commands, Sir, without any farther Preparation.

Sir J. Bev. I'll tell thee then. In the first place, this Wedding of my Son's, in all probability, [shut the door] will never be at all.

Humph. How, Sir ! not at all ? for what reason is it carried on in Appearance ?

Sir J. Bev. Honest *Humphrey*, have patience ; and I'll tell thee all in Order. I have my self, in some part of my life, liv'd (indeed) with Freedom, but, I hope, without Reproach : Now, I thought Liberty wou'd be as little injurious to my Son ; therefore, as soon as he grew towards Man, I indulg'd him in living after his own manner : I knew not how, otherwise

wife to judge of his Inclination ; for what can be concluded from a Behaviour under Restraint and Fear ? But what charms me above all Expression is, that my Son has never, in the least Action, the most distant Hint or Word, valued himself upon that great Estate of his Mother's, which, according to our Marriage Settlement, he has had ever since he came to Age.

Humph. No, Sir ; on the contrary, he seems afraid of appearing to enjoy it, before you or any belonging to you ---- He is as dependant and resign'd to your Will, as if he had not a farthing but what must come from your immediate Bounty ---- You have ever acted like a good and generous Father, and he like an obedient and grateful Son.

Sir J. Bev. Nay, his Carriage is so easy to all with whom he converses, that he is never assuming, never prefers himself to others, nor ever is guilty of that rough Sincerity which a Man is not called to, and certainly disobliges most of his Acquaintance : to be short, *Humphrey*, his Reputation was so fair in the World, that old *Sealand*, the great *India* Merchant, has offer'd his only Daughter, and sole Heiress to that vast Estate of his, as a Wife for him ; you may be sure I made no Difficulties, the Match was agreed on, and this very Day named for the Wedding.

Humph.

Humph. What hinders the Proceeding?

Sir J. Bev. Don't interrupt me. You know I was last *Thursday* at the Masquerade; my Son, you may remember, soon found us out---- He knew his Grandfather's Habit, which I then wore; and tho' it was the Mode, in the last Age, yet the Maskers, you know, follow'd us as if we had been the most monstrous Figures in that whole Assembly.

Humph. I remember indeed a young Man of Quality in the Habit of a Clown, that was particularly troublesome.

Sir J. Bev. Right----He was too much what he seem'd to be. You remember how impertinently he follow'd, and teized us, and wou'd know who we were.

Humph. I know he has a mind to come into that Particular. [*Aside.*

Sir J. Bev. Ay, he followed us, till the Gentleman who led the Lady in the *Indian* Mantle presented that gay Creature to the Rustick, and and bid him (like *Cymon* in the Fable) grow polite, by falling in love, and let that worthy old Gentleman alone, meaning me: The Clown was not reform'd, but rudely persisted, and offered to force off my Mask; with that the Gentleman throwing off his own, appeared to be my Son, and in his Concern for me, tore off that of the Nobleman; at this they seized each other; the Company call'd the Guards: and in the Sur-
prize,

prize, the Lady swoon'd away: Upon which my Son quitted his Adversary, and had now no Care but of the Lady,-----when raising her in his Arms, Art thou gone, cry'd he, for ever---- forbid it, Heav'n!-----She revives at his known Voice,-----and with the most familiar tho' modest Gesture hangs in Safety over his Shoulder weeping, but wept-as in the Arms of one before whom she could give herself a Loose, were she not under Observation: while she hides her Face in his Neck, he carefully conveys her from the Company.

Humph. I have observed this Accident has dwelt upon you very strongly.

Sir J. Bev. Her uncommon Air, her noble Modesty, the Dignity of her Person, and the Occasion it self, drew the whole Assembly together; and I soon heard it buzz'd about, she was the adopted Daughter of a famous Sea - Officer who had served in *France*. Now this unexpected and publick Discovery of my Son's so deep Concern for her-----

Humph. Was what I suppose, alarm'd Mr. *Sealand*, in behalf of his Daughter, to break off the Match.

Sir J. Bev. You are right----He came to me Yesterday, and said, he thought himself disengaged from the Bargain; being credibly informed my Son was already marry'd, or worfe, to the Lady at the Masquerade. I palliated matters,

ters, and insisted on our Agreement ; but we parted with little less than a direct Breach between us.

Humph. Well, Sir ; and what notice have you taken of all this to my young Master ?

Sir J. Bev. That's what I wanted to debate with you-----I have said nothing to him yet-----But look you, *Humphrey*-----if there is so much in this Amour of his, that he denies upon my Summons to marry, I have cause enough to be offended ; and then by my insisting upon his marrying to-day, I shall know how far he is engaged to this Lady in Masquerade, and from thence only shall be able to take my Measures : in the mean time I would have you find out how far that Rogue his Man is let into his Secret-----He, I know, will play Tricks as much to cross me, as to serve his Master.

Humph. Why do you think so of him, Sir ? I believe he is no worse than I was for your Son's Age.

Sir J. Bev. I see it in the Rascal's Looks. But I have dwelt on these things too long ; I'll go to my Son immediately, and while I'm gone, your Part is to convince his Rogue *Tom* that I am in earnest. I'll leave him to you.

[*Exit Sir John Bevil.*

Humph. Well, tho' this Father and Son live as well together as possible, yet their Fear of giving each other Pain, is attended with constant

stant mutual Uneasiness. I'm sure I have enough to do to be honest, and yet keep well with them both: But they know I love 'em, and that makes the Task less painful however-----Oh, here's the Prince of poor Coxcombs, the Representative of all the better fed than taught.-----Ho! ho! *Tom*, whither so gay and so airy this Morning?

Enter Tom, Singing.

Tom. Sir, we Servants of Single Gentlemen are another kind of People than you domestick ordinary Drudges that do Business: We are rais'd above you: The Pleasures of Board - Wages, Tavern-Dinners, and many a clear Gain; Vails, alas! you never heard or dreamt of.

Humph. Thou hast Follies and Vices enough for a Man of Ten thousand a Year, tho' 'tis but as t'other Day that I sent for you to Town, to put you into Mr. *Sealand's* Family, that you might learn a little before I put you to my young Master, who is too gentle for training such a rude thing as you were into proper Obedience-----You then pull'd off your Hat to every one you met in the Street, like a bashful great awkward Cub as you were. But your great Oaken Cudgel when you were a Booby, became you much better than that dangling Stick at your Button now you are a Fop. That's fit for nothing,

thing, except it hangs there to be ready for your Master's Hand when you are impertinent.

Tom. Uncle *Humphrey*, you know my Master scorns to strike his Servants. You talk as if the World was now, just as it was when my old Master and you were in your Youth----- when you went to dinner because it was so much a Clock, when the great Blow was given in the Hall at the Pantrey-door, and all the Family came out of their Holes in such strange dresses and formal faces as you see in the Pictures in our long Gallery in the Country.

Humph. Why, you wild Rogue !

Tom. You could not fall to your Dinner till a formal Fellow in a black Gown said something over the Meat, as if the Cook had not made it ready enough.

Humph. Sirrah, who do you prate after?----- Despising Men of Sacred Characters ? I hope you never heard my good young Master talk so like a Profligate.

Tom. Sir, I say you put upon me, when I first came to Town, about being Orderly, and the Doctrine of wearing Shams to make Linen last clean a Fortnight, keeping my Clothes fresh, and wearing a Frock within Doors.

Humph. Sirrah, I gave you those Lessons, because I suppos'd at that time your Master and you might have din'd at home every day, and cost you nothing ; then you might have made a
good

Family Servant. But the Gang you have frequented since at Chocolate Houses and Taverns, in a continual round of Noise and Extravagance---

Tom. I don't know what you heavy Inmates call Noise and Extravagance: but we Gentlemen, who are well fed, and cut a figure, Sir, think it a fine Life, and that we must be very pretty Fellows who are kept only to be looked at.

Humph. Very well, Sir, ----- I hope the Fashion of being lewd and extravagant, despising of Decency and Order, is almost at an End, since it is arrived at Persons of your Quality.

Tom. Master *Humphrey*, Ha! ha! you were an unhappy Lad to be sent up to Town in such Queer Days as you were: Why now, Sir, the Lacquies are the Men of Pleasure of the Age; the Top Gamesters; and many a lac'd Coat about Town have had their Education in our Party-colour'd Regiment, ----- We are false Lovers; have a Taste of Musick, Poetry, Billet-doux, Drefs, Politicks; ruin Damfels; and when we are weary of this lewd Town, and have a mind to take up, whip into our Masters Wigs and Linen, and marry Fortunes.

Humph. Hey-day!

Tom. Nay, Sir, our Order is carry'd up to the highest Dignities and Distinctions; step but into the *Painted Chamber*-----and by our Titles you'd take us all for Men of Quality-----then again come down to the *Court of Requests*,

B

and

and you shall see us all laying our broken Heads together for the Good of the Nation and tho' we never carry a Question *Nemine Contradicente*, yet this I can say with a safe Conscience, (and I wish every Gentleman of our Cloth could lay his Hand upon his Heart and say the same) that I never took so much as a single Mug of Beer for my Vote in all my Life.

Humph. Sirrah, there is no enduring your Extravagance; I'll hear you prate no longer. I wanted to see you, to enquire how things go with your Master, as far as you understand them; I suppose he knows he is to be married to-day.

Tom. Ay, Sir, he knows it, and is dress'd as gay as the Sun; but, between you and I, my Dear, he has a very heavy Heart under all that Gaiety. As soon as he was dress'd I retir'd, but overheard him sigh in the most heavy manner. He walk'd thoughtfully to and fro in the Room, then went into his Closet; when he came out, he gave me this for his Mistress, whose Maid you know-----

Humph. Is passionately fond of your fine Person.

Tom. The poor fool is so tender and loves to hear me talk of the World, and the Plays, Opera's and Ridotto's for the Winter: the Parks and *Bellsize*, for our Summer Diversions; and Lard! says she, you are so wild-----but you have a world of Humour.-----

Humph.

Humph. Coxcomb! Well, but why don't you run with your Master's Letter to Mrs. *Lucinda*, as he order'd you?

Tom. Because Mrs. *Lucinda* is not so easily come at as you think for.

Humph. Not easily come at? Why Sirrah, are not her Father and my old Master agreed that she and Mr. *Bevil* are to be One Flesh before to-morrow Morning?

Tom. It's no Matter for that; her Mother, it seems, Mrs. *Sealand*, has not agreed to it: and you must know, Mr. *Humphrey*, that in that Family the Gray Mare is the better Horse.

Humph. What dost thou mean!

Tom. In one Word, Mrs. *Sealand* pretends to have a Will of her own, and has provided a Relation of hers, a stiff, starch'd Philosopher, and a wise Fool for her Daughter; for which Reason for these then Days past, she has suffer'd no Message nor Letter from my Master to come near her.

Humph. And where had you this Intelligence?

Tom. From a foolish fond Soul that can keep nothing from me----- One that would deliver this Letter too, if she is rightly manag'd.

Humph. What! her pretty Hand-maid, Mrs. *Phillis*?

Tom. Even she, Sir, this is the very Hour, you know, she usually comes hither, under a

Pretence of a Visit to your Housekeeper for-
sooth, but in realiry ro have a Glance at -----

Humph. Your sweet Face, I warrant you.

Tom. Nothing else in Nature ; you must
know, I love to fret, and play with the little
Wanton.-----

Humph. Play with the little Wanton ! What
will this World come to !

Tom. I met her this Morning, in a new
Manteau and Petticoat, not a bit the worse for
her Lady's wearing : and she has always new
Thoughts and new Airs with new Clothes -----
then she never fails to steal some Glance or
Gesture from every Visitant at their House ; and
is indeed the whole Town of Coquets at second
hand. But here she comes ; in one Motion
she speaks and describes herself better than all
the Words in the World can.

Humph. Then I hope, dear Sir, when your
own Affair is over, you will be so good as to
mind your Master's with her.

Tom. Dear *Humphrey*, you know my Master
is my Friend, and those are People I never
forget-----

Humph. Sauciness it self ! but I'll leave you
to do your best for him.

Enter Phillis.

Phil. Oh, Mr. Thomas, is Mrs. Sugar-key
at home ?

----Lard,

-----Lard, one is almost ashamed to pass along the Streets. The Town is quite empty, and no body of Fashion left in it; and the ordinary People do so stare to see any thing (dress'd like a Woman of Condition) as it were on the same Floor with them, pass by. Alas! Alas! it is a sad thing to walk. O Fortune! Fortune!

Tom. What! a sad thing to walk? Why, Madam *Phillis*, do you wish your self lame?

Phil. No, Mr. *Tom*, but I wish I were generally carry'd in a Coach or Chair, and of a Fortune neither to stand nor go, but to totter, or slide, to be short-sighted, or stare, to flee in the Face, to look distant, to observe, to overlook, yet all become me; and, if I was rich, I could twine and loll as well as the best of them. Oh *Tom!* *Tom!* is it not a pity that you should be so great a Coxcomb, and I so great a Coquet, and yet be such poor Devils as we are?

Tom. Mrs. *Phillis*, I am your humble Servant for that-----

Phil. Yes, Mr. *Thomas*, I know how much you are my humble Servant, and know what you said to Mrs. *Judy*, upon seeing her in one of her Lady's Cast Mantles; That any one would have thought her the Lady, and that she had ordered the other to wear it till it sat easy---for now only it was becoming; -----To my Lady it was only a Covering, to Mrs. *Judy* it was a

Habit. This you said, after some Body or other. Oh *Tom* ! *Tom* ! thou art as false and as base, as the best Gentleman of them all : but, you Wretch, talk to me no more on the old odious Subject. Don't, I say.

Tom. I know not how to resist your Commands, Madam.

[*In a submissive Tone, retiring.*]

Phil. Commands about Parting are grown mighty easy to you of late.

Tom. O, I have her; I have nettled and put her into the right Temper to be wrought upon, and set a prating. [*Aside.*] ---- Why truly, to be plain with you, Mrs. *Phillis*, I can take little Comfort of late in frequenting your House.

Phil. Pray, Mr. *Thomas*, what is it all of a sudden offends your Nicety at our House ?

Tom. I don't care to speak Particulars, but I dislike the Whole.

Phil. I thank you, Sir, I am a Part of that Whole.

Tom. Mistake me not, good *Phillis*.

Phil. Good *Phillis* ! Saucy enough. But however -----

Tom. I say, it is, that thou art a Part, which gives me Pain for the Disposition of the Whole. You must know, Madam, to be serious, I am a Man, at the Bottom, of prodigious nice Honour. You are too much expos'd to Company at your House: To be plain, I don't like so many, that
would

would be your Mistrefs's Lovers, whispering to you.

Phil. Don't think to put that upon me. You say this, because I wrung you to the Heart, when I touch'd your guilty Conscience about *Judy*.

Tom. Ah *Phillis* ! *Phillis* ! if you but knew my Heart !

Phil. I know too much on't.

Tom. Nay then, poor *Crispo*'s Fate and mine are one. --- Therefore give me leave to say, or sing at least, as he does upon the same Occasion---

Se vedette, etc. [sings.]

Phil. What, do you think I'm to be fob'd off with a Song ! I don't question but you have sung the same to Mrs. *Judy* too.

Tom. Don't disparage your Charms, good *Phillis*, with Jealousy of so worthless an Object; besides, she is a poor Hussy, and if you doubt the Sincerity of my Love, you will allow me true to my Interest. You are a Fortune, *Phillis* ----

Phil. What would the Fop be at now ? In good time indeed, you shall be setting up for a Fortune !

Tom. Dear Mrs. *Phillis*, you have such a Spirit that we shall never be dull in Marriage, when we come together. But I tell you, you are a Fortune, and you have an Estate in my Hands. [*He pulls out a Purse, she eyes it.*]

Phil. What Pretence have I to what is in your Hands, Mr. *Tom* ?

Tom. As thus: there are Hours, you know, when a Lady is neither pleas'd or displeas'd, neither sick or well, when she lolls or loiters, when she's without Desires, from having more of every thing than she knows what to do with.

Phil. Well, what then ?

Tom. When she has not Life enough to keep her bright Eyes quite open to look at her own dear Image in the Glafs.

Phil. Explain thyself, and don't be so fond of thy own prating.

Tom. There are also prosperous and good-natur'd Moments, as when a Knot or a Patch is happily fix'd; when the Complexion particularly flourishes.

Phil. Well, what then? I have not Patience !

Tom. Why then ----- or on the like Occasions--we Servants who have Skill to know how to time Business, see when such a pretty folded thing as this [*shews a letter*] may be presented, laid, or dropp'd, as best suits the present Humour. And, Madam, because it is a long wearisom Journey to run through all the several Stages of a Lady's Temper, my Master, who is the most reasonable Man in the World, presents you this to bear your Charges on the Road.

[*Gives her the Purse.*]

Phil. Now you think me a corrupt Hussey.

Tom.

Tom. Oh fie, I only think you'll take the Letter.

Phil. Nay, I know you do, but I know my own Innocence; I take it for my Mistrefs's Sake.

Tom. I know it, my pretty one, I know it.

Phil. Yes, I say I do it because I would not have my Mistrefs deluded by one who gives no Proof of his Passion; but I'll talk more of this, as you see me on my Way home ----- No, *Tom*, I assure thee, I take this Trash of thy Master's not for the Value of the thing, but as it convinces me he has a true Respect for my Mistrefs. I remember a Verse to the Purpose.

*They may be false who languish and complain,
But they who part with Money never feign.*
(*Exeunt.*)

SCENE II.

Bevil Junior's Lodgings.

Bevil Junior, *Reading.*

Bev. Jun. **T**hese Moral Writers practise Virtue after Death. This charming Vision of *Mirza*! such an Author consulted in a Morning, sets the Spirit for the Vicissitudes of the Day, better than the Glass does a Man's Person: But what a Day have I to go thro'! to put on an easy

Look with an aking Heart. ---- If this Lady my Father urges me to marry should not refuse me, my Dilemma is unsupportable. But why should I fear it? is not she in equal Distress with me? has not the Letter, I have sent her this Morning, confest my Inclination to another! Nay, have I not moral Assurances of her Engagements too, to my Friend *Myrtle*? It's impossible but she must give in to it: For, sure to be deny'd is a Favour any Man may pretend to. It must be so ----- Well then, with the Assurance of being rejected, I think I may confidently say to my Father, I am ready to marry her ---- Then let me resolve upon (what I am not very good at, tho' it is) an honest Dissimulation.

Enter Tom.

Tom. Sir *John Bevil*, Sir, is in the next Room.

Bev. Jun. Dunce! Why did you not bring him in?

Tom. I told him, Sir, you were in your Closet.)

Bev. Jun. I thought you had known, Sir, it was my Duty to see my Father any where.

[*Going himself to the Door.*

Tom. The Devil's in my Master! he has always more Wit than I have. [*Aside.*

Bevil

Bevil Jun. *introducing Sir John.*

Bev. Jun. Sir, you are the most Gallant, the most Complaisant of all Parents ----- Sure 'tis not a Compliment to say these Lodgings are yours--- Why wou'd you not walk in, Sir?

Sir J. Bev. I was loth to interrupt you unseasonably on your Wedding-day.

Bev. Jun. One to whom I am beholden for my Birth day, might have used less Ceremony.

Sir J. Bev. Well, Son, I have Intelligence you have writ to your Mistrefs this Morning: It would please my Curiosity to know the Contents of a Wedding-day Letter; for Courtship must then be over.

Bdv. Jun. I assure you, Sir, there was no Insolence in it, upon the prospectt of such a vast Fortune's being added to our Family; but much Acknowledgment of the Lady's greater Desert.

Sir J. Bev. But, dear *Jack*, are you in earnest in all this! And will you really marry her!

Bev. Jun. Did I ever disobey Command of yours, Sir? nay, any Inclination that I saw you bent upon?

Sir J. Bev. Why, I can't say you have, Son; but me thinks in this whole Business, you have not been so warm as I could have wish'd you: You have visited her, it is true, but you have
not

not been particular. Every one knows you can say and do as handfom Things as any Man, but you have done nothing, but liv'd in the General; been Complaisant only.

Bev. Jun. As I am ever prepar'd to marry if you bid me, so I am ready to let it alone if you will have me. [*Humphrey enters unobserv'd.*

Sir J. Bev. Look you there now! why what am I to think of this so absolute and so indifferent a Resignation?

Bev. Jun. Think! that I am still your Son, Sir, --- Sir, --- you have been married, and I have not. And you have, Sir, found the Inconvenience there is, when a Man weds with too much Love in his Head. I have been told, Sir, that at the Time you married, you made a mighty Bustle on the Occasion. There was challenging and fighting, scaling Walls ---- locking up the Lady ----- and the Gallant under an Arrest for fear of killing all his Rivals ---- Now, Sir, I suppose you having found the ill Consequences of these strong Passions and Prejudices; in preference of one Woman to another, in case of a Man's becoming a Widower ----

Sir J. Bev. How is this!

Bev. Jun. I say, Sir, Experience has made you wiser in your Care of me ---- for, Sir, since you lost my dear Mother, your Time has been so heavy, so lonely, and so tasteless, that you are so good as to guard me against the like
Unhappiness

Unhappiness, by marrying me prudentially by way of Bargain and Sale. For, as you well judge, a Woman that is espous'd for a Fortune, is yet a better Bargain, if she dies; for then a Man still enjoys what he did marry, the Money; and is disencumber'd of what he did not marry, the Woman.

Sir J. Bev. But pray, Sir, do you think *Lucinda* then a Woman of such little Merit?

Bev. Jun. Pardon me, Sir, I don't carry it so far neither; I am rather afraid I shall like her too well; she has, for one of her Fortune, a great many needless and superfluous good Qualities.

Sir J. Bev. I am afraid, Son, there's something I don't see yet, something that's smother'd under all this Raillery.

Bev. Jun. Not in the least, Sir: If the Lady is dress'd and ready, you see I am. I suppose the Lawyers are ready too.

Humph. This may grow warm, if I don't interpose. [Aside.

Sir, Mr. *Sealand* is at the Coffee-house, and has sent to speak with you.

Sir J. Bev. Oh! that's well! Then I warrant the Lawyers are ready. Son, you'll be in the Way, you say-----

Bev. Jun. If you please, Sir, I'll take a Chair, and go to Mr. *Sealand's*, where the young Lady and I will wait your Leisure.

Sir J. Bev.

Sir J. Bev. By no means----The old Fellow will be so vain, if he sees ----

Bev. Jun. Ay ----but the young Lady, Sir, will think me so indifferent-----

Humph. Ay ----there you are right ---- press your Readiness to go to the Bride ---- he won't let you. [*Aside to Bevil jun.*

Bev. Jun. Are you sure of that?

[*Aside to Humph.*

Humph. How he likes being prevented.

[*Aside.*

Sir J. Bev. No, no: You are an Hour or two too early. [*Looking on his Watch.*

Bev. Jun. You'll allow me, Sir, to think it too late to visit a beautiful, virtuous young Woman, in the Pride and bloom of Life; ready to give her self to my Arms: and to place her Happiness or Misery, for the future, in being agreeable or displeasing to me, is a ---- Call a Chair.

Sir J. Bev. No, no, no, dear *Jack*; this *Sealand* is a moody old Fellow: There's no dealing with some People, but by managing with Indifference. We must leave to him the Conduct of this Day. It is the last of his commanding his Daughter.

Bev. Jun. Sir, he can't take it ill, that I am impatient to be hers.

Sir J. Bev. Pray let me govern in this Matter: you can't tell how humourfome old Fellows are: ----

are : -- There's no offering Reason to some of'em, especially when they are rich ---- If my Son should see him, before I've brought old *Sealand* into better Temper, the Match would be impracticable. [*Aside.*

Humph. Pray, Sir, let me beg you to let Mr. *Bevil* go.-----See whether he will or not.

[*Aside to Sir John.*]

----- (*Then to Bev.*) Pray, Sir, command yourself ; since you see my Master is positive, it is better you should not go.

Bev. Jun. My Father commands me, as to the Object of my Affections : but I hope he will not, as to the Warmth and Height of them.

Sir J. Bev. So ! I must even leave things as I found them : And in the meam time, at least, keep Old *Sealand* out of his sight.---- Well, Son, I'll go myself and take Orders in your Affair----- You'll be in the way, I suppose, if I send to you ----- I'll leave your Old Friend with you-----

Humphrey ----- don't let him stir, d'ye hear : Your Servant, your Servant. [*Exit Sir John.*

Humph. I have a sad time on't, Sir, between you and my Master ----- I see you are unwilling, and I know his violent Inclinations for the Match---- I must betray neither, and yet deceive you both, for your common Good ----- Heav'n grant a good End of this matter : But there is a Lady, Sir, that gives your Father much Trouble and Sorrow ---- You'll pardon me.

Bev. Jun.

Bev. Jun. Humphrey, I know thou art a Friend to both ; and in that Confidence, I dare tell thee ---- That Lady ---- is a Woman of Honour and Virtue. You may assure your self, I never will marry without my Father's Consent : But give me leave to say too, this Declaration does not come up to a Promise, that I will take whomsoever he pleases.

Humph. Come Sir, I wholly understand you: You would engage my Services to free you from this Woman, whom my Master intends you, to make way, in time, for the Woman you have really a mind to.

Bev. Jun. Honest *Humphrey*, you have always been an useful Friend to my Father, and my self; I beg you continue your good Offices, and don't let us come to the Necessity of a Dispute; for if we should dispute, I must either part with more than Life, or lose the best of Fathers.

Humph. My dear Master, were I but worthy to know this Secret that so near concerns you, my Life, my All should be engag'd to serve you. This, Sir, I dare promise, that I am sure I will and can be secret: your Trust, at worst, but leaves you where you were; and if I cannot serve you, I will at once be plain, and tell you so.

Bev. Jun. That's all I ask: Thou hast made it now my Interest to trust thee ---- Be patient then, and hear the Story of my Heart.

Humph.

Humph. I am all Attention, Sir,

Bev. Jun. You may remember, *Humphrey*, that in my last Travels, my Father grew uneasy at my making so long a Stay at *Toulon*.

Humph. I remember it; he was apprehensive some Woman had lain hold of you.

Bev. Jun. His fears were just, for there I first saw this Lady: She is of *English* Birth: her Father's Name was *Danvers*, a younger Brother of an ancient Family, and originally an eminent Merchant of *Bristol*; who upon repeated Misfortunes, was reduced to go privately to the *Indies*. In this Retreat Providence again grew favourable to his Industry, and, in six Years time, restored him to his former Fortunes: On this he sent Directions over, that his Wife and little Family should follow him to the *Indies*. His Wife, impatient to obey such welcome Orders, would not wait the leisure of a Convoy, but took the first occasion of a single Ship, and with her husband's Sister only, and this Daughter, then scarce seven Year's old, undertook the fatal Voyage: For here, poor Creature, she lost her Liberty, and Life; she, and her Family, with all they had, were unfortunately taken by a Privateer from *Toulon*. Being thus made a Prisoner, though, as such, not ill treated, yet the Fright, the Shock and cruel Disappointment, seiz'd with such Violence upon her unhealthy Frame, she sicken'd, pin'd, and died at Sea.

C

Humph.

Humph. Poor Soul! O the helpless Infant!

Bev. Jun. Her Sister yet surviv'd, and had the care of her: The Captain too prov'd to have Humanity, and became a Father to her; for having himself married an *English* Woman, and being Childless, he brought home into *Toulon* this her little Country-woman; presenting her, with all her dead Mother's Moveables of Value to his Wife, to be educated as his own adopted Daughter.

Humph. Fortune here seem'd, again, to smile on her.

Bev. Jun. Only to make her Frowns more terrible: For, in this Height of Fortune, this Captain too, her Benefactor, unfortunately was kill'd at Sea, and dying intestate, his Estate fell wholly to an Advocate his Brother, who coming soon to take possession, there found (among his other Riches) this blooming Virgin, at his Mercy.

Humph. He durst not sure abuse his Power!

Bev. Jun. No wonder if his pamper'd Blood was fired at the sight of her-----in short, he lov'd; but when all Arts and gentle Means had fail'd to move, he offer'd too his Menaces in vain, denouncing vengeance on her cruelty; demanding her to account for all her Maintenance, from her Childhood; seiz'd on her little Fortune, as his own Inheritance, and was dragging her by violence to Prison; when Providence at the
Instant

Instant interposed, and sent me, by Miracle, to relieve her.

Humph. 'T was Providence indeed ; But, pray Sir, after all this Trouble, how came this Lady at last to *England*?

Bev. Jun. The disappointed Advocate, finding she had so unexpected a Support, on cooler Thoughts, descended to a Composition; which I, without her knowledge, secretly discharg'd.

Humph. That generous Concealment made the Obligation double.

Bev. Jun. Having thus obtain'd her Liberty, I prevail'd, not without some Difficulty, to see her safe to *England*; where no sooner arriv'd, but my Father, jealous of my being imprudently engaged, immediately proposed this other fatal Match that hangs upon my Quiet.

Humph. I find, Sir, you are irrecoverably fix'd upon this Lady.

Bev. Jun. As my vital Life dwells in my Heart ----- and yet you see -- what I do to please my Father: Walk in this Pageantry of Drefs, this splendid Covering of Sorrow ----- But, *Humphrey*, you have your Lesson.

Humph. Now, Sir, I have but one material Question, -----

Bev. Jun. Ask it freely.

Humph. Is it, then, your own passion for this secret Lady, or hers for you, that gives
C 2 you

you this Aversion to the Match your Father has proposed you ?

Bev. Jun. I shall appear, *Humphrey*, more romantick in my Answer, than in all the rest of my story ; For tho' I dote on her to death, and have no little reason to believe she has the same thoughts for me ; yet in all my Acquaintance, and utmost privacies with her, I never once directly told her, that I loved.

Humph. How was it possible to avoid it ?

Bev. Jun. My tender Obligations to my Father have laid so inviolable a Restraint upon my Conduct that' till I have his Consent to speak, I am determin'd, on that Subject, to be dumb for ever. -----

Humph. Well Sir, to your Praise be it spoken, you are certainly the most unfashionable Lover in *Great-Britain*.

Enter Tom.

Tom. Sir, Mr. *Myrtle*'s at the next door, and if you are at leisure, will be glad to wait on you.

Bev. Jun. Whenever he pleases --- hold *Tom*, did you receive no Answer to my Letter ?

Tom. Sir I was desired to call again ; for I was told, her Mother would not let her be out of her Sight ; but about an Hour hence, Mrs. *Phillis* said I should have one.

Bev. Jun. Very well.

Humph.

Humph. Sir, I will take another Opportunity: In the mean time, I only think it proper to tell you, that from a secret I know, you may appear to your Father as forward as you please, to marry *Lucinda*, without the least Hazard of its coming to a Conclusion ---- Sir, your most obedient Servant.

Bev. Jun. Honest *Humphrey*, continue but my Friend, in this Exigence, and you shall always find me yours. [*Exit Humph.*

I long to hear how my Letter has succeeded with *Lucinda* ----- but I think, it cannot fail: for, at worst, were it possible she could take it ill, her Resentment of my indifference may as probably occasion a Delay as her taking it right. --- Poor *Myrtle*, what Terrors must he be in all this while! ----- Since he knows she is offer'd to me, and refused to him, there is no conversing or taking any Measures with him, for his own Service. ----- But I ought to bear with my Friend, and use him as one in Adversity;

All his Disquietudes by my own I prove.

The greatest Grief's Perplexity in Love.

(*Exeunt.*



ACT I. SCENE II.

SCENE *continues*

Enter Bevil Jun. and Tom.

Tom. Sir, Mr. *Myrtle*.

Bev. Jun. Very well, ---- do you step again, and wait for an Answer to my Letter.

Enter Myrtle.

Bev. Jun. Well *Charles*, why so much Care in thy Countenance? Is there any thing in the World deserves it? You, who used to be so gay, so open, so vacant!

Myrt. I think we have of late changed Complexions. You, who used to be much the graver Man, are now all Air in your Behaviour ---- But the Cause of my Concern, may, for aught I know, be the same Object that gives you all this Satisfaction. In a word, I am told that you are this very Day (and your Dress confirms me in it) to be married to *Lucinda*.

Bev. Jun. You are not misinform'd. ---- Nay, put not on the Terrors of a Rival, 'till you hear me out, I shall disoblige the best of Fathers, if I don't seem ready to marry *Lucinda*; And you know I have ever told you, you might make use of my secret Resolution never to marry her, for your own Service, as you please. But I am
now

now driven to the extremity of immediately refusing, or complying, unless you help me to escape the Match.

Myrt. Escape? Sir, neither her Merit nor her Fortune are below your Acceptance. -- -- Escaping, do you call it!

Bev. Jun. Dear Sir, do you wish I should desire the Match?

Myrt. No ---- but such is my humourous and sickly state of Mind, since it has been able to relish nothing but *Lucinda*, that tho' I must owe my Happiness to your Aversion to this Marriage, I can't bear to hear her spoken of with Levity or Unconcern.

Bev. Jun. Pardon me, Sir; I shall transgress that way no more. She has Understanding, Beauty, Shape, Complexion, Wit ----

Myrt. Nay, dear *Bevil*, don't speak of her as if you loved her, neither.

Bev. Jun. Why then, to give you Ease at once, tho' I allow *Lucinda* to have good Sense, Wit, Beauty and Virtue; I know another, in whom these Qualities appear to me more amiable than in her.

Myrt. There you spoke like a reasonable and good-natured Friend. When you acknowledge her Merit, and own your Prepossession for another, at once, you gratify my Fondness, and cure my Jealousy.

Bev. Jun. But all this while you take no notice, you have no Apprehension of another Man, that has twice the Fortune of either of us.

Myrt. Cimberton! Hang him, a formal, philosophical, pedantick Coxcomb ---- For the Sot, with all these crowd Notions of divers Things, under the Direction of great Vanity, and very little Judgment shews his strongest Bias is Avarice; Which is so predominant in him, that he will examine the Limbs of his Mistress with the Caution of a Jockey, and pays no more Compliment to her personal Charms, than if she were a mere breeding Animal.

Bev. Jun. Are you sure that is not affected? I have known some Women sooner set on fire by that sort of negligence, than by ----

Myrt. No, no; hang him, the Rogue has no Art, it is pure simple Insolence and Stupidity.

Bev. Jun. Yet, with all this, I don't take him for a Fool.

Myrt. I own the Man is not a Natural; he has a very quick Sense, tho' very slow Understanding ----- He says indeed many things, that want only the Circumstances of Time and Place to be very just and agreeable.

Bev. Jun. Well, you may be sure of me, if you can disappoint him, but my Intelligence says, the Mother has actually sent for the Conveyancer to draw Articles for his Marriage with
Lucin-

Lucinda, tho' those for mine with her, are by her Father's Orders, ready for signing: but it seems she has not thought fit to consult either him or his Daughter in the Matter.

Myrt. Pshaw! A poor troublesome Woman--- Neither *Lucinda* nor her Father will ever be brought to comply with it, ---- besides, I am sure *Cimberton* can make no Settlement upon her, without the Concurrence of his great Uncle Sir *Geoffry* in the West.

Bev. Jun. Well Sir, and I can tell you, that's the very Point that is now laid before her Counsel; to know whether a firm settlement can be made, without this Uncle's actual joining in it. ---- Now pray consider, Sir, when my Affair with *Lucinda* comes, as it soon must to an open Rupture, how are you sure that *Cimberton's* Fortune may not then tempt her Father too, to hear his Proposals?

Myrt. There you are right indeed, that must be provided against--- Do you know who are her Counsel?

Bev. Jun. Yes, for your Service I have found out that too, they are Serjeant *Bramble* and Old *Target* ---- by the way, they are neither of 'em known in the Family, now I was thinking why you might not put a couple of false Counsel upon her, to delay and confound Matters a little ---- besides, it may probably let you into the bottom of her whole Design against you.

Myrt. As how pray?

Bev. Jun. Why, can't you slip on a black Wig and a Gown, and be Old *Bramble* your self?

Myrt. Ha! I don't dislike it --- but what shall I do for a Brother in the Case?

Bev. Jun. What think you of my Fellow, *Tom*? the Rogue's intelligent, and is a good Mimick, all his Part will be but to stutter heartily, for that's Old *Target's* Case --- Nay, it would be an immoral thing to mock him, were it not that his Impertinence is the occasion of its breaking out to that Degree --- the Conduct of the Scene will chiefly lie upon you.

Myrt. I like it of all things; if you'll send *Tom* to my Chambers, I will give him full Instructions: This will certainly give me Occasion to raise difficulties, to puzzle, or confound her Project for a while, at least.

Bev. Jun. I'll warrant you Success: so far we are right then: And now, *Charles*, your Apprehension of my marrying her, is all you have to get over.

Myrt. Dear *Bevil*! tho' I know you are my Friend, yet when I abstract my self from my own Interest in the thing, I know no Objection she can make to you, or you to her, and therefore hope ---

Bev. Jun. Dear *Myrtle*, I am as much obliged to you for the Cause of your Suspicion as
I am

I am offended at the Effect: But be assured, I am taking measures for your certain Security, and that all things with regard to me will end in your entire Satisfaction.

Myrt. Well, I'll promise you to be as easy and as confident as I can, tho' I can not but remember that I have more than Life at stake on your Fidelity. [Going.

Bev. Jun. Then depend upon it, you have no Chance against you.

Myrt. Nay, no Ceremony, you know I must be going. [Exit Myrtle.

Bev. Jun. Well! this is another Instance of the Perplexities which arise too, in faithful Friendship: We must often, in this Life, go on in our good Offices, even under the Displeasure of those to whom we do them, in Compassion to their Weaknesses and Mistakes ---- But all this while poor *Indiana* is tortured with the Doubt of me! she has no Support or Comfort, but in my Fidelity, yet sees me daily press'd to Marriage with another! How painful, in such a Crisis, must be every hour she thinks on me! I'll let her see, at least, my Conduct to her is not changed: I'll take this Opportunity to visit her; for tho' the religious Vow, I have made to my Father, restrains me from ever marrying without his Approbation, yet that confines me not from seeing a virtuous Woman, that is the pure Delight of my Eyes, and the guiltless joy of

of my Heart : But the best Condition of Human Life is but a gentler Misery.

*To hope for perfect Happiness is vain,
And Love has ever its Allays of Pain.*

[Exit.

Enter Isabella, and Indiana in her own Lodgings.

Isabel. Yes - -- I say 'tis Artifice, dear Child; I say to thee again and again, 'tis all Skill and Management.

Ind. Will you persuade me there can be an ill Design, in supporting me in the Condition of a Woman of Quality! attended, dress'd, and lodg'd like one, in my Appearance abroad, and my Furniture at home, every way in the most sumptuous manner, and he that does it has an Artifice, a Design in it?

Isab. Yes, yes.

Ind. And all this without so much as explaining to me, that all about me comes from him!

Isabel. Ay, ay, ---- the more for that ---- that keeps the Title to all you have the more in him!

Ind. The more in him! ---- He scorns the thought ----

Isab. Then He ---- He ---- He ----

Ind. Well, be not so eager. ---- If he is an ill Man, let us look into his Stratagems- Here is another of them. [Shewing a Letter]. Here's two hundred and fifty Pound in Bank Notes, with

with these words, „ To pay for the Set of „ Dressing - plate, which will be brought home tomorrow', Why dear Aunt, now here's another Piece of Skill for you, which I own I cannot comprehend ---- and it is with a bleeding Heart I hear you say any thing to the Disadvantage of Mr. Bevil. When he is present, I look upon him as one to whom I owe my Life, and the Support of it; Then again, as the Man who loves me with Sincerity and Honour. When his eyes are cast another way, and I dare survey him, my heart is painfully divided between Shame and Love ---- Oh could I tell you: ----

Ifabel. Ah! You need not: I imagine all this for you.

Ind. This is my State of Mind in his Presence; and when he is absent, you are ever dinning my Ears with Notions of the Arts of Men, that his hidden Bounty, his respectful Conduct, his careful Provision for me, after his preserving me from utmost Misery, are certain Signs he means nothing, but to make I know not what of me?

Ifab. Oh! You have a sweet Opinion of him truly.

Ind. I have, when I am with him, ten thousand Things, besides my Sex's natural Decency and Shame, to suppress my Heart, that yearns to thank, to praise, to say it loves him: I say, thus it is with me while I see him; and in his
absence

absence I am entertain'd with nothing but your Endeavours to tear this amiable Image from my Heart; and in its stead to place a base Dissembler, an artful Invader of my Happiness, my Innocence, my Honour.

Isab. Ah poor Soul! has not his Plot taken? don't you die for him? has not the way he has taken, been the most proper with you! Oh! oh! he has Sense, and has judg'd the thing right.

Ind. Go on then, since nothing can answer you: say what you will of him. Heigh! ho!

Isab. Heigh! ho! indeed. It is better to say so, as you are now, than as many others are. There are among the Destroyers of Women, the Gentle, the Generous, the Mild, the Affable, the Humble, who all, soon after their Success in their Designs, turn to the contrary of those Characters. I will own to you, Mr. *Bevil* carries his Hypocrisy the best of any Man living, but still he is a Man, and therefore a Hypocrite. They have usurp'd an Exemption from Shame, for any Baseness, any Cruelty towards us. They embrace without Love; they make Vows, without Conscience of Obligation; they are Partners, nay, Seducers to the Crime, wherein they pretend to be less guilty.

Ind. That's truly observ'd. [*Aside.*
But what's all this to *Bevil*?

Isab.

Isab. This is to *Bevil*, and all Mankind. Trust not those, who will think the worse of you for your Confidence in them. Serpents, who lie in wait for Doves. Won't you be on your guard against those who would betray you? Won't you doubt those who would contemn you for believing 'em? Take it from me: Fair and natural Dealing is to invite Injuries, 'tis bleating to escape Wolves who would devour you! Such is the World, --- and such (since the Behaviour of one Man to my self) have I believed all the rest of the Sex. [*Aside.*

Ind. I will not doubt the Truth of *Bevil*, I will not doubt it; He has not spoke it by an Organ that is given to lying: His Eyes are all that have ever told me that he was mine: I know his Virtue, I know his filial Piety, and ought to trust his Management with a Father, to whom he has uncommon Obligations. What have I to be concern'd for? my Lesson is very short. If he takes me for ever, my Purpose of Life is only to please him. If he leaves me (which Heaven avert) I know he'll do it nobly; and I shall have nothing to do but to learn to die, after worse than Death has happen'd to me.

Isab. Ay, do, persist in your credulity, flatter your self that a man of his figure and Fortune will make himself the least of the Town, and marry a handsom Beggar for Love.

Ind.

Ind. The Town! I must tell you, Madam, the Fools that laugh at Mr. *Bevil*, will but make themselves more ridiculous; his Actions are the Result of Thinking, and he has Sense enough to make even Virtue fashionable.

Isab. O' my Conscience he has turn'd her head ---- Come, come; if he were the honest Fool you take him for, why has he kept you here these three Weeks, without sending you to *Bristol*, in search of your Father, your Family, and your Relations!

Ind. I am convinced he still designs it; and that nothing keeps him here, but the Necessity of not coming to a Breach with his Father, in regard to the Match he has propos'd him: Beside, has he not writ to *Bristol*? and has not he Advice that my Father has not been heard of there, almost these twenty Years!

Isab. All Sham, meer Evasion; he is afraid, if he should carry you thither, your honest Relations may take you out of his hands, and so blow up his wicked Hopes at once.

Ind. Wicked Hopes! did I ever give him any such?

Isab. Has he ever given you any honest ones? can you say, in your Conscience, he has ever once offer'd to marry you!

Ind. No! but by his Behaviour I am convinced he will offer it, the Moment 'tis in his Power,

Power, or consistent with his Honour, to make such a Promise good to me.

Ifab. His Honour!

Ind. I will rely upon it; therefore desire you will not make my Life uneasy by these ungrateful Jealousies of one, to whom I am, and wish to be obliged: For from his Integrity alone, I have resolved to hope for Happiness.

Ifab. Nay, I have done my Duty; if you won't see, at your Peril be it. ----

Ind. Let it be ---- This is his Hour of visiting me.

Ifab. Oh! to be sure, keep up your Form; don't see him in a Bed-chamber: This is pure Prudence, when she is liable, where-ever he meets her, to be convey'd where-e'er he pleases.

[*Apart.*

Ind. All the rest of my Life is but waiting'till he comes: I live only when I'm with him.

[*Exit.*

Ifab. Well, go thy ways, thou wilful Innocent! I once had almost as much love for a Man, who poorly left me, to marry an Estate ---- And I am now, against my will, what they call an old Maid ---- but I will not let the Peevishness of that Condition grow upon me ---- only keep up the Suspicion of it, to prevent this Creature's being any other than a Virgin, except upon proper Terms.

[*Exit.*

D

Re-enter

Re-enter Indiana *speaking to a Servant.*

Ind. Desire Mr. *Bevil* to walk in --- Design! impossible! A base designing Mind could never think of what he hourly puts in Practice--- And yet, since the late Rumour of his Marriage, he seems more reserv'd than formerly ---- he sends in too, before he sees me, to know if I am at leisure ---- such new respect may cover Coldness in the Heart ---- it certainly makes me thoughtful --- I'll know the worst at once; I'll lay such fair occasions in his way, that it shall be impossible to avoid an Explanation ---- for these Doubts are insupportable! ---- But see! he comes, and clears them all.

Enter Bev. Junior.

Bev. Jun. Madam, your most Obedient ---- I'm afraid I broke in upon your Rest last Night ---- 'twas very late before we parted; but 'twas your own Fault; I never saw you in such agreeable Humour.

Ind. I am extremely glad we were both pleas'd; for I thought I never saw better Company.

Bev. Jun. Me, Madam! you rally: I said very little.

Ind. But, I am afraid, you heard me say a great deal; and when a Woman is in the talking Vein, the most agreeable thing a Man can do, you know, is to have Patience, to hear her.

Bev. Jun.

Bev. Jun. Then 'tis pity, Madam, you should ever be silent, that we might be always agreeable to one another.

Ind. If I had your Talent, or Power, to make my Actions speak for me, I might indeed be silent, and yet pretend to something more than the Agreeable.

Bev. Jun. If I might be vain of any thing in my Power, Madam, 'tis that my Understanding, from all your Sex, has mark'd you out, as the most deserving Object of my Esteem.

Ind. Should I think I deserve this, 'twere enough to make my Vanity forfeit the very Esteem you offer me.

Bev. Jun. How so, Madam?

Ind. Because Esteem is the Result of Reason, and to deserve it from good Sense, the Height of Human Glory; Nay, I had rather a Man of Honour should pay me that, than all the Homage of a sincere and humble Love.

Bev. Jun. You certainly distinguish right, Madam; Love often kindles from external Merit only ----

Ind. But Esteem arises from a higher Source, the Merit of the Soul ----

Bev. Jun. True ---- And great Souls only can deserve it. [bowing respectfully.]

Ind. Now, I think, they are greater still, that can so charitably part with it.

Bev. Jun. Now, Madam, you make me vain, since the utmost Pride, and Pleasure of my Life is, that I esteem you ---- as I ought ----

Ind. [*Aside,*] As he ought! still more perplexing! he neither saves nor kills my Hope.

Bev. Jun. But, Madam, we grow grave, methinks ---- let's find some other Subject ---- Pray how did you like the Opera last Night?

Ind. First give me leave to thank you for my Tickets.

Bev. Jun. O! your Servant, Madam ---- But pray tell me, you now, who are never partial to the Fashion I fancy, must be the properest Judge of a mighty Dispute among the Ladies, that is, whether *Crispo* or *Griselda* is the more agreeable Entertainment.

Ind. With Submission now, I cannot be a proper Judge of this Question.

Bev. Jun. How so, Madam?

Ind. Because I find I have a Partiality for one of them.

Bev. Jun. Pray which is that?

Ind. I do not know ---- there's something in that rural Cottage of *Griselda*, her forlorn Condition, her Poverty, her Solitude, her Resignation, her innocent Slumbers, and that lulling *Dolce Sogno* that's fung over her; it had an Effect upon me, that ---- in short I never was so well deceived, at any of them.

Bev. Jun.

Bev. Jun. O! Now then, I can account for the Dispute: *Griselda*, it seems, is the Distress of an injur'd innocent Woman: *Crispo*, that only of a Man in the same Condition; therefore the Men are mostly concerned for *Crispo*, and by a natural Indulgence, both Sexes for *Griselda*.

Ind. So that Iudgment, you think, ought to be for one, tho' Fancy and Complaisance have got Ground for the other. Well! I believe you will never give me leave to dispute with you on any Subject; for I own, *Crispo* has its Charms for me too: Tho' in the main, all the Pleasure the best Opera gives us, is but mere Sensation ---- Methinks it's Pity the Mind can't have a little more share in the Entertainment ---- The Musick's certainly fine; but, in my Thoughts, there's none of your Composers come up to Old *Shakespear* and *Otway*.

Bev. Jun. How, Madam! why if a Woman of your Sense were to say this in the Drawing-Room ----

Enter a Servant.

Serv. Sir, here's Signior *Carbonelli* says he waits your Commands, in the next Room.

Bev. Jun. A propos! You were saying yesterday, Madam, you had a mind to hear him --- will you give him leave to entertain you now.

Ind. By all means : desire the Gentleman to walk in. *[Exit Servant.]*

Bev. Jun. I fancy you will find something in this Hand, that is uncommon.

Ind. You are always finding ways, Mr. *Bevil*, to make life seem less tedious to me. ----

Enter Musik Master.

When the Gentleman pleases.

After a Sonata is play'd, Bevil Junior waits on the Master to the Door, etc.

Bev. Jun. You smile, Madam, to see me so complaisant to one, whom I pay for his Visit : Now, I own, I think it not enough barely to pay those, whose Talents are superior to our own (I mean such Talents as, would become our Condition, if we had them.) Methinks we ought to do something more, than barely gratify them, for what they do at our Command, only because their Fortune is below us.

Ind. You say I smile : I assure you it was a smile of Approbation ; for indeed I cannot but think it the distinguishing Part of a Gentleman, to make his Superiority of Fortune as easy to his Inferiors as he can. ---- Now once more to try him *[Aside.]* ---- I was saying just now, I believed you would never let me dispute with you, and I dare say it will always be so : However I must have your Opinion upon a Subject, which created a debate between my Aunt and me, just before

before you came hither; she would needs have it, that no Man ever does any extraordinary Kindness or Service for a Woman, but for his own sake.

Bev. Jun. Well Madam! indeed I can't but be of her Mind.

Ind. What though he would maintain, and support her without demanding any thing of her on her part?

Bev. Jun. Why, Madam, is making an Expence in the Service of a Valuable Woman (for such I must suppose her) though she should never do him any Favour, nay, though she should never know who did her such Service, such a mighty Heroik Business!

Ind. Certainly! I should think he must be a Man of an uncommon Mold.

Bev. Jun. Dear Madam, why so? 'tis but, at best, a better Taste in Expence: To bestow upon one, whom he may think one of the Ornaments of the whole Creation, to be conscious, that from his Superfluity, an Innocent, a Virtuous Spirit is supported above the Temptations and Sorrows of Life! That he sees Satisfaction, Health and Gladness in her Countenance, while he enjoys the Happiness of seeing her (as that I will suppose too, or he must be too abstracted, too insensible) I say, if he is allowed to delight in that Prospect; alas! what mighty Matter is there, in all this?

Ind. No mighty Matter, in so disinterested a Friendship !

Bev. Jun. Disinterested ! I can't think him so ; your Hero, Madam, is no more, than what every Gentleman ought to be, and I believe very many are ---- He is only one, who takes more Delight in Reflexions than in Sensations : He is more pleased with Thinking, than Eating ; that's the utmost you can say of him ----- Why, Madam a greater Expence, than all this, Men lay out upon an unnecessary Stable of Horses.

Ind. Can you be sincere in what you say ?

Bev. Jun. You may depend upon it, if you know any such Man, he does not love Dogs inordinately.

Ind. No, that he does not.

Bev. Jun. Nor Cards, nor Dice.

Ind. No.

Bev. Jun. Nor Bottle Companions.

Ind. No.

Bev. Jun. Nor loose Women.

Ind. No, I'm sure he does not.

Bev. Jun. Take my Word then, if your admired Hero is not liable to any of these kind of Demands, there's no such Preeminence in this, as you imagine : Nay this Way of Expence you speak of, is what exalts and raises him that has a Taste for it : And at the same time, his Delight is incapable of Satiety, Disgust or Penitence.

Ind.

Ind. But still I insist his having no private Interest in the Action, makes it prodigious, almost incredible.

Bev. Jun. Dear Madam, I never knew you more mistaken: Why, who can be more an Usurer, than he, who lays out his Money in such valuable Purchases? If Pleasure be worth purchasing, how great a Pleasure is it to him, who has a true Taste of Life, to ease an aching Heart, to see the human Countenance lighted up into Smiles of Joy, on the Receipt of a Bit of Oar, which is superfluous, and otherwise useless in a Man's own Pocket? What could a Man do better with his Cash! This is the effect of an human Disposition, where there is only a general Tye of Nature, and common Necessity. What then must it be, when we serve an Object of Merit, of Admiration!

Ind. Well! the more you argue against it, the more I shall admire the Generosity.

Bev. Jun. Nay ---- Then Madam 'tis time to fly, after a Declaration, that my Opinion strengthens my Adversary's Argument ---- I had best hasten to my Appointment with Mr. *Myrtle*, and be gone, while we are Friends, and --- before things are brought to an Extremity ----

[*Exit carelessly.*]

Enter Isabella.

Isab. Well, Madam, what think you of him now, pray?

Ind. I protest, I begin to fear he is wholly disinterested in what he does for me; On my Heart, he has no other View, but the meer Pleasure of doing it, and has neither good nor bad Designs upon me.

Isab. Ah! dear Niece! don't be in Fear of both! I'll warrant you, you will know time enough, that he is not indifferent.

Ind. You please me, when you tell me so: For if he has any Wishes towards me, I know he will not pursue them, but with Honour.

Isab. I wish, I were as confident of one, as t'other---I saw the respectful Down-cast of his Eye, when you catcht him gazing at you during the Musick: He I warrant, was surpriz'd, as if he had been taken stealing your Watch. O! the undissembled guilty Look!

Ind. But did you observe any such thing, really? I thought he look'd most charmingly graceful! How engaging is Modesty, in a Man, when one knows there is a great Mind within---So tender a Confusion! and yet in other Respects, so much himself, so collected, so dauntless, so determin'd!

Isab. Ah! Niece! there is a sort of Bashfulness, which is the best Engine to carry on a shameless Purpose: Some Men's Modesty serves their Wickedness, as Hypocrisy gains the Respect due to Piety: But I will own to you, there is one hopeful symptom, if there could be such a thing,

thing, as a disinterested Lover; But 'tis all a Perplexity, till ---- till --- till ----

Ind. Till what?

Ifab. Till I know whether Mr. *Myrtle* and Mr. *Bevil* are really Friends or Foes ---- And that I will be convinced of before I sleep: For you shall not be deceiv'd.

Ind. I'm sure, I never shall, if your Fears can guard me: In the mean time, I'll wrap my self up, in the Integrity of my own Heart, nor dare to doubt of his.

*As conscious Honour all his Actions steers;
So conscious Innocence dispels my Fears.*

[*Exeunt.*]

A C T III. S C E N E I.

S C E N E, Sealand's House

Enter Tom. meeting Phillis.

Tom. Well, *Phillis*! ---- what with a Face, as if you had never seen me before ---- What a Work have I to do now? She has seen some new Visitant, at their House, whose airs she has catch'd, and is resolv'd to practise them upon me. Numberless are the Changes she'll dance thro', before she'll answer this plain Question; *videlicet*, Have you deliver'd my Master's Letter to your Lady? Nay, I know her too well, to ask

ask an Account of it, in an ordinary Way ; I'll be in my Airs as well as she. [*Aside.*] ---- Well, Madam, as unhappy as you are at present pleased to make me, I would not in the general be any other than what I am; I would not be a bit wiser, a bit richer, a bit taller, a bit shorter, than I am at this Instant. [*Looking stedfastly at her.*

Phil. Did ever any body doubt, Master *Thomas*, but that you were extremely satisfied with your sweet self?

Tom. I am indeed ---- The Thing I have least Reason to be satisfied with is my Fortune, and I am glad of my Poverty ; Perhaps if I were rich, I should overlook the finest Woman in the World, that wants nothing but Riches to be thought so.

Phil. How prettily was that said ? But I'll have a great deal more, before I'll say one Word. [*Aside.*

Tom. I should, perhaps, have been stupidly above her, had I not been her Equal ; and by not being her Equal, never had Opportunity of being her Slave. I am my Master's Servant for Hire ; I am my Mistress's from Choice ; wou'd she but approve my Passion.

Phil. I think it is the first Time I ever heard you speak of it, with any Sense of the Anguish, if you really do suffer any.

Tom. Ah! *Phillis*, can you doubt, after what you have seen ?

Phil.

Phil. I know not what I have seen, nor what I have heard ; but since I am at Leisure, you may tell me, when you fell in Love with me ; How you fell in Love with me ; and what you have suffer'd, or are ready to suffer for me.

Tom. Oh ! the unmerciful Jade ! when I'm in haste about my Master's Letter ---- But I must go thro' it. [*Aside.*] ---- Ah ! too well I remember, when, and how, and on what Occasion I was first surpris'd. It was on the first of April, one thousand seven hundred and fifteen, I came into Mr. Sealand's Service ; I was then a Hobble de-Hoy, and you a pretty little tight Girl, a favourite Hand - maid of the House - keeper - At that Time, we neither of us knew what was in us : I remember, I was ordered to get out at the Window one pair of Stairs, to rub the Sashes clean, ---- the Person employed on the inner side, was your Charming self, whom I had never seen before.

Phil. I think, I remember the silly Accident : What made you, you Oaf, ready to fall down into the Street.

Tom. You know not, I warrant you ---- You could not guess what surpris'd me. You took no Delight, when you immediately grew wanton in your Conquest, and put your Lips close and breath'd upon the Glass, and when my Lips approached, a dirty Cloth you rubb'd against my Face, and hid your beauteous Form ; when
I again

I again drew near, you spit, and rubb'd, and smiled at my Undoing.

Phil. What silly Thoughts you Men have?

Tom. We were *Pyramus* and *Thisbe* ---- but ten times harder was my Fate; *Pyramus* could peep only through a Wall, I saw her, saw my *Thisbe* in all her Beauty, but as much kept from her as if a hundred Walls between, for there was more, there was her Will against me ---- Would she but yet relent! Oh, *Phillis*! *Phillis*! shorten my torment, and declare you pity me.

Phil. I believe it's very sufferable, the pain is not so exquisite, but that you may bear it a little longer.

Tom. Oh! my charming *Phillis*, if all depended on my fair One's will, I could with Glory suffer ---- but, dearest Creature, consider our miserable State.

Phil. How! miserable!

Tom. We are miserable to be in Love, and under the Command of others than those we love ---- with that generous passion in the heart, to be sent to and fro on Errands, call'd, check'd, and rated for the meanest Trifles. Oh, *Phillis*! you don't know how many *China* Cups, and Glasses, my Passion for you has made me break: you have broke my Fortune, as well as my Heart.

Phil. Well, Mr. *Thomas*, I cannot but own to you, that I believe, your Master writes and
you

you speak the best of any Men in the World. Never was Woman so well pleased with a Letter, as my young Lady was with his, and this is an answer to it. [*Gives him a Letter.*

Tom. This was well done, my Dearest; consider, we must strike out some pretty Livelihood for our selves, by closing their Affairs: It will be nothing for them to give us a little Being of our own, some small Tenement, out of their large Possessions: what ever they give us, 'twill be more than what they keep for themselves: one Acre, with *Phillis*, would be worth a whole Country without her.

Phil. O, could I but believe you!

Tom. If not the Utterance, believe the Touch of my Lips. [*Kisses her.*

Phil. There's no contradicting you: how closely you argue, *Tom*!

Tom. And will closer in due time. But I must hasten with this Letter, to hasten towards the Possession of you --- Then, *Phillis*, consider how I must be revenged, look to it, of all your Skittishness, shy Looks, and at best but coy Compliances.

Phil. Oh! *Tom*, you grow wanton, and sensual, as my Lady calls it, I must not endure it; Oh! Foh! you are a Man, an odious, filthy Male Creature; you should behave, if you had a right Sense, or were a Man of Sense, like *Mr. Cimberton*, with Distance and Indifference,
or

or let me see some other becoming hard Word, with seeming in -- in -- in -- advertancy, and not rush on one as if you were seizing a Prey. But hush -- the Ladies are coming --- Good *Tom*, don't kiss me above once, and begone --- Lard, we have been Fooling and Toying, and not considered the main Business of our Masters and Mistresses.

Tom. Why, their Business is to be Fooling and Toying, as soon as the Parchments are ready.

Phil. Well remember'd ---- Parchments ---- my Lady, to my knowledge, is preparing Writings between her Coxcomb Cousin *Cimberton*, and my Mistress; though my Master has an Eye to the Parchments already prepared between your Master Mr. *Bevil*, and my Mistress; and I believe, my Mistress her self has sign'd and seal'd, in her Heart to Mr. *Myrtle* ---- Dit I not bid you kiss me but once, and begone! but I know you won't be satisfy'd.

Tom. No, you smooth Creature, how should I? [Kissing her Hand.

Phil. Well, since you are so humble, or so cool, as to ravish my Hand only, I'll take my Leave of you like a great Lady, and you a Man of Quality. [They salute formally.

Tom. Pox of all this State.

[Offers to kiss her more closely.

Phil.

Phil. No, pr'ythee, *Tom*, mind your Business. We must follow that Interest which will take ; but endeavour at that which will be most for us, and we like most --- O here is my young Mistress! [*Tom taps her Neck behind, and kisses his fingers.*] Go, ye liquorish Fool. [*Exit Tom.*

Enter Lucinda.

Luc. Who was that you was hurrying away?

Phil. One that I had no mind to part with.

Luc. Why did you turn him away then?

Phil. For your Ladyship's Service, to carry your Ladyship's Letter to his Master: I could hardly get the Rogue away.

Luc. Why, has he so little Love for his Master?

Phil. No ; but he has so much Love for his Mistress.

Luc. But, I thought I heard him kiss you. Why do you suffer that?

Phil. Why, Madam, we Vulgar take it to be a Sign of Love ; we Servants, we poor People, that have nothing but our Persons to bestow, or treat for, are forced to deal and bargain by way of Sample ; and therefore, as we have no Parchments or Wax necessary in our Agreements, we squeeze with our Hands, and seal with our Lips, to ratify Vows and Promises.

Luc. But can't you trust one another, without such Earnest down?

E

Phil.

Phil. We don't think it safe, any more than you Gentry, to come together without Deeds executed.

Luc. Thou art a pert merry Hussy,

Phil. I wish, Madam, your Lover and you were as happy, as *Tom* and your Servant are.

Luc. You grow impertinent.

Phil. I have done, Madam; and I won't ask you, what you intend to do with Mr. *Myrtle*, what your Father will do with Mr. *Bevil*, nor what you all, especially my Lady, mean by admitting Mr. *Cimberton* as particularly here, as if he were married to you already; nay, you are married actually as far as People of Quality are.

Luc. How's that?

Phil. You have different Beds in the same House.

Luc. Pshaw! I have a very great Value for Mr. *Bevil*, but have absolutely put an end to his Pretensions, in the Letter I gave you for him: But, my Father, in his Heart, still has a mind to him, were it not for this Woman they talk of; and, I am apt to imagine he is married to her, or never designs to marry at all.

Phil. Then Mr. *Myrtle* ----

Luc. He had my Parents Leave to apply to me, and by that he has won me, and my Affections: who is to have this Body of mine, without 'em, it seems, is nothing to me; my
Mother

Mother says, 'tis indecent for me to let my Thoughts stray about the Person of my Husband: Nay, she says, a Maid, rightly virtuous, tho' she may have been where her Lover was a thousand times, should not have made Observations enough, to know him from another Man, when she sees him in a third Place.

Phil. That is more than the Severity of a Nun, for not to see, when one may, is hardly possible; not to see where one can't, is very easy: at this rate, Madam, there are a great many whom you have not seen who ---

Luc. Mamma says, the first time you see your Husband should be at that Instant he is made so; when your Father, with the help of the Minister, gives you to him; then you are to see him; then you are to observe and take notice of him, because then you are to obey him.

Phil. But does not my Lady remember, you are to love, as well as to obey?

Luc. To love is a Passion, 'tis a Desire, and we must have no Desires. Oh! I cannot endure the Reflexion! With what Insensibility on my Part, with what more than Patience, have I been exposed, and offered to some awkward Booby or other, in every County of *Great-Britain*?

Phil. Indeed, Madam, I wonder I never heard you speak of it before, with this Indignation.

Luc. Every Corner of the Land has presented me with a wealthy Coxcomb. As fast as one Treaty has gone off, another has come on, till my Name and Person have been the Tittle Tattle of the whole Town: What is this World come to! No Shame left! To be barter'd for, like the Beasts of the Fields, and that in such an Instance, as coming together to an intire Familiarity, and Union of Soul and Body; Oh! and this, without being so much as Well-wishers to each other, but for Increase of Fortune.

Phil. But, Madam, all these Vexations will end very soon, in one for all: Mr. *Cimberton* is your Mother's kinsman, and three hundred Years an older Gentleman than any Lover you ever had; for which Reason, with that of his prodigious large Estate, she is resolved on him, and has sent to consult the Lawyers accordingly. Nay, has, (Whether you know it or no) been in Treaty with Sir *Geoffry*, who, to join in the Settlement, has accepted of a Sum to do it, and is every Moment expected in Town for that Purpose.

Luc. How do you get all this intelligence?

Phil. By an Art I have, I thank my Stars, beyond all the Waiting-Maids in *Great-Britain*, the Art of List'ning, Madam, for your Ladyship's Service.

Luc. I shall soon know as much as you do; leave me, *Phillis*, be gone: Here, here, I'll
turn

turn you out; My Mother says I must not converse with my Servants; tho' I must converse with no one else. [*Exit Phillis.*] How unhappy are we, who are born to great Fortunes! No one looks at us with Indifference, or acts towards us on the Foot of Plain-Dealing; yet, by all I have been heretofore offer'd to, or treated for, I have been used with the most agreeable of all Abuses, Flattery; but now by this Phlegmatick Fool, I'm us'd as nothing, or a meer thing; He, forsooth! is too wise, too learned to have any regard to Desires, and, I know not what the learned Cas calls Sentiments of Love and Passion ---- Here he comes with my Mother ---- It's much if he looks at me; or if he does, takes no more Notice of me, than of any other Moveable in the Room.

Enter Mrs. Sealand, and Mr. Cimberton.

Mrs. Seal. How do I admire this noble, this learned Taste of yours, and the worthy regard you have to our own ancient and honourable House, in consulting a Means to keep the Blood as pure, and as regularly descended as may be.

Cimb. Why, really Madam, the young Women of this Age are treated with discourses of such a Tendency, and their Imaginations so bewilder'd in Flesh and Blood, that a Man of Reason can't talk to be understood: They have

no Ideas of Happiness, but what are more gross than the Gratification of Hunger and Thirst.

Luc. With how much reflexion he is a Coxcomb? [*Aside.*

Cimb. And in Truth, Madam, I have consider'd it, as a most brutal Custom, that Persons, of the first Character in the World, should go as ordinarily, and with as little Shame, to Bed, as to Dinner with one another. They proceed to the Propagation of the Species, as openly, as to the Preservation of the Individual.

Luc. She that willingly goes to Bed to thee, must have no Shame, I'm sure. [*Aside.*

Mrs. Seal. Oh Cousin *Cimberton*! Cousin *Cimberton*! how abstracted, how refin'd, is your Sense of Things; But, indeed, it is too true, there is nothing so ordinary as to say, in the best governed Families, my Master and Lady are gone to Bed; one does not know but it might have been said of one's self.

[*Hiding her Face with her Fan.*

Cimb. Lycurgus, Madam, instituted otherwise; among the *Lacedæmonians*, the whole Female World was pregnant, but none, but the Mothers themselves, knew by whom; their Meetings were secret, and the Amorous Congress always by Stealth; and no such professed Doings between the Sexes, as are tolerated among us under the audacious Word, Marriage.

Mrs.

Mrs. Seal. Oh ! had I liv'd, in those Days, and been a Matron of *Sparta*, one might, with less Indecency, have had ten Children, according to that modest Institution, than one, under the Confusion of our modern, barefac'd manner.

Luc. And yet, poor Woman, she has gone through the whole Ceremony, and here I stand a melancholly Proof of it. . [*Aside.*

Mrs. Seal. We will talk then of Business. That Girl walking about the Room there is to be your Wife. She has, I confess, no Ideas, no Sentiments, that speak her born of a thinking Mother.

Cimb. I have observ'd her; her lively Look, free Air, and disengag'd Countenance speak her very ----

Luc. Very, What?

Cimb. If you please, Madam ---- to set her a little that Way.

Mrs. Seal. *Lucinda*, say nothing to him, you are not a Match for him; when you are married, you may speak to such a Husband, when you're spoken to. But, I am disposing of you, above yourself, every way.

Cimb. Madam, you cannot but observe the Inconveniencies I expose my self to, in hopes that your Ladyship will be the Confort of my better Part: As for the young Woman, she is rather an Impediment, than a Help, to a Man of Letters, and Speculation. Madam, there

is no Reflexion, no Philosophy, can at all times, subdue the sensitive Life, but the Animal shall sometimes carry away the Man: Ha! ay, the Vermilion of her Lips.

Luc. Pray, don't talk of me thus.

Cimb. The pretty enough ---- Pant of her Bosom,

Luc. Sir; Madam, don't you hear him?

Cimb. Her forward Chest,

Luc. Intolerable?

Cimb. High Health.

Luc. The grave, easy Impudence of him!

Cimb. Proud Heart.

Luc. Stupid Coxcomb!

Cimb. I say, Madam, her Impatience, while we are looking at her, throws out all Attractions-- her Arms ---- her Neck ---- what a Spring in her Step!

Luc. Don't run me over thus, you strange unaccountable!

Cimb. What an Elasticity in her Veins and Arteries!

Luc. I have no Veins, no Arteries.

Mrs. Seal. Oh, Child, hear him, he talks finely, he's a Scholar, he knows what you have.

Cimb. The speaking Invitation of her Shape, the gathering of herself up, and the Indignation you see in the pretty little thing ---- now I am considering her, on this Occasion, but as one that is to be pregnant.

Luc.

Luc. The familiar, learned, unseasonable
Puppy ! *[Aside.*

Cimb. And pregnant undoubtedly she will
be yearly. I fear, I shan't for many years have
discretion enough to give her one fallow Season.

Luc. Monster ! there's no bearing it. The
hideous Sot ! ---- there's no enduring it, to be
thus survey'd like a Stead at Sale.

Cimb. At Sale ! she's very illiterate ---- But
she's very well limb'd too ; turn her in ; I see
what she is. *[Exit Lucinda in a Rage.*

Mrs. Seal. Go, you Creature, I am ashamed
of you.

Cimb. No harm done ---- you know, Madam,
the better sort of People, as I observ'd to you,
treat by their Lawyers of Weddings *[adjusting
himself at the Glass.]* and the Woman in the
Bargain, like the Mansion-house in the Sale of
the Estate, is thrown in, and what that is,
whether good or bad, is not at all consider'd.

Mrs. Seal. I grant it, and therefore make
no Demand for her Youth, and Beauty, and
every other accomplishment, as the common
World think 'em, because she is not polite.

Cim. Madam, I know, your exalted Under-
standing, abstracted, as it is, from vulgar
Prejudices, will not be offended, when
I declare to you, I marry to have an Heir to
my Estate, and not to beget a Colony, or a
Plantation : This young Woman's Beauty, and

Constitution, will demand Provision for a tenth Child at least.

Mrs. Seal. With all that Wit, and Learning, how considerate! What an Oeconomist! [*Aside.*] ---- Sir, I cannot make her any other than she is; or say she is much better than the other young Women of this Age, or fit for much, besides being a Mother; but I have given Directions for the Marriage Settlements, and Sir *Geoffry Cimberton's* Counsel is to meet ours here, at this Hour, concerning his joining in the Deed, which when executed, makes you capable of settling what is due to *Lucinda's* Fortune: her self, as I told you, I say nothing of.

Cimb. No, no, no, indeed, Madam, it is not usual, and I must depend upon my own Reflexion and Philosophy, not to overstock my Family.

Mrs. Seal. I cannot help her, Cousin *Cimberton*; but she is, for ought I see, as well as the Daughter of any body else.

Cimb. That is very true, Madame.

Enter a Servant who whispers Mrs. Seal.

Mrs. Seal. The Lawyers are come, and now we are to hear what they have resolv'd as to the point, whether it's necessary that Sir *Geoffry* should join in the Settlement, as being what they call in the Remainder. But, good Cousin,
you

you must have Patience with 'em. These Lawyers, I am told, are of a different kind, one is what they call a Chamber-Counsel, the other a Pleader : The Conveyancer is slow, from an Imperfection in his Speech, and therefore shun'd the Bar, but extremely passionate, and impatient of Contradiction : The other is as warm as he ; but has a Tongue so voluble, and a Head so conceited, he will suffer no body to speak but himself.

Cimb. You mean old Serjeant *Target*, and Counsellor *Bramble* ? I have heard of 'em.

Mrs. Seal. The same, shew in the Gentlemen.
[*Exit Servant.*]

Re-enter Servant introducing Myrtle and Tom, disguised as Bramble and Target.

Mrs. Seal. Gentlemen, this is the Party concern'd, Mr. *Cimberton* ; and I hope you have consider'd of the Matter.

Targ. Yes, Madam, we have agreed that it must be by Indent -- dent -- dent -- dent. ---

Bram. Yes, Madam, Mr. *Serjeant* and myself have agreed, as he is pleas'd to inform you, that it must be an Indenture Tripartite, and Tripartite let it be, for Sir *Geoffry* must needs be a Party ; old *Cimberton*, in the Year 1619, says, in that ancient Roll, in Mr. *Serjeant's* Hands, as recourse thereto being had, will more at large appear ---

Tar.

Tar. Yes, and by the Deeds in your Hands, it appears that ----

Bram. Mr. Serjeant, I beg of you to make no Inferences upon what is in our Custody; but speak to the Titles in your own Deeds ---- I shall not shew that Deed till my Client is in Town.

Cimb. You know best your own Methods.

Mrs. Seal. The single Question is, whether the Intail is such, that my Cousin Sir *Geoffry* is necessary in this Affair?

Bram. Yes, as to the Lordship of *Tretriplet*, but not as to the Messuage of *Grimgribber*.

Tar. I say that *Gr* --- *gr* ---- that *Gr* --- *gr* --- *Grimgribber*, *Grimgribber* is in us. That is to say, the Remainder thereof, as well as that of *Tr* --- *tr* --- *Triplet*.

Bram. You go upon the Deed of Sir *Ralph*, made in the middle of the last Century, precedent to that in which old *Cimberton* made over the Remainder, and made it pass to the Heirs general, by which your Client comes in; and I question whether the Remainder even of *Tretriplet* is in him ---- But we are willing to wave that, and give him a valuable Consideration. But we shall not purchase what is in us for ever, as *Grimgribber* is, at the rate as we guard against the Contingent of Mr. *Cimberton* having no Son ---- Then we know Sir *Geoffry* is
the

the first of the Collateral Male Line in this Family ---- Yet ----

Tar. Sir, G ---- gr ---- ber is ----

Bram. I apprehend you very well, and your Argument might be of Force, and we would be inclined to hear that in all its Parts ---- But, Sir, I see very plainly what you are going into ---- I tell you it is as probable a Contingent that Sir *Geoffry* may die before Mr. *Cimberton*, as that he may outlive him.

Tar. Sir, We are not ripe for that yet, but I must say ----

Bram. Sir, I allow you the whole Extent of that Argument; but that will go no farther than as to the Claimaints under old *Cimberton*, I am of Opinion, that according to the Instruction of Sir *Ralph*, he could not dock the Entail, and then create a new Estate for the Heirs in General.

Tar. Sir, I have not Patience to be told that, when Gr ---- gr ---- ber ----

Bram. I will allow it you, Mr. Serjeant; but there must be the Word Heirs for ever, to make such an Estate as you pretend.

Cimb. I must be impartial, tho' you are Counsel for my side of the Question ---- Were it not that you are so good as to allow him what he has not said, I should think it very hard you should answer him without hearing him ---- But Gentlemen, I believe you have both considered this Matter, and are firm in your different Opinions:

nions : 'Twere better therefore you proceeded according to the particular Sense of each of you, and gave your Thoughts distinctly in writing --- And do you see, Sirs, pray let me have a Copy of what you say, in *English*.

Bram. Whe, what is all we have been saying? --- In *English*! Oh! but I forgot my self, you're a Wit -- But however, to please you, Sir, you shall have it, in as plain Terms, as the Law will admit of.

Cimb. But I would have it, Sir, without delay.

Bram. That, Sir, the Law will not admit of; the Court are fitting at *Westminster*, and I am this Moment obliged to be at every one of them, and 'twould be wrong if I should not be in the Hall to attend one of 'em at least, the rest would take it ill else ---- Therefore, I must leave what I have said to Mr. Serjeant's Consideration, and I will digest his Arguments on my Part, and you shall hear from me again. Sir.

[*Exit Bramble.*

Tar. Agreed, agreed.

Cimb. Mr. *Bramble* is very quick ---- He parted a little abruptly.

Tar. He could not bear my Argument, I pinch him to the Quick about that *Gr* ---- *gr* ---- *ber* ----

Mrs. Seal. I saw that, for he durst not so much as hear you ---- I shall send to you, Mr. Serjeant,

Serjeant, as soon as Sir *Geoffry* comes to Town, and then I hope all may be adjusted.

Tar. I shall be at my Chambers, at my usual Hours. [*Exit.*

Cimb. Madam, if you please, I'll now attend you to the Tea-table, where I shall hear from your Ladyship, Reason and good Sense, after all this Law and Gibberish.

Mrs. Seal. 'Tis a wonderful thing, Sir, that Men of Professions do not study to talk the Substance of what they have to say in the Language of the rest of the World: Sure, they'd find their Account in it.

Cimb. They might, perhaps, Madam, with People of your good Sense, but, with the generality, 'twould never do: The Vulgar would have no respect for Truth and knowledge, if they were expos'd to naked view.

*Truth is too simple, of all Art bereav'd.
Since the World will - why let it be deceiv'd.*

[*Exeunt.*

ACT IV.

ACT IV. SCENE I.

SCENE, Bevil Junior's Lodgings

Bevil Jun. *with a Letter in his Hand*
follow'd by Tom.

Tom. Upon my Life, Sir, I know nothing of the matter: I never open'd my Lips to Mr. *Myrtle*, about any thing of your Honour's Letter to Madam *Lucinda*.

Bev. Jun. What's the Fool in such a Fright for? I don't suppose you did: what I would know is, whether Mr. *Myrtle* shew'd any Suspicion, or ask'd you any Questions, to lead you to say casually, that you had carry'd any such Letter, for me, this Morning.

Tom. Why, Sir, if he did ask me any Questions, how could I help it?

Bev. Jun. I don't say you could, Oaf! I'm not questioning you, but him: What did he say to you?

Tom. Why, Sir, when I came to his Chambers, to be dress'd for the Lawyer's Part, your Honour was pleas'd to put me upon, he ask'd me, if I had been at Mr. *Sealand's* this Morning? ---- So I told him, Sir, I often went thither ---- because, Sir, if I had not said that, he might have thought, there was something more, in my going now, than at another time.

.VI TCA

Bev. Jun.

Bev. Jun. Very well ! ---- The Fellow's Caution, I find, has given him this Jealousy. [*Aside.*] Did he ask you no other Questions ?

Tom. Yes, Sir, ---- now I remember, as we came away in the Hackney Coach, from Mr. Sealand's, Tom, says he, as I came in to your Master this Morning, he bade you go for an Answer to a Letter he had sent. Pray did you bring him any ? says he ---- Ah ! says I, Sir, your Honour is pleas'd to joke with me, you have a mind to know whether I can keep a Secret, or no ?

Bev. Jun. And so, by shewing him you could, you told him you had one ?

Tom. Sir ---- [*confus'd.*

Bev. Jun. What mean Actions does Jealousy make a Man stoop to ? How poorly has he us'd Art, with a Servant to make him betray his Master ? Well ! and when did he give you this Letter for me ?

Tom. Sir, he writ it, before he pull'd off his Lawyer's Gown, at his own Chambers.

Bev. Jun. Very well ; and what did he say, when you brought him my Answer to it ?

Tom. He look'd a little out of Humour, Sir, and said, It is very well.

Bev. Jun. I knew he would be grave upon't, ---- wait without.

Tom. Hum ! 'gad I don't like this ; I am afraid we are in the wrong Box here. ---- [*Exit Tom.*

F

Bev. Jun.

Bev. Jun. I put on a Serenity, while my Fellow was present: But I have never been more thoroughly disturb'd; This hot man! to write me a Challenge, on suppos'd artificial Dealing, when I profess'd my self his Friend! I can live contented without Glory; but I cannot suffer Shame. What's to be done? But first, let me consider *Lucinda's* Letter again. [*Reads.*

SIR,

I hope it is consistent with the Laws a Woman ought to impose upon herself, to acknowledge, that your Manner of declining a Treaty of Marriage, in our Family, and desiring the Refusal may come from me, has something more engaging in it, than the Courtship of him, who, I fear, will fall to my Lot; except your Friend exerts himself, for our common Safety and Happiness: I have Reasons for desiring Mr. Myrtle may not know of this Letter, till hereafter, and am your most obliged humble
Servant,

Lucinda Sealand.

Well, but the Postscript. [*Reads.*

I won't upon second Thoughts, hide any thing from you. But my Reason of concealing this is, that Mr. Myrtle has a Jealousy in his Temper, which gives me some Terrors; but my Esteem for him inclines me to hope, that only an ill Effect,
which

which sometimes accompanies a tender Love; and what may be cur'd by a careful and unbleameable Conduct.

Thus has this Lady made me her Friend and Confident, and put herself, in a kind, under my Protection: I cannot tell him immediately the Purport of her Letter, except I could cure him of the violent and untractable Passion of Jealousy, and so serve him, and her, by disobeying her, in the Article of Secrecy, more than I should by complying with her Directions --- But then this Duelling, which Custom has impos'd upon every Man, who would live with Reputation and Honour in the World: --- How must I preserve my self from imputations there! He'll, forsooth, call it, or think it Fear, if I explain without Fighting --- But his Letter --- I'll read it again ---

SIR,

You have us'd me basely, in corresponding, and carrying on a Treaty, where you told me you were indifferent: I have chang'd my Sword, since I saw you; which Advertisement I thought proper to send you against the next Meeting, between you, and the injur'd

Charles Myrtle.

Enter Tom.

Tom. Mr. *Myrtle*, Sir: would your Honour please to see him?

Bev. Jun. Why you stupid Creature! Let Mr. *Myrtle* wait at my Lodgings! Shew him up. [*Exit Tom.*]

Well, I'm resolv'd upon my Carriage to him--- He is in Love, and in every Circumstance of Life a little distrustful, which I must allow for--- but here he is.

Enter Tom introducing Myrtle.

Sir, I am extremely oblig'd to you for this Honour, --- But, Sir, You, with your very discerning Face, leave the Room. [*Exit Tom.*]

Well, Mr. *Myrtle*, your Commands with me?

Myrt. The Time, the Place, our long Acquaintance, and many other Circumstances, which affect me on this Occasion, oblige me, without any Ceremony, or Conference, to desire you would not only, as you already have, acknowledge the Receipt of my Letter, but also comply with the Request in it. I must have further Notice taken of my Message than these half Lines, --- I have yours, --- I shall be at home. ---

Bev. Jun. Sir, I own, I have received a Letter from you, in a very unusual Style; but as I design every thing, in this Matter, shall be
your

your own Action, your own Seeking, I shall understand nothing, but what you are pleas'd to confirm, Face to Face, and I have already forgot the Contents of your Epistle.

Myrt. This cool Manner is very agreeable to the Abuse you have already made of my Simplicity and Frankness ; and I see your Moderation tends to your own Advantage, and not mine, to your own Safety, not Consideration of your Friend.

Bev. Jun. My own Safety, Mr. *Myrtle* !

Myrt. Your own Safety, Mr. *Bevil*.

Bev. Jun. Look you, Mr. *Myrtle*, there's no disguising that I understand what you would be at ---- But, Sir, you know, I have often dared to disapprove of the Decisions a Tyrant Custom has introduc'd, to the Breach of all Laws, both Divine and Human.

Myrt. Mr. *Bevil*, Mr. *Bevil*, it would be a good first Principle, in those who have so tender a Conscience that way, to have as much Abhorrence of doing Injuries, as. ----

Bev. Jun. As what ?

Myrt. As Fear of answering for 'em.

Bev. Jun. As Fear of answering for 'em ! But that Apprehension is just or blameable, according to the Object of that Fear. ---- I have often told you in Confidence of Heart, I abhorr'd the Daring to offend the Author of Life, and rushing into his Presence ---- I say, by the very same

Act, to commit the Crime against him, and immediately to urge on to his Tribunal.

Myrt. Mr. *Bevil*, I must tell you, this Coolness, this Gravity, this Shew of Conscience, shall never cheat me of my Mistress. You have, indeed, the best Excuse for Life, the Hopes of possessing *Lucinda* :: But consider, Sir, I have as much Reason to be weary of it, if I am to lose her; and my first Attempt to recover her, shall be to let her see the dauntless Man, who is to be her Guardian and Protector.

Bev. Jun. Sir, shew me but the least glimpse of Argument, that I am authoriz'd, by my own Hand, to vindicate any lawless Insult of this Nature, and I will shew thee ---- to chastise thee ---- hardly deserves the Name of Courage ---- flight, inconsiderate Man! ---- There is, Mr. *Myrtle*, no such Terror in quick Anger; and you shall, you know not why, be cool, as you have, you know not why, been warm.

Myrt. Is the Woman one loves, so little an Occasion of Anger? You perhaps, who know not what it is to love, who have your Ready, your Commodious, your Foreign Trinket, for your loose Hours, and from your Fortune, your specious outward Carriage, and other lucky Circumstances, as easy a Way to the Possession of a Woman of Honour; you know nothing of what it is to be alarm'd, to be distracted, with Anxiety and Terror of losing more
 BA 8 1 than

than Life: Your Marriage, happy Man! goes on like common Business, and in the interim, you have your Rambling Captive, your *Indian* Princess, for your soft Moments of Dalliance, your Convenient, your Ready *Indiana*.

Bev. Jun. You have touched me beyond the Patience of a Man; and I'm excusable in the Guard of Innocence (or from the Infirmary of Human Nature, which can bear no more) to accept your Invitation, and observe your Letter --- Sir, I'll attend you.

Enter Tom.

Tom. Did you call, Sir! I thought you did: I heard you speak aloud.

Bev. Jun. Yes, go call a Coach.

Tom. Sir, --- Master --- Mr. *Myrtle*, --- Friends --- Gentlemen --- What d'ye mean? I am but a Servant, or ---

Bev. Jun. Call a Coach. [*Exit Tom.*

[*A long Pause, walking sullenly by each other.*

[*Aside.*] Shall I (though provok'd to the uttermost) recover my self at the Entrance of a third Person, and that my Servant too, and not have Respect enough to all I have ever been receiving from Infancy, the Obligation to the best of Fathers, to an unhappy Virgin too, whose Life depends on mine. [*Shutting the Door.*

[*To Myrtle.*] I have, thank Heaven, had Time

to recollect my self, and shall not for Fear of what such a rash Man as you think of me, keep longer unexplain'd the false Appearances, under which your Infirmary of Temper makes you suffer, when, perhaps too much Regard to a false Point of Honour, makes me prolong that Suffering.

Myrt. I am sure, Mr. *Bevil* cannot doubt, but I had rather have Satisfaction from his Innocence, than his Sword.

Bev. Jun. Why then would you ask it first that Way?

Myrt. Consider, you kept your Temper yourself no longer than till I spoke to the Disadvantage of her you lov'd.

Bev. Jun. True. But let me tell you, I have saved you from the most exquisite Distress, even tho' you had succeeded in the Dispute: I know you so well, that I am sure, to have found this Letter about a Man you had kill'd, would have been worse than Death to your self ---- Read it ---- When he is thoroughly mortify'd, and Shame has got the better of lealoufy, when he has seen himself thoroughly, he will deserve to be assisted towards obtaining *Lucinda*.

Myrt. With what a Superiority has he turn'd the Injury on me, as the Aggressor? I begin to fear I have been too far transported --- *A Treaty in our Family!* is not that saying too much? I shall relapse ---- But I find (on the Postscript)
something

something like Jealousy ---- With what Face can I see my Benefactor ? my Advocate ? whom I have treated like a Betrayer. ---- Oh ! *Bevil*, with what Words shall I ----

Bev. Jun. There needs none ; to convince, is much more than to conquer.

Myrt. But can you ----

Bev. Jun. You have o'er - paid the Inquietude you gave me, in the Change I see in you towards me : Alas ! what Machines are we ! thy Face is alter'd to that of another Man ; to that of my Companion, my Friend.

Myrt. That I could be such a precipitant Wretch !

Bev. Jun. Pray no more.

Myrt. Let me reflect how many Friends have died, by the Hands of Friends, for want of Temper ; and you must give me Leave to say again, and again, how much I am beholden to that superior Spirit you have subdu'd me with ---- what had become of one of us, or perhaps both, had you been as weak as I was, and as incapable of Reason ?

Bev. Jun. I congratulate to us both the Escape from our selves, and hope the Memory of it will make us dearer Friends than ever.

Myrt. Dear *Bevil*, your friendly Conduct has convinced me that there is nothing manly, but what is conducted by Reason, and agreeable to the Practice of Virtue and Justice. And yet,

how many have been sacrific'd to that Idol, the unreasonable Opinion of Men! Nay, they are so ridiculous in it; that they often use their Swords against each other, with dissembled Anger, and real Fear.

Betray'd by Honour, and compell'd by Shame,

*They hazard Being, to preserve a Name:
Nor dare enquire into the dread Mistake,
'Till plung'd in sad Eternity they wake.*

[Exeunt.]

SCENE, St. James's Park

Enter Sir John Bevil and Mr. Sealand.

Sir J. Bev. Give me Leave, however, Mr. *Sealand*, as we are upon a Treaty for Uniting our Families, to mention only the Business of an ancient House ---- Genealogy and Descent are to be of some Consideration, in an Affair of this sort ----

Mr. Seal. Genealogy, and Descent! --- Sir, there has been in our Family a very large one. There was *Galsfrid* the Father of *Edward*, the Father of *Ptolomy*, the Father of *Crassus*, the Father of Earl *Richard*, the Father of *Henry*, the Marquis, the Father of Duke *John*.

Sir J. Bev.

Sir J. Bev. What, do you rave, Mr. *Sealand*? all these great Names in your Family?

Mr. Seal. These? yes, Sir ---- I have heard my Father name 'em all, and more.

Sir J. Bev. Ay, Sir; ---- and did he say they were all in your Family?

Mr. Seal. Yes, Sir, he kept them all ---- he was the greatest Cocker in *England* ---- he said, Duke *John* won him many Battles, and never lost one.

Sir J. Bev. Oh Sir, your Servant, you are laughing at my laying any Strefs upon Descent ---- but I must tell you, Sir, I never knew any one, but he that wanted that Advantage, turn it into Ridicule.

Mr. Seal. And I never knew any one, who had many better Advantages, put that into his Account ---- But, Sir *John*, value your self as you please upon your ancient House, I am to talk freely of every thing, you are pleas'd to put into your Bill of Rates on this Occasion ---- yet, Sir, I have made no Objections to your Son's Family ---- 'Tis his Morals that I doubt.

Sir J. Bev. Sir, I can't help saying that what might injure a Citizen's Credit, may be no Stain to a Gentleman's Honour.

Mr. Seal. Sir *John*, the Honour of a Gentleman is liable to be tainted, by as small a Matter as the Credit of a Trader; we are talking of a Marriage, and in such a Case, the
Father

Father of a young Woman will not think it an Addition, to the Honour, or Credit of her Lover ---- that he is a Keeper ----

Sir J. Bev. Mr. *Sealand*, don't take upon you to spoil my Son's Marriage, with any Woman else.

Mr. Seal. Sir *John*, let him apply to any Woman else, and have as many Mistresses as he pleases. --

Sir J. Bev. My Son, Sir, is a discreet and sober Gentleman ----

Mr. Seal. Sir, I never saw a Man that wenched soberly and discreetly, that ever left it off ---- the Decency observ'd in the Practice, hides, even from the Sinner, the Iniquity of it. They pursue it, not that their Appetites hurry 'em away; but I warrant you, because 'tis their Opinion, they may do it.

Sir J. Bev. Were what you suspect a Truth ---- do you design to keep your Daughter a Virgin 'till you find a Man unblemish'd that way?

Mr. Seal. Sir, as much a Cit as you take me for ---- I know the Town and the World ---- and give me Leave to say, that we Merchants are a Species of Gentry, that have grown into the World this last Century, and are as honourable, and almost as useful, as you landed Folks, that have always thought your selves so much above us; For your Trading, forsooth! is extended no farther, than a Load of Hay, or a fat Ox ---
You

You are pleasant People, indeed; because you are generally bred up to be lazy, therefore I warrant you, Industry is dishonourable.

Sir J. Bev. Be not offended, Sir; let us go back to our Point.

Mr. Seal. Oh! not at all offended ---- but I don't love to leave any Part of the Account unclos'd ---- look you, *Sir John*, Comparisons are odious, and more particularly so on Occasions of this Kind, when we are projecting Races, that are to be made out of both Sides of the Comparisons.

Sir J. Bev. But, my Son, Sir, is, in the Eye of the World, a Gentleman of Merit.

Mr. Seal. I own to you, I think him so ---- But, *Sir John*, I am a Man exercised; and experienc'd in Chances, and Disasters; I lost in my earlier Years, a very fine wife, and with her a poor little Infant: this makes me, perhaps, overcautious, to preserve the second Bounty of Providence to me, and be as careful, as I can of this Child ---- you'll pardon me, my poor Girl, Sir, is as valuable to me, as your boasted Son, to you.

Sir J. Bev. Why that's one very good Reason, *Mr. Sealand*, why I wish my Son had her.

Mr. Seal. There is nothing but this strange Lady here, this *incognita*, that can be objected to him ---- here and there a Man falls in
Love

Love with an artful Creature, and gives up all the Motives of Life, to that one Passion.

Sir J. Bev. A Man of my Son's Understanding, cannot be supposed to be one of them.

Mr. Seal. Very wise Men have been so enslav'd; and when a Man marries with one of them upon his Hands, whether moved from the Demand of the World, or slighter Reasons, such a Husband soils with his Wife for a Month perhaps -- then Good B'w'y' Madam --- the Show's over ---- ah! *John Dryden* points out such a Husband to a Hair, where he says,

„ *And while abroad so prodigal the Dolt is,*
„ *Poor Spouse at home as ragged as a Colt is.*

Now in plain Terms, Sir, I shall not care to have my poor Girl turn'd a grazing, and that must be the Case when ----

Sir J. Bev. But pray consider, Sir, my Son ---

Mr. Seal. Look you, Sir, I'll make the Matter short. This unknown Lady, as I told you, is all the Objection I have to him: But one way or other, he is, or has been, certainly engag'd to her ---- I am therefore resolv'd this very Afternoon, to visit her: Now from her Behaviour, or Appaerance, I shall soon be let into, what I may fear or hope for.

Sir J. Bev. Sir, I am very confident, there can be Nothing inquired into relating to my Son, that will not, upon being understood, turn to his Advantage.

Mr. Seal.

Mr. Seal. I hope that as sincerely, as you believe it ---- *Sir John Bevil* when I am satisfy'd in this great Point, if your Son's Conduct answers the Character you give him, I shall wish your Alliance more than that of any Gentleman in *Great-Britain*, and so your Servant. [*Exit.*

Sir J. Bev. He is gone in a Way but barely Civil ; but his great Wealth, and the Merit of his only Child, the Heirefs of it, are not to be lost for a little Peevishness ----

Enter Humphrey.

Oh! *Humphrey*, you are come in a seasonable Minute ; I want to talk to thee, and to tell thee, that my Head and Heart are on the Rack, about my Son.

Humph. Sir, you may trust his Discretion, I am sure you may.

Sir J. Bev. Why, I do believe I may, and yet I'm in a thousand Fears, when I lay this vast Wealth before me : When I consider his Prepossessions, either generous, to a Folly, in an honourable Love, or abandon'd, past Redemption, in a vicious One; and from the one or the other, his Insensibility to the fairest Prospect, towards doubling our Estate: a Father, who knows how useful Wealth is, and how necessary, even to those who despise it, I say a Father, *Humphrey*, a Father cannot bear it.

Humph.

Humph. Be not transported, Sir; you will grow incapable of taking any Resolution, in your Perplexity.

Sir J. Bev. Yet, as angry as I am with him, I would not have him surpris'd in any thing --- This mercantile rough Man may go grossly into the Examination of this Matter, and talk to the Gentlewoman so as to ----

Humph. No, I hope, not in an abrupt manner.

Sir J. Bev. No, I hope not? why, dost thou know any thing of her, or of him, or of any thing of it, or all of it?

Humph. My dear Master, I know so much; that I told him this very Day, you had reason to be secretly out of humour about her.

Sir J. Bev. Did you go so far? Well, what said he to that?

Humph. His Words were, looking upon me stedfastly: *Humphrey*, says he, that Woman is a Woman of Honour.

Sir J. Bev. How! Do you think he is married to her, or designs to marry her?

Humph. I can say nothing to the latter--- But he says, he can marry no one without your Consent, while you are living.

Sir J. Bev. If he said so much, I know he scorns to break his Word with me.

Humph.

Humph. I am sure of that.

Sir J. Bev. You are sure of that ---- Well! that's some Comfort ---- Then I have nothing to do but to see the Bottom of this Matter, during this present Ruffle ---- Oh *Humphrey* ----

Humph. You are not ill, I hope, Sir.

Sir J. Bev. Yes, a Man is very ill, that is in a very ill Humour: To be a Father, is to be in Care for one, whom you oftner disoblige than please, by that very Care ---- Oh! that Sons could know the Duty to a Father, before they themselves are Fathers ---- But, perhaps you'll say now, that I am one of the happiest Fathers in the World; but I assure you, that of the very happiest is not a Condition to be envied.

Humph. Sir, your Pain arises, not from the Thing itself, but your particular Sense of it ---- You are overfond, nay, give me leave to say, you are unjustly apprehensive from your Fondness: My Master *Bevil* never disoblig'd you and he will, I know he will, do every thing you ought to expect.

Sir J. Bev. He won't take all this Money with this Girl ---- For ought I know, he will, forsooth, have so much Moderation, as to think, he ought not to force his Liking for any Consideration.

G

Humph.

Humph. He is to marry her, not you: he is to live with her: not you, Sir.

Sir J. Bev. I know not what to think: But; I know, nothing can be more miserable than to be in this Doubt ---- Follow me; I must come to some Resolution. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE, Bevil Junior's Lodgings

Enter Tom. and Phillis.

Tom. Well, Madam, if you must speak with Mr. *Myrtle*, you shall; he is now with my Master in the Library.

Phil. But you must leave me alone with him, for he can't make me a Present, nor I so handsomely take any thing from him, before you; it would not be decent.

Tom. It will be very decent, indeed, for me to retire, and leave my Mistress with another Man.

Phil. He is a Gentleman, and will treat one properly. ----

Tom. I believe so ---- but, however, I won't be far off, and therefore will venture to trust you: I'll call him to you. [*Exit Tom.*]

Phil. What a deal of Pother and Sputter here is, between my Mistress, and Mr. *Myrtle*, from

from mere Punctilio ? I could any Hour of the Day get her to her Lover, and would do it ---- But she, forsooth, will allow no Plot to get him; but if he can come to her, I know she would be glad of it: I must therefore do her an acceptable Violence, and surprise her into his Arms. I am sure I go by the best Rule imaginable: If she were my Maid, I should think her the best Servant in the World for doing so by me.

Enter Myrtle and Tom.

Oh Sir! you and Mr. *Bevil* are fine Gentlemen, to let a Lady remain under such Difficulties as my poor Mistress, and no Attempt to set her at Liberty, or release her from the Danger of being instantly married to *Cimberton*.

Myrt. Tom has been telling ---- But what is to be done?

Phil. What is to be done ---- when a Man can't come at his Mistress? ---- Why can't you fire our House, or the next House to us, to make us run out, and you take us?

Myrt. How, Mrs. *Phillis* ----

Phil. Ay ---- let me see that Rogue deny to fire a House, make a Riot, or any other little thing, when there were no other Way to come at me.

G 2

Tom.

Tom. I am oblig'd to you, Madam,

Phil. Why, don't we hear every Day of People's hanging themselves for Love, and won't they venture the Hazard of being hang'd for Love? ---- Oh! were I a Man ----

Myrt. What manly thing would you have me undertake? according to your Ladyship's Notion of a Man.

Phil. Only be at once, what, one Time or other, you may be, and wish to be or must be.

Myrt. Dear Girl, talk plainly to me, and consider, I, in my Condition, can't be in very good Humour ---- you say to be at once what I must be.

Phil. Ay, ay, ---- I mean no more than to be an old Man; I saw you did it very well at the Masquerade: In a word old Sir *Geoffry Cimberton* is every Hour expected in Town, to join in the Deeds and Settlements, for marrying Mr. *Cimberton* ---- He is half blind, half lame, half deaf, half dumb; tho', as to his Passions and Desires, he is as warm and ridiculous as when in the Heat of Youth ----

Tom. Come to the Business, and don't keep the Gentleman in Suspence for the Pleasure of being courted, as you serve me.

Phil. I saw you at the Masquerade act such a one to Perfection; Go, and put on that very
Habit,

Habit, and come to our House as Sir *Geoffry*. There is not one there, but my self, knows his Person; I was born in the Parish where he is Lord of the Manor. I have seen him often and often at Church in the Country. Do not hesitate; but come thither; they will think you bring a certain Security against Mr. *Myrtle*, and you bring Mr. *Myrtle*; leave the rest to me, I leave this with you; and expect ---- They don't, I told you, know you; they think you out of Town, which you had as good be for ever, if you lose this Opportunity ---- I must be gone; I know I am wanted at home.

Myrt. My dear *Phillis*! [*Catches and kisses her, and gives her Money.*]

Phil. O Fy! my kisses are not my own; you have committed Violence; but I'll carry 'em to the right Owner. [*Tom kisses her.*] Come, see me down stairs, [*to Tom.*] and leave the Lover to think of his last Game for the Prize.

[*Exeunt Tom and Phillis.*]

Myrt. I think I will instantly attempt this wild Expedient ---- the Extravagance of it will make me less suspected, and it will give me Opportunity to assert my own Right to *Lucinda*, without whom I cannot live: But I am so mortify'd at this Conduct of mine, towards poor *Bevil*; he must think meanly of me ---- I know not how to reassume my self, and be in Spirit

enough for such an Adventure as this ---- Yet
I must attempt it, if it be only to be near *Lucinda*,
under her present Perplexities ; and sure. ----

*The next Delight to Transport, with the
Fair,*

Is to relieve her, in her Hours of Care.

[*Exit.*

ACT V. SCENE I.

SCENE, Sealand's House.

*Enter Phillis, with Lights, before Myrtle,
disguis'd like old Sir Geoffry; supported
by Mrs. Sealand, Lucinda,
and Cimberton.*

Mr. Seal. Now I have seen you thus far, Sir
Geoffry, will you excuse me a Moment, while
I give my necessary Orders for your Accommo-
dation ? [*Exit Mrs. Seal.*

Myrt. I have not seen you, Cousin *Cimberton*,
since you were ten Years old ; and as it is in-
cumbent on you, to keep up our Name and
Family, I shall upon very reasonable Terms,
join with you in a Settlement to that Purpose.
Tho' I must tell you, Cousin, this is the first
Merchant that has married into our House.

Luc.

Luc. Deuce on 'em ! am I a Merchant, because my Father is ? [*Aside.*

Myrt. But is he directly a Trader at this Time ?

Cimb. There's no hiding the Disgrace, Sir; he trades to all Parts of the World.

Myrt. We never had one of our Family before, who descended from Persons that did any thing.

Cimb. Sir, since 'tis a Girl that they have, I am, for the Honour of my Family, willing to take it in again ; and to sink her into our Name, and no Harm done.

Myrt. 'Tis prudently and generously resolv'd ---- Is this the young thing ?

Cimb. Yes, Sir.

Phil. Good Madam, don't be out of Humour, but let them run to the utmost of their Extravagance ---- Hear them out.

Myrt. Can't I see her nearer ? my Eyes are but weak.

Phil. Beside, I am sure the Uncle has something worth your Notice. I'll take Care to get off the young one and leave you to observe what may be wrought out of the old one for your good. [*Exit.*

Cimb. Madam, this old Gentleman, your great Uncle, desires to be introduced to you, and to see you nearer! approach, Sir.

Myrt. By your Leave, young Lady --- [*Puts on Spectacles.*] --- Cousin *Cimberton*! She has exactly that Sort of Neck and Bosom, for which my Sister *Gertrude* was so much admir'd, in the Year sixty one before the *French* Dresses first discovered any thing in Women, below the Chin.

Luc. [*Aside.*] What a very odd Situation am I in? Tho' I cannot but be diverted at the Extravagance of their Humours, equally unfuitable to their Age --- Chin, quotha --- I don't believe my passionate Lover there knows whether I have one or not. Ha! ha!

Myrt. Madam, I would not willingly offend, but I have a better Glass ---

[*Pulls out a large one.*]

Enter Phillis to Cimberton.

Phil. Sir, my Lady desires to shew the Apartment to you, that she intends for Sir *Geoffry*.

Cimb. Well Sir! by that Time you have sufficiently gaz'd, and funn'd, your self in the Beauties of my Spouse there, I will wait on you again.

[*Ex. Cimb. and Phil.*]

Myrt.

Myrt. Were it not, Madam, that I, might be troublesome, there is something of Importance, tho' we are alone, which I would say more safe from being heard.

Luc. There is something in this old Fellow, methinks, that raises my Curiosity.

Myrt. To be free, Madam, I as heartily condemn this Kinsman of mine, as you do, and am sorry to see so much Beauty and Merit devoted, by your Parents, to so insensible a Possessor.

Luc. Surprising! --- I hope then, Sir, you will not contribute to the Wrong you are so generous to pity, whatever may be the Interest of your Family.

Myrt. This Hand of mine shall never be employ'd, to sign any thing, against your Good and Happiness.

Luc. I am sorry, Sir, it is not in my Power to make you proper Acknowledgments; but there is a Gentleman in the World, whose Gratitude will I am sure, be worthy of the Favour.

Myrt. All the Thanks I desire, Madam, are in your Power to give.

Luc. Name them, and command them.

Myrt. Only, Madam, that the first Time you are alone with your Lover, you will with open Arms receive him.

Luc. As willingly as his Heart could wish it.

Myrt. Thus then he claims your Promise!
O *Lucinda*!

Luc. O! a Cheat! a Cheat! a Cheat!

Myrt. Hush! 'tis I, 'tis I, your Lover,
Myrtle himself, Madam.

Luc. O blefs me! what a Rashness and Folly
to surprize me so ---- But hush ---- my Mother ---

Enter Mrs. Sealand, Cimberton, and Phillis.

Mrs. Seal. How now! what's the matter!

Luc. O Madam! as soon as you left the
Room, my Uncle fell into a sudden Fit, and ---
and ---- so I cry'd out for help, to support him,
and conduct him to his Chamber.

Mrs. Seal. That was kindly done! Alas! Sit,
how do you find your self?

Myrt. Never was taken in so odd a way in
my Life ---- pray lead me! Oh! I was talking
here ---- (pray carry me) to my Cousin
Cimberton's young Lady ----

Mrs. Seal. [*Aside.*] My Cousin *Cimberton's*
young Lady! How zealous he is, even in his
Extremity, for the Match! a right *Cimberton*.

*Cimberton and Lucinda lead him, as one
in Pain, etc.*

Cimb. Pox! Uncle, you'll pull my Ear off.

Luc.

Luc. Pray Uncle ! you'll squeeze me to Death.

Mrs. Seal. No matter, no matter---he knows not what he does. Come, Sir, shall I help you out ?

Myrt. By no means ; I'll trouble no body but my young Cousins here. [*They lead him off.*]

Phil. But pray, Madam, does your Ladyship intend that Mr. *Cimberton* shall really marry my young Mistress at last ! I don't think he likes her.

Mrs. Seal. That's not material ! Men of his Speculation are above Desires ---- but be as it may ; now I have given old Sir *Geoffry* the Trouble of coming up to sign and seal, with what Countenance can I be off ?

Phil. As well as with twenty others, Madam ? It is the Glory and Honour of a great Fortune, to live in continual Treaties, and still to break off ; it looks great, Madam.

Mrs. Seal. True, *Phillis* ---- yet to return our Blood again into the *Cimbertons*, is an Honour not to be rejected ---- but were not you saying, that Sir *John Bevil's* Creature *Humphrey* has been with Mr. *Sealand* ?

Phil. Yes, Madam ; I overheard them agree, that Mr. *Sealand* should go himself, and visit this unknown Lady that Mr. *Bevil* is so great with

with ; and if he found nothing there to fright him, that Mr. *Bevil* should still marry my young Mistress.

Mrs. Seal. How ! nay then he shall find she is my Daughter, as well as his. I'll follow him this Instant, and take the whole Family along with me : The disputed Power of disposing of my own Daughter shall be at an end this very Night ---- I'll live no longer in anxiety for a little Hussey, that hurts my Appearance, wherever I carry her : and, for whose sake, I seem to be not at all regarded, and that in the best of my Days.

Phil. Indeed, Madam, if she were married, your Ladyship might very well be taken for Mr. *Sealand's* Daughter.

Mrs. Seal. Nay, when the Chit has not been with me, I have heard the Men say as much ---- I'll no longer cut off the greatest Pleasure of a Woman's Life (the shining in Assemblies) by her forward Anticipation of the Respect, that's due to her Superior ---- she shall down to *Cimberton-Hall* ---- she shall ---- she shall.

Phil. I hope, Madam, I shall stay with your Ladyship.

Mrs. Seal. Thou shalt, *Phillis*, and I'll place thee then more about me. ---- But order Chairs immediately ---- I'll begone this Minute..

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE,

SCENE, *Charing - Cross.*

Enter Mr. Sealand and Humphrey.

Mr. Seal. I am very glad, *Mr. Humphrey*, that you agree with me, that it is for our Common Good, I should look throughly into this Matter.

Humph. I am indeed, of that Opinion ; for there is no Artifice, nothing conceal'd in our Family, which ought in Iustice to be known ; I need not desire you, Sir, to treat the Lady with Care and Respect.

Mr. Seal. Master *Humphrey*. ---- I shall not be rude tho' I design'd to be a little abrupt, and come into the Matter at once, to see how she will bear, pon a Surprise.

Humph. That's the Door, Sir, I wish you Success ---- [*While Humphrey speaks, Sealand consults his Table - Book.*] I am less concern'd what happens there, because I hear *Mr. Myrtle* is well lodg'd, as old *Sir Geoffry*, so I am willing to let this Gentleman employ himself here, to give them time at home ; for I am sure, 'tis necessary for the Quiet of our Family, *Lucinda* were disposed of, out of it, since *Mr. Bevil's* Inclination is so much other wise engaged.

[*Exit.*

Mr. Seal. I think this is the Door -- [*knocks*] I'll carry this Matter with an Air of Authority, to inquire, tho' I make an Errand to begin Discourse.

Discourse. [*knocks again, and enter a Foot -- boy.*] So young Man ! is your Lady within ?

Boy Alack, Sir ? I am but a Country Boy--- I dant know, whether she is, or noa : but an you'll stay a bit, I'll goa, and ask the Gentlewoman that's with her.

Mr. Seal. Why, Sirrah, tho' you are a Country Boy, you can see, can't you ? you know whether she is at home, when you see her, don't you ?

Boy Nay, nay, I'm not such a Country Lad neither, Master, to think she's at home, because I see her : I have been in Town but a Month, and I lost one Place already, for believing my own Eyes.

Mr. Seal. Why, Sirrah ! have you learnt to lye already ?

Boy Ah ! Master ! things that are Lies in the Country, are not Lies at *London* ---- I begin to know my Business a little better than so ---- but an you please to walk in, I'll call a Gentlewoman to you, that can tell you for certain --- she can make bold to ask my Lady her self.

Mr. Seal. O ! then, she is within, I find, tho' you dare not say so.

Boy Nay, nay ! that's neither here, nor there : what's matter, whether she is within or no, if she has not a mind to see any Body ?

Mr. Seal.

Mr. Seal. I can't tell, Sirrah, whether you are Arch, or Simple, but however get me a direct Answer, and here's a Shilling for you.

Boy Will you please to walk in, I'll see what I can do for you.

Mr. Seal. I see you will be fit for your Business, in time, Child. But I expect to meet with nothing but extraordinaries in such a House.

Boy Such a House! Sir, you han't seen it yet: Pray walk in.

Mr. Seal. Sir, I'll wait upon you- [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE, Indiana's House.

Enter Isabella.

Ifab. What Anxiety do I feel for this poor Creature? What will be the End of her? Such a languishing unreserved Passion, for a Man, that at last must certainly leave, or ruin her! and perhaps both! then the Aggravation of the Distress is, that she does not believe he will --- not but, I must own, if they are both what they would seem, they are made for one another, as much as *Adam* and *Eve* were, for there is no other of their kind, but themselves.

Enter Boy.

So Daniel? what News with you?

Boy

Boy. Madam, there's a Gentleman below wou'd speak with my Lady.

Ifab. Sirrah! don't you know Mr. *Bevil* yet?

Boy. Madam, 'tis not the Gentleman that comes every Day, and asks for you, and won't go in till he knows whether you are with her or no.

Ifab. Ha! that's a Particular I did not know before: Well! be it who it will, let him come up to me. [*Exit Boy; and re-enters with Mr. Seal.* *Ifabella looks amaz'd!*

Mr. Seal. Madam, I can't blame your being a little surpriz'd, to see a perfect Stranger make a visit, and ----

Ifab. I am indeed surpriz'd! ---- I see he does not know me.

Mr. Seal. You are very prettily lodg'd here, Madam; in troth you seem to have every thing in Plenty ---- a thousand a Year, I warrant you, upon this pretty Nest of Rooms, and the dainty one within them. [*Aside and looking about.*

Ifab. [*Apart.*] Twenty Years, it seems, have less Effect in the Alteration of a Man of Thirty, than of a Girl of Fourteen ---- he's almost still the same; but alas! I find by other Men, as well as himself, I am not what I was ---- as soon as he spoke, I was convinc'd 'twas He ---- How shall I contain my Surprize and Satisfaction! he must not know me yet.

Mr. Seal.

Mr. Seal. Madam, I hope I don't give you any Disturbance ; but there is a young Lady here, with whom I have a particular Business to discourse, and I hope she will admit me to that Favour.

Isab. Why, Sir, have you had any Notice concerning her ? I wonder who could give it you.

Mr. Seal. That, Madam, is fit only to be communicated to herself.

Isab. Well, Sir ! you shall see her : ---- I find he knows nothing yet, nor shall from me : I am resolv'd, I will observe this Interlude, this Sport of Nature, and of Fortune. --- You shall see her presently, Sir, for now I am as Mother, and will trust her with you. *[Exit.*

Mr. Seal. As a Mother ! right ; that's the old Phrase, for one of those Commode Ladies, who lend out Beauty, for Hire, to young Gentlemen that have pressing Occasions. But here comes the precious Lady herself. In troth a very sightly Woman ----

Enter Indiana.

Ind. I am told, Sir, you have some Affair that requires your speaking with me.

Mr. Seal. Yes, Madam : There came to my Hands a Bill drawn by Mr. *Bevil*, which is
H payable

payable tomorrow ; and he, in the Intercourse of Business, sent it to me, who have Cash of his, and desired me to send a Servant with it ; but I have made bold to bring you the Money myself.

Ind. Sir ! was that necessary ?

Mr. Seal. No, Madam, but to be free with you, the Fame of your Beauty, and the Regard, which *Mr. Bevil* is a little too well known to have for you, excited my Curiosity.

Ind. Too well known to have for me ! Your sober Appearance, Sir, which my Friend describ'd, made me expect no Rudeness, or Absurdity, at least ---- Who's there ? Sir, if you pay the Money to a Servant, 'twill be as well.

Mr. Seal. Pray, Madam, be not offended ; I came hither on an innocent, nay a virtuous Design ; and, if you'll have Patience to hear me, it may be as useful to you, as you are in a Friendship with *Mr. Bevil*, as to my only Daughter, whom I was this Day disposing of.

Ind. You make me hope, Sir, I have mistaken you ; I am compos'd again ; be free, say on ---- what I am afraid to hear ---- [*Aside.*

Mr. Seal. I fear'd, indeed, an unwarranted Passion here, but I did not think it was in Abuse of so worthy an Object, so accomplish'd a Lady, as your Sense and Mien bespeak ---- but the Youth

Youth of our Age care not what Merit and Virtue they bring to Shame, so they gratify ----

Ind. Sir ---- You are going into very great Errors -- but, as you are pleas'd to say you see something in me that has chang'd, at least, the Colour of your Suspicions; so has your Appearance alter'd mine, and made me earnestly attentive to what has any way concern'd you, to enquire into my Affairs, and Character.

Mr. Seal. How sensibly! with what an Air she talks!

Ind. Good Sir, be seated ---- and tell me tenderly ---- keep all your Suspicions concerning me alive, that you may in a proper and prepar'd way ---- acquaint me why the Care of your Daughter obliges a Person of your seeming Worth and Fortune, to be thus inquisitive about a wretched, helpless, friendless ---- [*Weeping*] But I beg your Pardon ---- tho' I am an Orphan, your Child is not; and your Concern for her, it seems, has brought you hither ---- I'll be compos'd ---- Pray go on, Sir.

Mr. Seal. How could Mr. Bevil be such a Monster, to injure such a Woman?

Ind. No, Sir ---- you wrong him ---- he has not injured me ---- my Support is from his Bounty.

Mr. Seal. Bounty! when Gluttons give high Prices for delicates, they are prodigious Bountiful.

Ind. Still, still you will persist in that Error ---- But my own Fears tell me all ---- You are the Gentleman, I suppose, for whose happy Daughter he is design'd a Husband, by his good Father, and he has, perhaps, consented to the Overture: He was here this Morning, dress'd beyond his usual Plainness, nay most sumptuously ---- And he is to be, perhaps, this Night a Bridegroom.

Mr. Seal. I own he was intended such: But Madam, on your Account, I have determined to defer my Daughter's Marriage, 'till I'm satisfy'd from your own Mouth, of what Nature are the Obligations you are under to him.

Ind. His Actions, Sir, his Eyes have only made me think, he design'd to make me the Partner of his Heart. The Goodness and Gentleness of his Demeanour made me misinterpret all ---- 'Twas my own Hope, my own Passion, that deluded me ---- he never made an amorous Advance to me ---- His large Heart and bestowing Hand, have only help'd the Miserable: Nor know I why, but from his mere Delight in Virtue, that I have been his Care, the Object on which to indulge and please himself, with pouring Favours.

Mr. Seal.

Mr. Seal. Madam, I know not why it is, but, I, as well as you, am methinks afraid of entering into the Matter I came about ; but 'tis the same thing, as if we had talk'd never so distinctly ---- he ne'er shall have a Daughter of mine.

Ind. If you say this from what you think of me, you wrong yourself and him ---- Let not me, miserable tho' I may be, do Injury to my Benefactor ---- No, Sir, my Treatment ought rather to reconcile you to his Virtues ---- if to bestow without a Prospect of Return; if to delight in supporting, what might, perhaps, be thought an Object of Desire, with no other View than to be her Guard against those who would not be so disinterested ; if these Actions, Sir, can in a careful Parent's Eye commend him to a Daughter, give yours, Sir, give her to my honest, generous *Bevil* ---- What have I to do, but sigh, and weep, to rave, run wild, a Lunatick in Chains, or hid in Darknefs, mutter in distracted Starts, and broken Accents, my strange, strange Story !

Mr. Seal. Take Comfort, Madam.

Ind. All my Comfort must be to expostulate in Madnefs, to relieve with Frenzy my Despair, and shrieking to demand of Fate, why ---- why was I born to such Variety of Sorrows ?

Mr. Seal. If I have been the least occasion ---

Ind. No ---- 'twas Heaven's high Will, I should be such ---- to be plunder'd in my Cradle! Toss'd on the Seas! and even there, an Infant Captive! to lose my Mother, hear but of my Father ---- To be adopted! lose my Adopter! then plunged again in worse Calamities!

Mr. Seal. An Infant Captive!

Ind. Yet then! to find the most Charming of Mankind, once more to set me free, (from what I thought the last Distress) to load me with his Services, his Bounties, and his Favours; to support my very Life, in a way, that stole, at the same time, my very Soul itself from me.

Mr. Seal. And has young *Bevil* been this worthy Man?

Ind. Yet then again, this very Man to take another! without leaving me the Right, the Pretence of easing my fond Heart with Tears! For oh! I can't reproach him, though the same Hand that rais'd me to this Height, now throws me down the Precipice.

Mr. Seal. Dear Lady! O yet one Moment's Patience: my Heart grows full with your Affliction! But yet, there's something in your Story that ----

Ind.

Ind. My Portion here is Bitterness, and Sorrow.

Mr. Seal. Do not think so: Pray answer me: Does *Bevil* know your Name, and Family?

Ind. Alas! too well! O, could I be any other Thing, than what I am ---- I'll tear away all Traces of my former Self, my little Ornaments, the Remains of my first State, the Hints of what I ought to have been ----

[*In her Disorder, she throws away her Bracelet, which Sealand takes up, and looks earnestly on it.*

Mr. Seal. Ha! what's this? my Eyes are not deceiv'd! It is, it is the same! the very Bracelet which I bequeath'd my Wife, at our last mournful Parting.

Ind. What said you, Sir! your Wife! Whither does my Fancy carry me? What means this unfelt Motion at my Heart? And yet again my Fortune but deludes me, for if I err not, Sir, your Name is *Sealand*: But my lost Father's Name was ----

Mr. Seal. *Danvers*! was it not?

Ind. What new Amazement! That is indeed my Family.

Mr. Seal. Know then, when my Misfortunes drove me to the *Indies*, for Reasons too tedious now to mention, I chang'd my Name of *Danvers* into *Sealand*.

Enter Isabella.

Ifab. If yet there wants an Explanation of your Wonder, examine well this Face, (yours, Sir, I well remember,) gaze on, and read, in me, your Sister *Isabella*!

Mr. Seal. My Sister!

Ifab. But here's a Claim more tender yet --- your *Indiana*, Sir, your long lost Daughter.

Mr. Seal. O my Child! my Child!

Ind. All Gracious Heaven! is it possible! do I embrace my Father!

Mr. Seal. And I do hold thee --- These Passions are too strong for Utterance --- Rise, rise, my Child, and give my Tears their Way --- O my Sister! [*Embracing her.*]

Ifab. Now, dearest Niece my groundless Fears, my painful Cares no more shall vex thee. If I have wrong'd thy noble Lover with too hard Suspicions; my just Concern for thee, I hope will plead my Pardon.

Mr. Seal.

Mr. Seal. O ! make him then the full Amends, and be your self the Messenger of Joy: Fly this Instant ! ---- tell him all these wondrous Turns of Providence in his Favour ! Tell him I have now a Daughter to bestow, which he no longer will decline: that this Day he still shall be a Bridegroom: nor shall a Fortune, the Merit which his Father seeks, be wanting: tell him the Reward of all his Virtues waits on his Acceptance. [*Exit Isab.*] My dearest *Indiana*?
[*Turns and embraces her.*]

Ind. Have I then at last a Father's Sanction on my Love ! His bounteous Hand to give, and make my Heart a Present worthy of *Bevil's* Generosity ?

Mr. Seal. O my Child ! how are our Sorrows past o'erpaid by such a Meeting ! Though I have lost so many Years of soft paternal Dalliance with thee, yet, in one Day, to find thee thus, and thus bestow thee, in such perfect Happiness ! is ample ! ample Reparation ! And yet again the Merit of thy Lover.

Ind. O ! had I Spirits left to tell you of his Actions ! how strongly Filial Duty has suppressed his Love ; and how Concealment still has doubled all his Obligations ; the Pride, the Joy of his Alliance, Sir, would warm your Heart, as he has conquer'd mine. ----

Mr. Seal. How laudable is Love, when born of Virtue ! I burn to embrace him ----

Ind. See, Sir, my Aunt already has succeeded and brought him to your Wishes.

Enter Isabella, *with* Sir John Bevil, Bevil Jun.

Mrs. Sealand, Cimberton, Myrtle
and Lucinda.

Sir J. Bev. [*Entring.*] Where ! where's this Scene of Wonder ! ---- *Sealand*, I congratulate, on this Occasion, our mutual Happiness ---- Your good Sister, Sir, has with the Story of your Daughter's Fortune, fill'd us with Surprize and Joy ! Now all Exceptions are remov'd ; my Son has now avow'd his Love, and turn'd all former Jealousies and Doubts to Approbation, and, I am told, your Goodness has consented to reward him.

Mr. Seal. If, Sir, a Fortune equal to his Father's Hopes, can make this Object worthy of his Acceptance.

Bev. Jun. I hear your Mention, Sir, of Fortune, with Pleasure only, as it may prove the Means to reconcile the best of Fathers to my Love ---- Let him be provident, but let me be happy ---- my ever destin'd, my acknowledg'd Wife !

[*Embracing* Indiana.

Ind.

Ind. Wife ! O my ever loved ! my Lord ! my Master !

Sir J. Bev. I congratulate myself as well as you, that I had a Son, who could, under such Disadvantages, discover your great Merit.

Mr. Seal. O ! Sir *John* ! how vain, how weak is human Prudence ? What Care, what Foresight, what Imagination could contrive such blest Events, to make our Children happy, as Providence in one short Hour has laid before us ?

Cimb. [*To Mrs. Sealand*] I am afraid, Madam, Mr. *Sealand* is a little too busy for our Affair, if you please we'll take another Opportunity.

Mr. Seal. Let us have Patience, *During this*
Sir. *Bev. Jun.*

Cimb. But we make Sir *Geoffry* presents
wait, Madam. *Lucinda*

Myrt. O Sir, I am not in haste. *to Indiana.*

Mr. Seal. But here ! here's our general Benefactor: Excellent young Man, that could be, at once, a Lover to her Beauty, and a Parent to her Virtue.

Bev. Jun. If you think that an Obligation, Sir, give me leave to over-pay myself, in the only Instance, that can now add to my Felicity, by begging you to bestow this Lady on Mr. *Myrtle*.

Mr. Seal.

Mr. Seal. She is his without Reserve, (I beg he may be sent for) ---- *Mr. Cimberton*, not withstanding you never had my Consent, yet there is since I last saw you, another Objection to your Marriage with my Daughter.

Cimb. I hope, Sir, your Lady has conceal'd nothing from me?

Mr. Seal. Troth, Sir! nothing but what was conceal'd from my self; another Daughter, who has an undoubted Title to half my Estate.

Cimb. How! *Mr. Sealand!* Why then if half *Mrs. Lucinda's* Fortune is gone, you can't say that any of my Estate is settled upon her: I was in Treaty for the whole; but if that is not to be come at, to be sure, there can be no Bargain, ---- Sir, ---- I have nothing to do but to take my leave of your good Lady my Cousin, and beg Pardon for the Trouble I have given this old Gentleman.

Myrt. That you have, *Mr. Cimberton*, with all my Heart. *[Discovers himself.]*

Omnes Mr. Myrtle.

Myrt. And I beg Pardon of the whole Company, that I assum'd the Person of *Sir Geoffry*, only to be present at the Danger of this Lady's being dispos'd of, and in her outmost Exigence
to

to assert my Right to her: Which if her Parents will ratify, as they once favour'd my Pretensions, no Abatement of Fortune shall lessen her Value to me.

Luc. Generous Man !

Mr. Seal. If, Sir, you can overlook the Injury of being in Treaty with one, who has meanly left her, as you have generously asserted your Right in her, she is Yours.

Luc. Mr. *Myrtle*, tho' you have ever had my Heart, yet now I find I love you more, because I bring you less.

Myrt. We have much more than we want, and I am glad any Event has contributed to the Discovery of our real Inclinations to each other.

Mrs. Seal. Well ! however I'm glad the Girl's dispos'd of any way. [*Aside.*]

Bev. Jun. Myrtle ! no longer Rivals now, but Brothers.

Myrt. Dear *Bevil* ! you are born to triumph over me ! but now our Competition ceases : I rejoice in the Preeminence of your Virtue, and your Alliance adds Charms to *Lucinda*.

Sir J. Bev.

Sir J. Bev. Now Ladies and Gentlemen, you have set the World a fair Example : Your Happiness is owing to your Constancy and Merit : And the several Difficulties you have struggled with, evidently shew.

Whate'er the generous Mind it self denies,

The secret Care of Providence supplies.

[Exeunt.]

EPILOGUE

By Mrs. WELSTED

Intended to be Spoken by INDIANA.

Our Author, whom Intreaties cannot move,
 Spite of the dear Coquetry that you love,
 Swears he'll not frustrate (so he plainly means)
 By a loose Epilogue, his decent Scenes.
 Is it not, Sirs, hard Fate I meet To-day,
 To keep my Rigid still, beyond the Play?
 And yet, I'm sav'd a world of Pains that way:
 I now can look, I now can move at Ease,
 Nor need I torture these poor Limbs, to please;
 Nor with the Hand or Foot attempt surprize,
 Nor wrest my Features, nor fatigue my Eyes:
 Biefs me! What freakish Gambols have I play'd!
 What Motions try'd, and wanton Looks betray'd!
 Out of pure Kindness all! to over-rule
 The threaten'd Hiss, and screen some scribbling
 Fool.
 With more Respect I'm entertain'd To-night:
 Our Author thinks, I can with Ease delight.
 My artless Looks while modest Graces arm,
 He says, I need but to appear; and charm.

A

*A Wife so form'd, by the Examples bred,
Pours Ioy and Gladness round the Marriage Bed;
Soft Source of Comfort, kind Relief from Care,
And'tis her least Perfection to be Fair.*

*The Nymph with Indiana's Worth who vies,
A Nation will behold with Bevil's Eyes.*

FINIS.

ANCIENT AND MODERN
SONGS AND BALLADS.



G O T T I N G E N
PRINTED FOR VICTORINVS BOSSIEGEL.

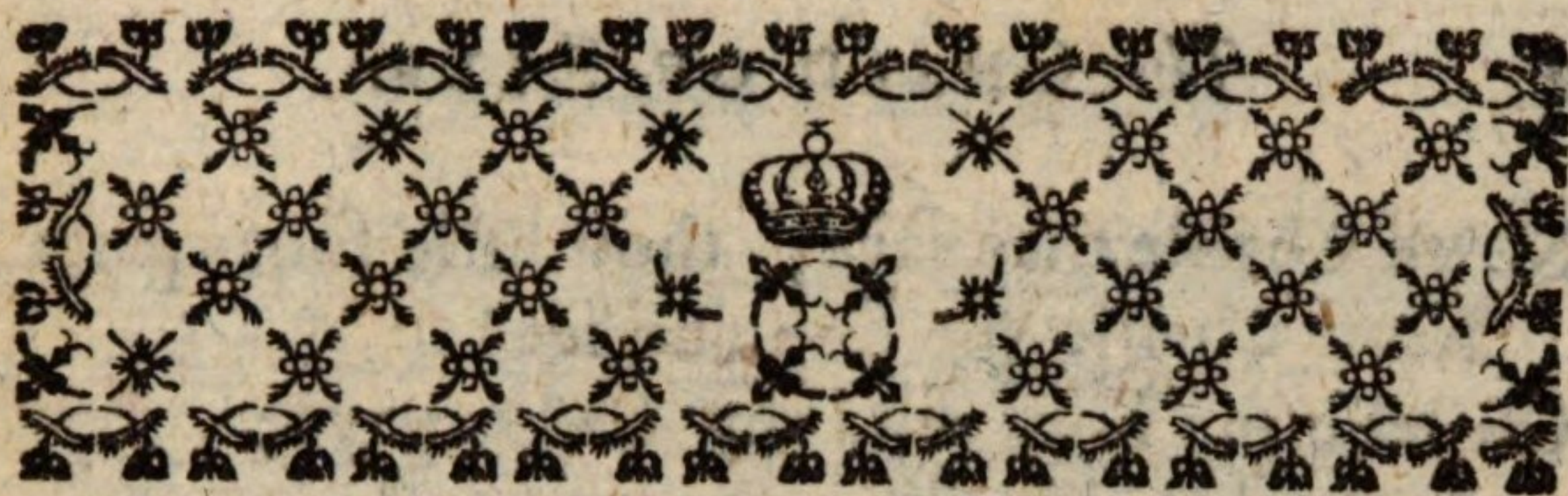
1 7 6 7.

SONGS AND BALLADS
ANCIENT AND MODERN



GOTTINGEN
PRINTED FOR VICTORINUS BOSSIGEL.

1767



THE
CHILD (*) OF ELLE.
AN ANCIENT BALLAD.

*(Reliques of ancient English Poetry. Vol. I.
p. 90. f.)*

On yonder hill a Castle standes,
With Walles and towres (a) bedight,
And yonder lives the Child of Elle,
A young and comely Knighte.

The Child of Elle to his garden wente,
And stood at his garden pale,
Whan, lo! he beheld fair Emmelines page
Come trippinge downe the dale.

The Child of Elle he hyed him thence,
(b) Y - wis he stoode not stille,
And soone he mette faire Emmelines page
Come climbing up the hille.

A

Nowe

(*) Knight. (a) bedeck'd. (b) verily.

Nowe Christe thee save, thou little foot - page
 Nowe Christe thee save and see!
 Oh telle me how does thy Ladye gaye,
 And what may thy tydings bee?

My Lady thee is all (c) woe - begone,
 And the teares they falle from her (d) eyne;
 And aye thee laments the deadlye feude
 Betweene her house and thine.

And here thee sends thee a filken scarfe
 Bedewde with many a teare,
 And biddes thee sometimes thinke on her,
 Who loved thee so deare.

And here thee sends thee a ring of golde
 The last boone thou mayst have,
 And biddes thee weare it for her sake,
 Whan she is layde in grave.

For ah! her gentle heart is broke,
 And in grave soone must thee bee,
 (e) Sith her father hath chose her a new new love,
 And forbidde her to thinke of thee.

Her father has brought her a carlish knight,
 Sir John of the north countraye,
 And within three days thee must him wedde,
 Or he vowes he will her slaye.

Nowe

(c) *overwhelmed with grief.* (d) *eyes.* (e) *Since.*

Nowe hye the backe, thou little foot-page,
And greet thy ladye from mee,
Aud tell her that I her own true love,
Will dye or fette her free.

Nowe hye thee backe, thou little foot-page,
Aud let thy fair ladye know
This night will I bee at her (f) bowre-windowe,
Betide me weale or woe.

The boye he tripped, the boye he ranne,
He neither (g) stint ne stayd,
Untill he came to fair Emmelines h) bowre
Whan kneeling downe he sayd,

O Ladye, J've been with thy own true Love,
And he greets thee well by mee;
This night will he bee at thy bowre-windowe,
And dye or fette thee free.

Nowe daye was gone, and night was come,
And all were fast asleepe,
All save the Ladye Emmeline
Who sate in her bowre to weepe:

And soone shee heard her true loves voice
Lowe whispering at the walle,
Awake, awake, my deare Ladye
'Tis I thy true Love call.

A 2

Awake,

(f) chamber-window. (g) stopp'd. (h) chamber.

Awake, awake, my Ladye deare,
Come mount this faire palfraye:
This ladder of ropes will lette thee downe
Ile carrye the hence away.

Nowe nay, nowe nay, thou gentle knight
Now nay, this may not bee;
For aye should I tint my maiden fame,
If alone I should wend (i) with thee.

O Ladye, thou with a Knighte so true
Mayst safelye wend alone,
To my Ladye mother I will the bringe,
Where marriage shall make us one.

"My Father he is baron bolde,
Of Lynage proude and hye;
And what would he saye if his daughter
Away with a Knight should fly?

Ah well I wot, he never would rest;
Nor his meate should doe him no goode,
Till he had slayne thee, Child of Elle,
And seene thy deare hearts bloode."

O Ladye, wert thou in thy saddle sette,
And a little space him fro,
I would not care for thy cruel father,
Nor the worst that he could doe.

(i) go.

O Ladye wert thou in thy saddle sette,
And once without this walle,
I would not care for thy cruel father,
Nor the worst that might befall.

Faire Emmeline sighde, fair Emmeline wept,
And aye her heart was woe:
At length he seizde her lilly-white hand,
And downe the ladder hee drewe:

And thrice he claspde her to his breste,
And kist her tenderlie:
The teares that fell from her fair eyes,
Ranne like the fountayne free.

He mounted himselfe on his steede so talle,
And her on a faire palfraye,
And slung his (k) bugle about his necke,
And roundlye they rode awaye.

All this (l) beheard her owne damfelle,
In her bed whereas shee ley,
Quoth shee, my lord shall knowe of this,
Soe I shall have golde and fee.

Awake, awake, thou baron bolde!
Awake, my noble dame!
Your daughter is fledde with the Child of Elle,
To doe the deede of shame.

A 3

The

(k) hunting-horn. (l) heard.

The baron he woke, the baron he rose,
 And calde his merrie men all:
 "And come thou forth, Sir John the Knighte,
 Thy ladye is carried to (m) thrall."

Fair Emineline scant had ridden a mile,
 A mile forth of the towne,
 When she was aware of her fathers men
 Come galloping over the downe:

And foremost came the carlish Knight,
 Sir John of the north countraye:
 "Nowe stop, nowe stop, thou false traitoure,
 Nor carry that ladye awaye.

For she is come of (n) hye lynage,
 And was of a Ladye borne,
 And ill it beseems thee a false churles sonne
 To carrye her hence to scorne."

Nowe loud thou lyest, Sir John the Knight;
 Nowe thou doest lye of mee;
 A Knight mee gott, and a ladye mee bore,
 Soe never did none by thee.

But light nowe downe, my ladye faire,
 Light downe, and hold my steed,
 While I and this discourteous Knighte
 Doe trye this arduous deede.

But

(m) captive, (n) high.

But light now downe, my deare Ladye,
Light downe, and hold my horſe,
While I and this diſcourteous Knight
Doe trye our valours force.

Fair Emmeline ſighde, fair Emmeline wept,
And aye her heart was Woe,
While twixt her love, and the carliſh Knight
Paſt many a baleful blowe.

The Child of Elle hee fought foe well,
As his weapon he (o) wavde amaine,
That ſoone he had ſlaine the carliſh Knight,
And layde him upon the plaine.

And nowe the baron, and all his men
Full faſt approached nye:
Ah! what may ladye Emmeline doe?
Twere nowe no boote (p) to flye.

Her lover he put his horne to his mouth,
And blew both loud and thrill,
And ſoone he ſaw his owne merry men
Come ryding over the hill.

"Nowe hold thy hand, thou bold baron,
I pray thee, hold thy hand,
Nor ruthleſs rend two gentle hearts,
Faſt knit in true loves band.

A 4

Thy

(o) waved. (p) advantage.

Thy daughter I have dearly lovde
 Full long and many a day;
 But with such love as holy Kirke,
 Hath freelye sayd wee may.

O give consent, thee may be mine,
 And blesse a faithfulle paire:
 My lands and livings are not small,
 My house and lynage faire:

My mother she was an erles daughter,
 A noble Knight my fire ---
 The baron he frownde, and turnde away
 With mickle (q) dole and ire.

Fair Emmeline sighde, faire Emmeline wept,
 And did all tremblinge stand:
 At lengthe she sprange upon her Knee,
 And held his lifted hand;

Pardon, my lorde and father deare,
 This faire young Knight and mee:
 Trust me, but for the carlish Knight,
 I ne'er had fled from thee.

Oft have you callde your Emmeline
 Your darling and your joye;
 O let not then your harsh resolves
 Your Emmeline destroye.

The

(q) grief.

The baron he stroakt his dark-brown cheeke,
And turnde his heade asyde
To whipe awaye the starting teare,
He proudly strave to hyde.

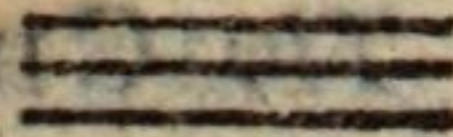
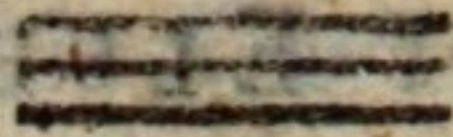
In deepe revolving thought he stooode,
And (r) musde a little space;
Then raisde faire Emmeline from the grounde,
With many a fond embrace.

Here take her, Child of Elle, he sayd,
And gave her lillye hand,
Here take my deare and only child,
And with her half my land:

Thy father once mine honour wrongde
In dayes of youthful pride;
Do thou the injurye repayre
In fondnesse for thy bride,

And as thou love her, and hold her deare,
Heaven prosper thee and thine:
And nowe my blessing wend wi' thee,
My lovelye Emmeline.

(r) *misde.*



HARPALUS

AN ANCIENT ENGLISH PASTORAL.

*(Reliques of ancient English Poetry Vol. 2.
p. 61.)*

Phillida was a faire maide,
As fresh, as any flower,
Whom Harpalus the heard-man praide
To be his paramoure.

Harpalus, and eke Corin,
Were herdmen both (*) yfere:
And Phillida would twist and spinne,
And thereto sing ful clere.

But Phillida was al to coye,
For Harpalus to winne:
For Corin was her only joye,
Who forst (**) her not a pinne.

How often woold she flowers twine!
How often garlants make
Of couflips and of culumbine!
And al for Corin's sake.

But

(*) together. (**) regarded.

But Corin, he had hawkes to lure,
And forced more the fielde:
Of lovers law he tooke no cure;
For once he was beguilde.

Harpalus prevayled nought,
His labour all was lost,
For he was farthest from her thought,
And yet he loved her most.

Therefore wax he both pale and leane,
And dry as clod of clay:
His fleshe it was consumed cleane;
His colour gone away.

His beard it hat not long be shave,
His heare hong al unkempt:
A man most fit even for the grave,
Whom spiteful love had shent.

His eyes were red, and all forwatcht;
His face besprent with teares:
It seemed unhap had him long hatcht,
In middes of his dispaire.

His clothes were blacke, and also bare;
As one forlorne was hee;
Upon his head alwaies he ware
A wreathe of willowe tree.

His

His beastes he kept upon the hill,
And he sate in the dale;
And thus with sighes and sorrows shrill,
He gan to tell his tale.

Oh Harpalus! thus would he say;
Unhappiest under sunne!
The cause of thine unhappie day,
By love was first begunne.

For thou wenest first by fute to seeke;
A tygre to make tame,
That fettes not by thy love a leeke;
But makes thy grieve her game,

As easy it were soo to conuerte
The frost into a flame:
As for to turne a frowarde herte,
Whom thou so faine wouldest frame.

Corin he liveth carelesse:
He leapes among the leaves:
He eates the fruites of thy redresse:
Thou reapest, he takes the sheaves.

My beastes a while your foode refraine,
And harke your herdmans sounde:
Whom spitefull love, alas! hath flaine,
Through girt with many a wounde.

O happie be ye, beastes wilde,
That here your pasture takes:
I see that ye be not beguilde
Of theese your faithful makes.

The hart he feedeth by the hinde:
The bucke harde by the doe:
The turtle dove is not unkinde
To him that loves her so.

The ewe she hath by her the ramme:
The yong cowe hath the bulle:
The calfe with many a lusty lambe
Do feede their hunger full.

But, wel-a-way! that nature wrought
Thee, Phillida, so faire:
For I may say that I have bought
Thy beauty all to deare.

What reason is that cruelty
With beauty should have part?
Or els that such great tyranny
Should dwell in womans heart?

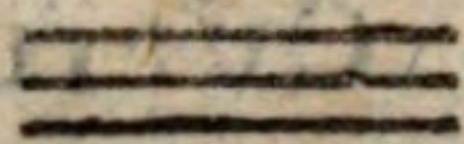
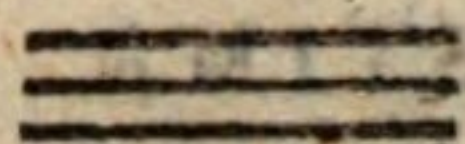
I see therefore to shape my deathe
She cruelly is prest;
To th'end that I may want my breathe:
My dayes ben at the best.

O Cupide, graunt this my request,
And do not stoppe thine eares;
That shee may feele within her breste
The paines of my dispaire:

Of Corin whose' is carelesse
That she may crave her fee:
As I have done in greate distresse,
That lovd her faithfullie.

But since that I shal die her slave;
Her slave, and eke her thrall:
Write you, my friendes, upon my grave
This chaunce that is befall.

"Here lieth unhappy Harpalus
"By cruell love now flaine:
"Whom Phillida unjustly thus,
"Hath mured with disdain."



CUPID'S PASTIME.

*(Reliques of ancient English Poetry Vol. I.
p. 293. f.)*

It chanc'd of late a shepherd swain,
That went to seek his straying sheep,
Within a thicket on a plain
Espied a dainty nymph asleep.

Her golden hair o'erspred her face;
Her careless arms abroad were cast;
Her quiver had her pillows place;
Her breast lay bare to every blast.

The shepherd stood and gaz'd his fill,
Nought durst he do; nought durst he say;
Whilst chance, or else perhaps his will;
Did guide the god of love that way.

The crafty boy thus sees her sleep,
Whom if she wak't he durst not see;
Behind her closely seeks to creep,
Before her nap should ended bee.

There come, he steals her shafts away,
And puts his own into their place;
Nor dares he any longer stay,
But, ere she wakes, hies thence apace.

Scarce

Scarce was he gone, but she awakes,
And spies the shepherd standing by;
Her bended bow in haste she takes,
And at the simple swain lets flye.

Forth flew the shaft, and pierc't his heart,
That to the ground he fell with pain:
Yet up again forthwith he start,
And to the nymph he ran amain.

Amazed to see so strange a fight,
She shot, and shot, but all in vain;
The more his wounds, the more his might,
Love yielded strength amidst his pain.

Her angry eyes were great with tears,
She blames her hand, she blames her skill,
The bluntness of her shafts she fears,
And try them on herself she will.

Take heed, sweet nymph, trye not thy shaft,
Each little touch will pierce thy heart:
Alas! thou knowst not Cupids craft;
Revenge is joy; the end is smart.

Yet try she will, and pierce some bare;
Her hands were glov'd, but next to hand
Was that fair breast, that breast so rare,
That made the shepherd senseless stand.

That

That breast she pierc'd, and through that breast
 Love found an entry to her heart;
 At feeling of this new-come guest,
 Lord! how this gentle nymph did start!

She runs not now; she shoots no more;
 Away she throws both shaft and bow:
 She seeks for what she shun'd before,
 She thinks the shepherds haste too slow.

Though mountains meet not, lovers may;
 What other lovers do, did they:
 The God of love sate on a tree,
 And laught that pleasant sight to see.



LOYALTY CONFINED.

(*Reliques of ancient English Poetry. Vol. II.
p. 330.*)

Beat on, proud billows; Boreas blow;
Swell, curled waves, high as Jove's roof;
Your incivility doth show,
That innocence is tempest proof;
Though surly Nereus frown, my thoughts are
calm;
Then strike, Affliction, for thy wounds are
balm.

That which the world miscalls a jail,
A private closet is to me:
Whilst a good conscience is my bail,
And innocence my liberty:
Locks, bars, and solitude together met,
Make me no prisoner, but an anchoret.

I, whilst I wilht to be retir'd,
Into this private room was turn'd;
As if their wisdoms had conspir'd
The salamander should be burn'd;
Or like those sophists, that would drown a
fish,
I am constrain'd to suffer what I wish.

The

The cynick loves his poverty;
The pelican her wilderness;
And 'tis the Indian's pride to be
Naked on frozen Caucasus:
Contentment cannot sinart, stoicks we see
Make torments easie to their apathy.

These manacles upon my arm
I, as my mistress' favours, wear;
And for to keep my ancles warm,
I have some iron shackles there:
These walls are but my garrison; this cell,
Which men call jail, doth prove my citadel.

J'm in the cabinet lockt up,
Like some high-prized margarite,
Or, like the great mogul or pope,
Am cloyster'd up from publick sight:
Retirement is a piece of majesty,
And thus, proud Sultan, J'm as great as thee.

Here sin for want of food must starve,
Where tempting objects are not seen;
And these strong walls do only serve
To keep vice out, and keep me in:
Malice of late's grown charitable sure,
J'm not committed, but J'm kept secure.

So he that struck at Jason's life,
Thinking t' have made his purpose sure,
By a malicious friendly knife
Did only wound him to a cure:
Malice, I see, wants wit; for what is meant
Mischief, oftimes proves favour by th' event.

When once my prince affliction hath,
Prosperity doth treason seem;
And to make smooth so rough a path,
I can learn patience from him:
Now not to suffer shews no loyal heart,
When kings want ease subjects must bear a part.

What though I cannot see my King
Neither in person or in coin,
Yet contemplation is a thing,
That renders what I have not, mine:
My King from me what adamant can part,
Whom I do wear engraven on my heart?

Have you not seen the nightingale;
A prisoner like, coopt in a cage,
How doth she chaunt her wonted tale
In that her narrow hermitage?
Even then charming melody doth prove,
That all her bars are trees, her cage a grove.

I am

I am that bird, whom they combine
Thus to deprive of liberty;
But though they do my corps confine,
Yet maugre hate, my soul is free;
And though immur'd, yet can I chirp, and
sing
Disgrace to rebels, glory to my King.

My soul is free, as ambient air,
Although my baser part's immew'd,
Whilst loyal thoughts do still repair
T' accompany my solitude:
Although rebellion do my body binde,
My King alone can captivate my minde.

В 3

LOVE



LOWE WILL FIND OUT THE WAY.

(*Reliques of ancient English Poetry, Vol. III.*
p. 236.)

Over the mountains,
And over the waves;
Over the fountains,
And under the graves;
Over floods that are deepest,
Which Neptune obey;
Over rocks that are steepest,
Love will find out the way.

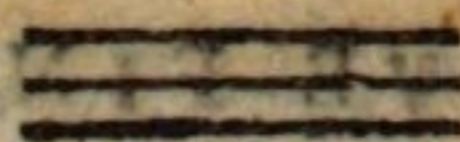
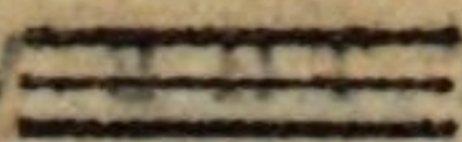
Where there is no place
For the glow-worm to lye;
Where there is no space
For receipt of a fly;
Where the midge dares not venture
Lest herself fast she lay;
If love come he will enter,
And soon find out his way.

You may esteem him
A child for his might;
Or you may deem him
A coward from his flight;
But if she, whom love doth honour,
Be conceal'd from the day,
Set a thousand guards upon her,
Love will find out the way.

Some

Some think to lose him,
By having him confin'd;
And some do suppose him,
Poor thing, to be blind;
But if ne'er so close ye wall him,
Do the best that you may,
Blind love, if so ye call him,
Will find out his way.

You may train the eagle
To stoop to your fist;
Or you may inveigle
The phenix of the east;
The lioness, ye may move her
To give o'er her prey;
But you'll ne'er stop a lover:
He will find out his way.



THE
SPANISH LADY'S LOVE.

*(Reliques of ancient English Poetry. Vol. II.
p. 227.)*

Will you hear a Spanish lady,
How she wooed an English man?
Garments gay as rich as may be
Decked with jewels she had on.
Of a comely countenance and grace was she,
And by birth and parentage of high degree.

As his prisoner there he kept her,
In his hands her life did lye;
Cupid's bands did tye them faster
By the liking of an eye.
In his courteous company was all her joy,
To favour him in any thing she was not coy.
But

But at last there came commandment
For to set the ladies free,
With their jewels still adorned,
None to do them injury.
Then said this lady mild, Full woe is me,
O let me still sustain this kind captivity!

Gallant captain, shew some pity
To a ladye in distresse;
Leave me not within this city,
For to dye in heavinesse:
Thou hast set this present day my body free,
But my heart in prison still remains with thee.

"How should'st thou, fair lady, love me,
Whom thou know'st thy countrys foe?
Thy fair wordes make me suspect thee:
"Serpents lie where flowers grow."
All the harm I wishe to thee, most courteous
knight,
God grant the same upon my head may fully
light.

Blessed be the time and season,
That you came on Spanish ground;
If you may our foes be termed,
Gentle foes we have you found:
With our city, you have won our hearts each one,
Then to your country bear away, that is your
own.

"Rest you still, most gallant lady;
Rest you still, and weep no more;
Of fair lovers there are plenty,
Spain doth yield you wonderous store."
Spaniards fraught with jealousy we oft do find,
But English men throughout the world are
counted kind.

Leave me not unto a Spaniard,
Thou alone enjoyst my heart;
I am lovely, young and tender,
Love is likewise my desert:
Still to serve thee day and night my mind is prest;
The wife of every English man is counted
blest.

"It would be a shame, fair lady,
For to bear a woman hence;
English soldiers never carry
Any such without offence."
J'll quickly change my self, if it be so,
And like a page will follow thee, where'er
thou go.

"I have neither gold nor silver
To maintain thee in this case,
And to travel is great charges,
As you know in every place."
My chains and jewels every one shall be thy own,
And eke ten thousand pounds in gold that lies
unknown.

"On

"On the seas are many dangers,
Many storms do there arise,
Which will be to ladies dreadful,
And force tears from watery eyes."

Well in troth I shall endure extremity
For I could find in heart to lose my life for thee:

"Courteous ladye, leave this fancy,
Here comes all that breeds the strife;
I in England have already
A sweet woman to my wife;
I will not falsify my vow for gold nor gain,
Nor yet for all the fairest dames that live in
Spain."

O how happy is that woman
That enjoys so true a friend!
Many happy days God send her;
Of my suit I make an end:
On my knees I pardon crave for my offence,
Which did from love and true affection first
commence.

Commend me to thy lovely lady,
Bear to her this chain of gold;
And these bracelets for a token,
Grieving that I was so bold:
All my jewels in like sort bear thou with thee,
For they are fitting for thy wife, but not for
me.
I will

I will spend my days in prayer.

Love and all his laws defy;

In a nunnery will I throwd mee,

Far from any companye:

But ere my prayers have an end, be sure of
this,

To pray for thee and for thy love I will not
miss.

Thus farewell, most gallant captain!

Farewell too my heart's content!

Count not Spanish ladies wanton,

Though to thee my love was bent:

Joy and true prosperity goe still with thee!

The like fall ever to thy share, most fair ladie.

WI-

I will



WINIFREDA.

*(Reliques of ancient English Poetry Vol. I.
p. 304. f.)*

Away; let nought to love displeasing,
My Winifreda, move your care;
Let nought delay the heavenly blessing,
Nor squeamish pride, nor gloomy fear.

What tho' no grants of royal donors
With pompous titles grace our blood?
We'll shine in more substantial honors,
And to be noble we'll be good.

Our name, while virtue thus we tender,
Will sweetly sound where-e'er'tis spoke:
And all the great ones, they shall wonder
How they respect such little folk.

What though from fortune's lavish bounty
No mighty treasures we possess,
We'll find within our pittance plenty,
And be content without excess.

Still shall each returning season
Sufficient for our wishes give;
For we will live a life of reason,
And that's the only life to live.

Through

Through youth and age in love excelling,
We'll hand in hand together tread;
Sweet-smiling peace shall crown our dwelling,
And babes, sweet-smiling babes, our bed.

How should I love the pretty creatures,
While round my knees they fondly clung;
To see them look their mother's features,
To hear them lisp their mother's tongue.

And, when with envy time transported,
Shall think to rob us of our joys,
You'll in your girls again be courted,
And J'll go a wooing with my boys.

BRYAN



BRYAN AND PEREENE, A WEST-INDIAN BALLAD.

*(Reliques of ancient English Poetry Vol. I.
p. 313. f.)*

The north-east wind did briskly blow,
The ship was safely moor'd,
Young Bryan thought the boat's-crew slow,
And so leapt over-board.

Pereene, the pride of Indian dames,
His heart long held in thrall,
And who so his impatience blames,
I wot, ne'er lov'd at all.

A long long year, one month and day,
He dwelt on English land,
Nor once in thought or deed would stray,
Tho' ladies sought his hand.

For Bryan he was tall and strong,
Right blythsome roll'd his een,
Sweet was his voice whene'er he sung,
He scant had twenty seen.

But

But, who the countless charms can draw,
That grac'd his mistress true;
Such charms the old world seldom saw,
Nor oft I ween the new.

Her raven hair plays round her neck,
Like tendrils of the vine;
Her cheeks red dewy rose buds deck,
Her eyes like diamonds shine.

Soon as his well-known ship she spied,
She cast her weeds away,
And to the palmy shore she hied,
All in her best array.

In sea-green silk so neatly clad,
She there impatient stood;
The crew with wonder saw the lad,
Repell the foaming flood.

Her hands a handkerchief display'd,
Which he at parting gave;
Well pleas'd the token he survey'd,
And manlier beat the wave.

Her fair companions one and all,
Rejoicing crowd the strand,
For now her lover swam in call,
And almost touch'd the land.

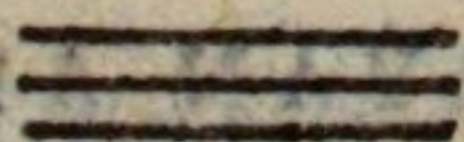
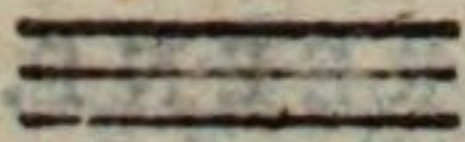
Then

Then through the white surf did she haste,
To clasp her lovely swain;
When, ah! a shark bit through his waste:
His heart's blood dy'd the main!

He shriek'd! his half sprang from the wave,
Streaming with purple gore,
And soon it found a living grave,
And ah! was seen no more.

Now haste, now haste, ye maids, I pray,
Fetch water from the spring:
She falls, she swoons, she dyes away,
And soon her knell they ring.

Now each May morning round her tomb
Ye fair, fresh flow'rets strew,
So may your lovers scape his doom,
Her hapless fate scape you.



ALCANZOR AND ZAYDA. A MOORISH TALE.

Imitated from the Spanish.

*(Reliques of ancient English Poetry Vol. I.
p. 324.)*

Softly blow the evening breezes,
Softly fall the dew's of night;
Yonder walks the Moor Alcanzor,
Shunning every glare of light.

In yon palace lives fair Zaida,
Whom he loves with flame so pure:
Loveliest she of Moorish ladies,
He a young and noble Moor.

Waiting for the appointed minute,
Oft he paces to and fro;
Stopping now, now moving forwards,
Sometimes quick, and sometimes slow.

Hope and fear alternate teize him,
Oft he sighs with heart-felt care ---
See, fond youth, to yonder window
Softly steps the timorous fair.

Lovely

Lovely seems the moon's fair lustre
To the lost benighted swain,
When all silvery bright she rises,
Gilding mountain, grove, and plain.

Lovely seems the sun's full glory
To the fainting seaman's eyes,
When some horrid storm dispersing,
O'er the wave his radiance flies.

But a thousand times more lovely
To her longing lover's sight,
Steals half-seen the beauteous maiden
Thro' the glimmerings of the night.

Tip-toe stands the anxious lover,
Whispering forth a gentle sigh:
Alla * keep thee, lovely lady;
Tell me, am I doom'd to dye?

Is it true the dreadful story,
Which thy damsell tells my page,
That seduc'd by fordid riches
Thou wilt sell thy youth to age?

An old lord from Antiquera
Thy stern father brings along;
But canst thou, inconstant Zaida,
E'er consent my love to wrong?

C 2

If

* *Alla is the Mahometan name of God.*

If it's true now plainly tell me,
Nor thus trifle with my woes;
Hide not then from me the secret,
Which the world so clearly knows.

Deeply sigh'd the conscious maiden,
While the pearly tears descend:
Ah! my lord, too true the story;
Here our tender loves must end.

Our fond friendship is discover'd,
Well are known our mutual vows,
All my friends are full of fury,
Storms of passion shake the house.

Threats, reproaches, fears surround me;
My stern father breaks my heart;
Alla knows how dear it costs me,
Generous youth, from thee to part.

Ancient wounds of hostile fury
Long have rent our house and thine,
Why then did thy shining merit,
Win this tender heart of mine?

Well thou knowst how dear I lov'd thee
Spite of all their hateful pride,
Tho' I fear'd my haughty father
Ne'er would let me be thy bride.

Well

Well thou know'st what cruel chidings
Oft J've from my mother borne,
What J've suffered here to meet thee
Still at eve and early morn.

I no longer may resist them,
All, to force my hand combine;
And to-morrow to thy rival
This weak frame I must resign.

Yet think not thy faithful Zaida
Can survive so great a wrong,
Well my breaking heart assures me
That my woes will not be long.

Farewel then, my dear Alcanzor!
Farewel too my life with thee!
Take this scarf a parting token,
When thou wear'st it think on me.

Soon, lov'd youth, some worthier maiden
Shall reward thy generous truth,
Sometimes tell her how thy Zaida
Died for thee in prime of youth.

To him all amaz'd, confounded,
Thus she did her woes impart:
Deep he sigh'd, then cry'd, O Zaida
Do not: do not break my heart.

Canst thou think I thus will lose thee?

Canst thou hold my love so small?

No! a thousand times I'll perish!

My curst rival too shall fall.

Canst thou, wilt thou yield thus to them?

O break forth, and fly to me!

This fond heart shall bleed to save thee,

These fond arms shall shelter thee.

'Tis in vain, in vain, Alcanzor,

Spies surround me, bars secure,

Scarce I steal this last dear moment,

While my damself keeps the door.

Hark, I hear my father storming!

Hark, I hear my mother chide!

I must go: farewell forever!

Gracious Alla be thy guide!

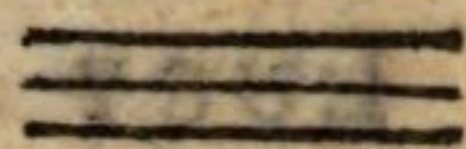
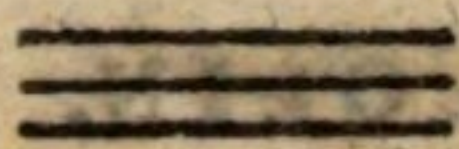
Soon, lov'd youth, some warrior's aid
 Shall reward thy generous deed.
 Sometimes tell her how thy Zayda
 Died for thee in prime of youth.

To him all arms are confounded,
 Thus the did her woes impart;
 Deep he sigh'd, then cry'd, O Zayda!
 Do not, do not break my heart.

Canst

C 3

LUCY



LUCY AND COLIN.

by Thomas Tickel, Esqu.

Of Leinster, fam'd for maidens fair,
Bright Lucy was the grace;
Nor e'er did Liffy's limpid stream
Reflect so fair a face.

Till luckless love, and pining care
Impair'd her rosy hue,
Her coral lip, and damask cheek,
And eyes of glossy blue.

Oh! have you seen a lily pale,
When beating rains descend?
So droop'd the flow-consuming maid;
Her life now near its end.

By Lucy warn'd, of flattering swains
Take heed, ye easy fair:
Of vengeance due to broken vows,
Ye perjured swains, beware.

Three times, all in the dead of night,
 A bell was heard to ring;
 And at her window, shrieking thrice,
 The raven flap'd his wing.

Too well the love-lorn maiden knew
 The solemn boding sound;
 And thus, in dying words, bespoke
 The virgins weeping round.

"I hear a voice, you cannot hear,

"Which says, I must not stay:

"I see a hand, you cannot see,

"Which beckons me away.

"By a false heart, and broken vows,

"In early youth I die.

"Am I to blame, because his bride

"Is thrice as rich as I?

"Ah Colin! give not her thy vows;

"Vows due to me alone:

"Nor thou, fond maid, receive his Kifs,

"Nor think him all thy own.

"To-morrow in the church to wed,

"Impatient, both prepare;

"But know, fond maid, and know, false man,

"That Lucy will be there.

"Then

"Then bear my corse, ye comrades, bear,
"The bridegroom blithe to meet;
"He in his wedding-trim so gay,
"I in my winding-sheet."

She spoke, she dy'd; -- her corse was borne
The bridegroom blith to meet;
He in his wedding-trim so gay,
She in her winding-sheet.

Then what were perjur'd Colin's thoughts?
How were those nuptials kept?
The bride-men flock'd round Lucy dead,
And all the village wept.

Confusion, shame, remorse, despair
At once his bosom swell:
The damps of death bedew'd his brow,
He shook, he groan'd, he fell.

From the vain bride (ah bride no more!)
The varying crimson fled,
When, stretch'd before her rival's corse,
She saw her husband dead.

Then to his Lucy's new-made grave,
Convey'd by trembling swains,
One mould with her, beneath one sod
For ever now remains.

Oft at their grave the constant hind
And plighted maid are seen;
With garlands gay, and true-love knots
They deck the sacred green.

But, swain forsworn, whoe'er thou art,
This hallow'd spot forbear,
Remember Colin's dreadful fate,
And fear to meet him there.

MARGARET'S GHOST.

by David Mallet, Esq.

Twas at the silent solemn hour,
 When night and morning meet;
 In glided Margaret's grimly ghost,
 And stood at William's feet.

Her face was like an April morn,
 Clad in a wintry cloud:
 And clay-cold was her lily hand,
 That held her fable throwd.

So shall the fairest face appear,
 When youth and years are flown:
 Such is the robe that Kings must wear,
 When death has rest their crown.

Her

Her bloom was like the springing flower,
That sips the silver dew;
The rose was budded in her cheek,
Just opening to the view.

But love had, like the canker worm,
Consum'd her early prime:
The rose grew pale, and left her cheek;
She dy'd before her time.

"Awake! she cry'd, thy true love calls,
"Come from her midnight grave;
"Now let thy pity hear the maid,
"Thy love refus'd to save.

"This is the dumb and dreary hour,
"When injur'd ghosts complain;
"Now yawning graves give up their dead,
"To haunt the faithless swain.

"Bethink thee, William, of thy fault,
"Thy pledge, and broken oath:
"And give me back my maiden vow,
"And give me back my troth.

"Why did you promise love to me,
"And not that promise keep?
"Why did you swear mine eyes were bright,
"Yet leave those eyes to weep?

"How

"How could you say my face was fair,

"And yet that face forsake?

"How could you win my virgin heart,

"Yet leave that heart to break?

"Why did you say my lip was sweet,

"And made the scarlet pale?

"And why did J, young wileless maid,

"Believe the flattering tale?

"That face, alas! no more is fair;

"These lips no longer red:

"Dark are my eyes, now clos'd in death,

"And every charm is fled.

"The hungry worm my sister is;

"This winding-sheet I wear:

"An cold and weary lasts our night,

"Till that last morn appear.

"But hark! the cock has warn'd me hence!

"A long and last adieu!

"Come see, false man, how low she lies,

"Who dy'd for love of you."

The lark sung loud; the morning smil'd,

With beams of rosy red:

Pale William shook in ev'ry limb

And raving left his bed.

He

He hyed him to the fatal place,
 Where Margaret's body lay;
 And stretch'd him on the grafs-green turf,
 That wrapt her breathless clay:

And thrice he call'd on Margaret's name,
 And thrice he wept full fore:
 Then laid his cheek to her cold grave,
 And word spake never more.

X 78X

Select english plays To which are annexed Ancient And Modern Songs

Bd.: 1

Göttingen 1767

P.o.angl. 282-1

urn:nbn:de:bvb:12-bsb10748206-5

VD18 80271464-001